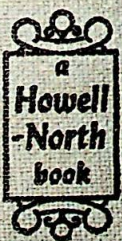


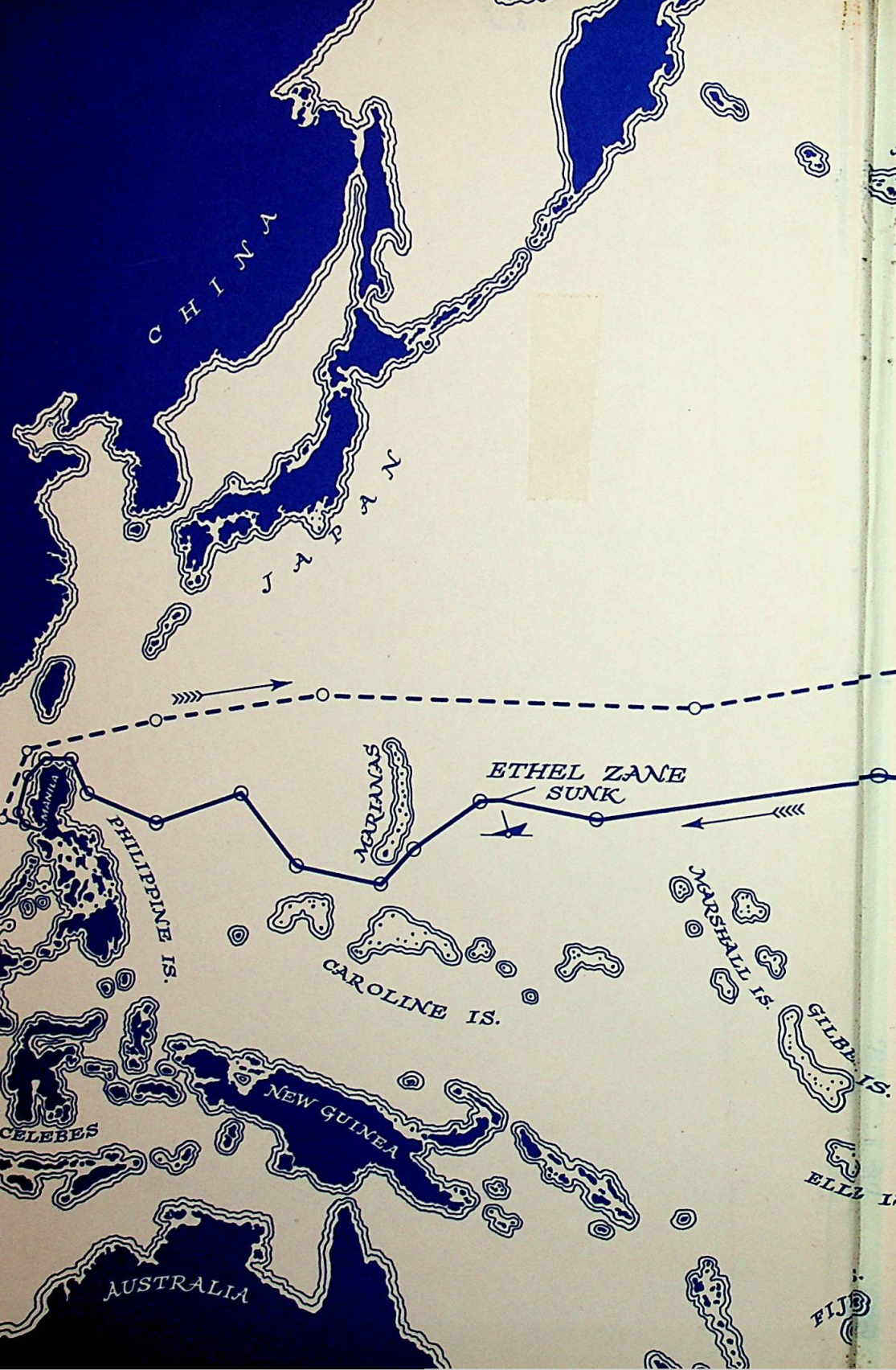
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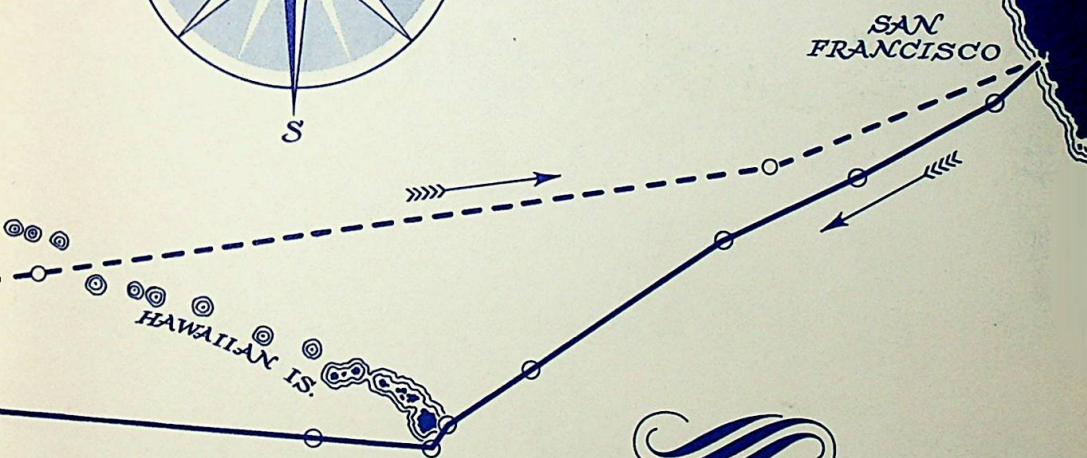
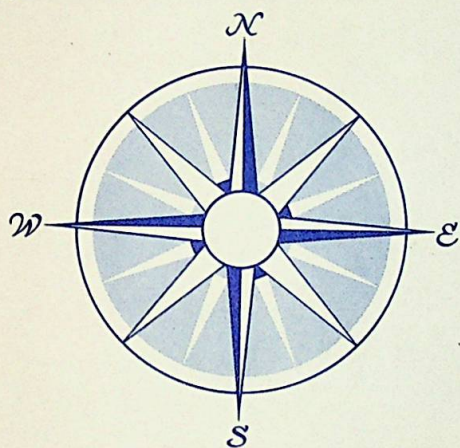
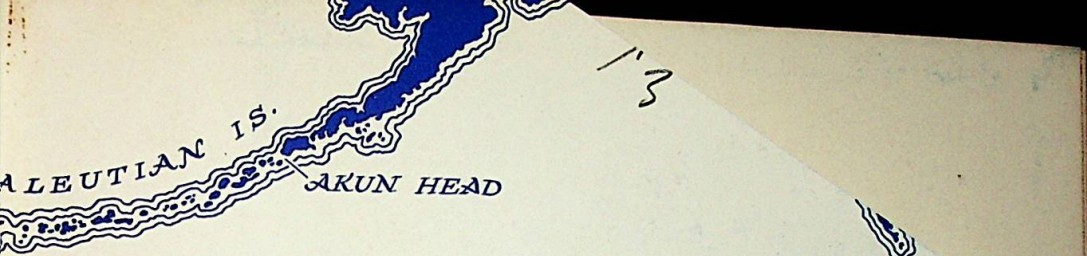
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All Hands Aloft!

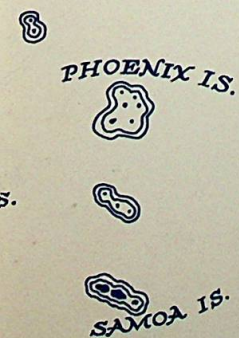


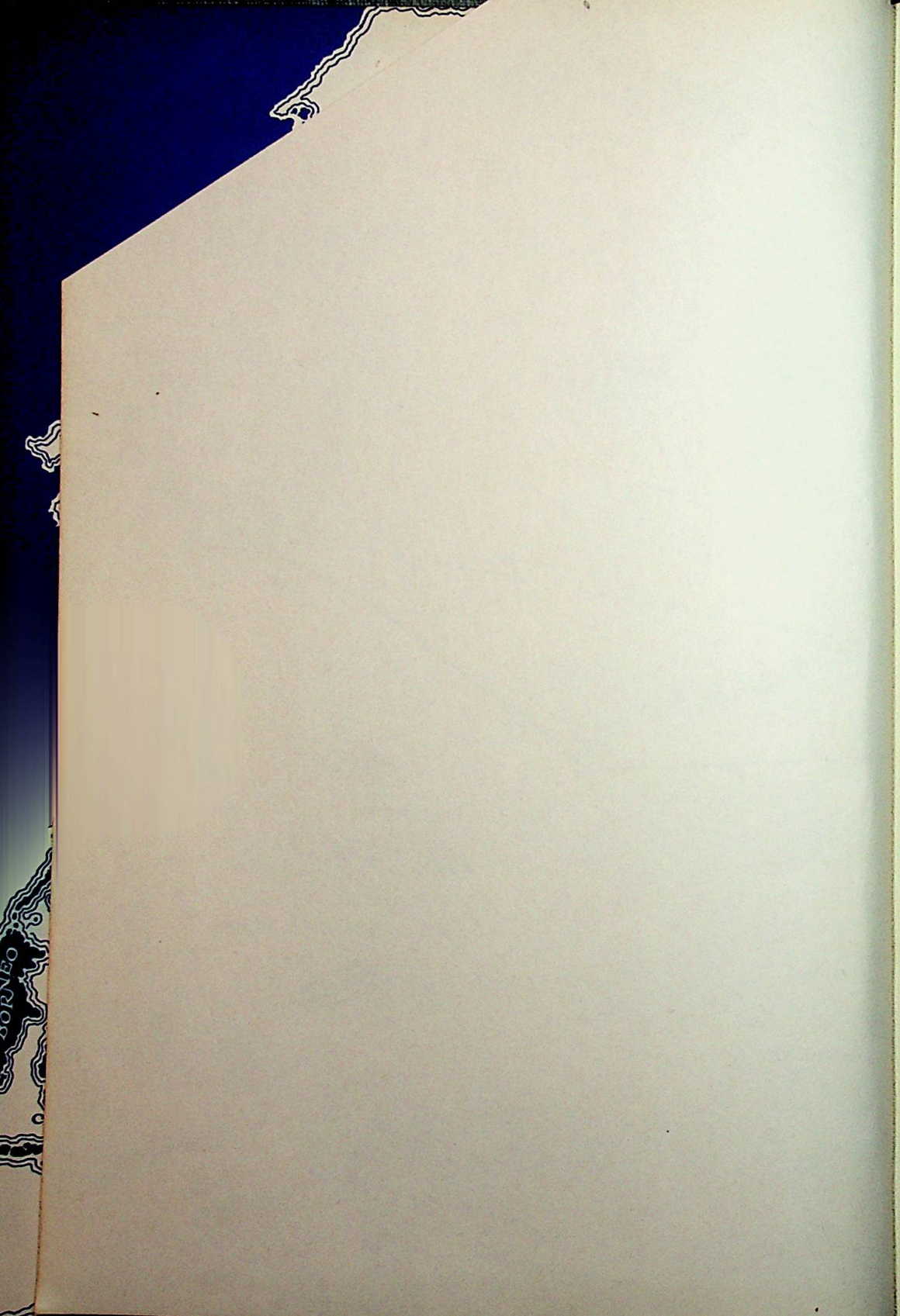




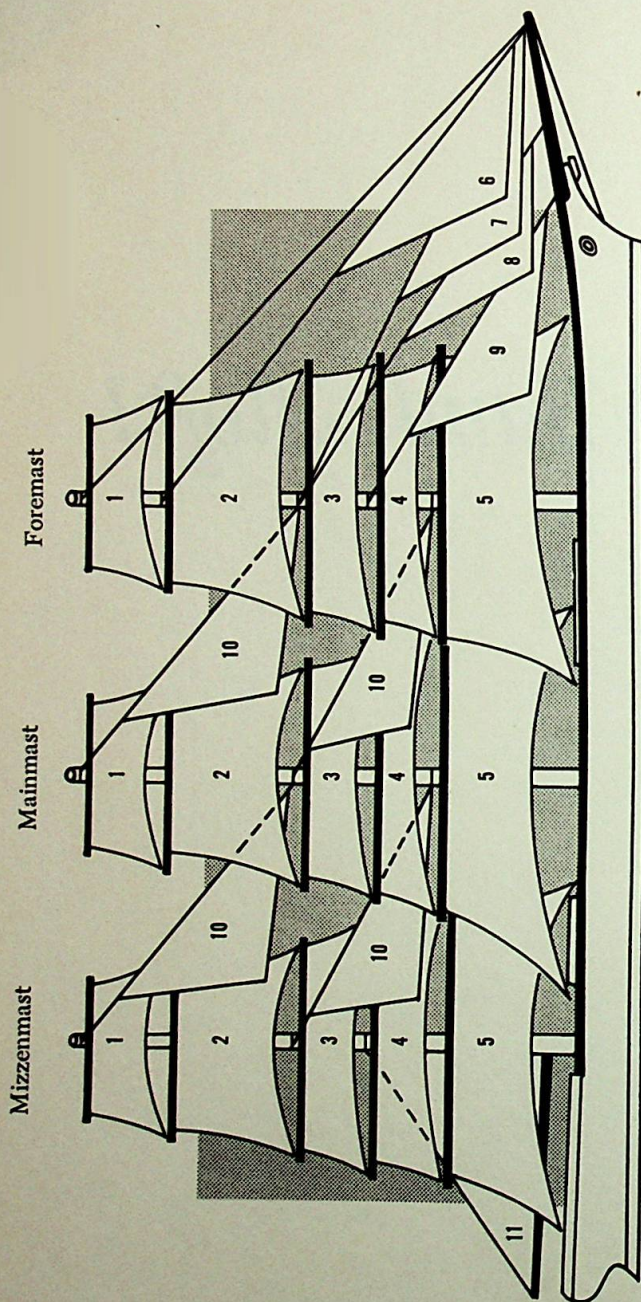
VOYAGE OF THE SHIP
ARAPAHOE

SAN FRANCISCO~MANILA
JUNE 16~DECEMBER 13, 1918





All Hands Aloft!



SAIL PLAN OF ARAPAHOE

- | | | | |
|------------------|-----------|-------------|--------------------------|
| 1. Royal | | | |
| 2. Topgallant | | | |
| 3. Upper Topsail | | | |
| 4. Lower Topsail | | | |
| | 5. Course | | |
| | | { Foresail | |
| | | { Mainsail | |
| | | { Crossjack | |
| | | | 6. Flying Jib |
| | | | 7. Outer jib |
| | | | 8. Inner jib |
| | | | 9. Fore Topmast Staysail |
| | | | 10. Staysails |
| | | | 11. Spanker |



All Hands Aloft!

AN ACCOUNT OF THE VOYAGE OF THE
SQUARE-RIGGER *ARAPAHOE*
TO MANILA IN 1918

BY *Lou A. Schmitt*, CADET

HOWELL-NORTH BOOKS
BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA • 1965

ALL HANDS ALOFT!

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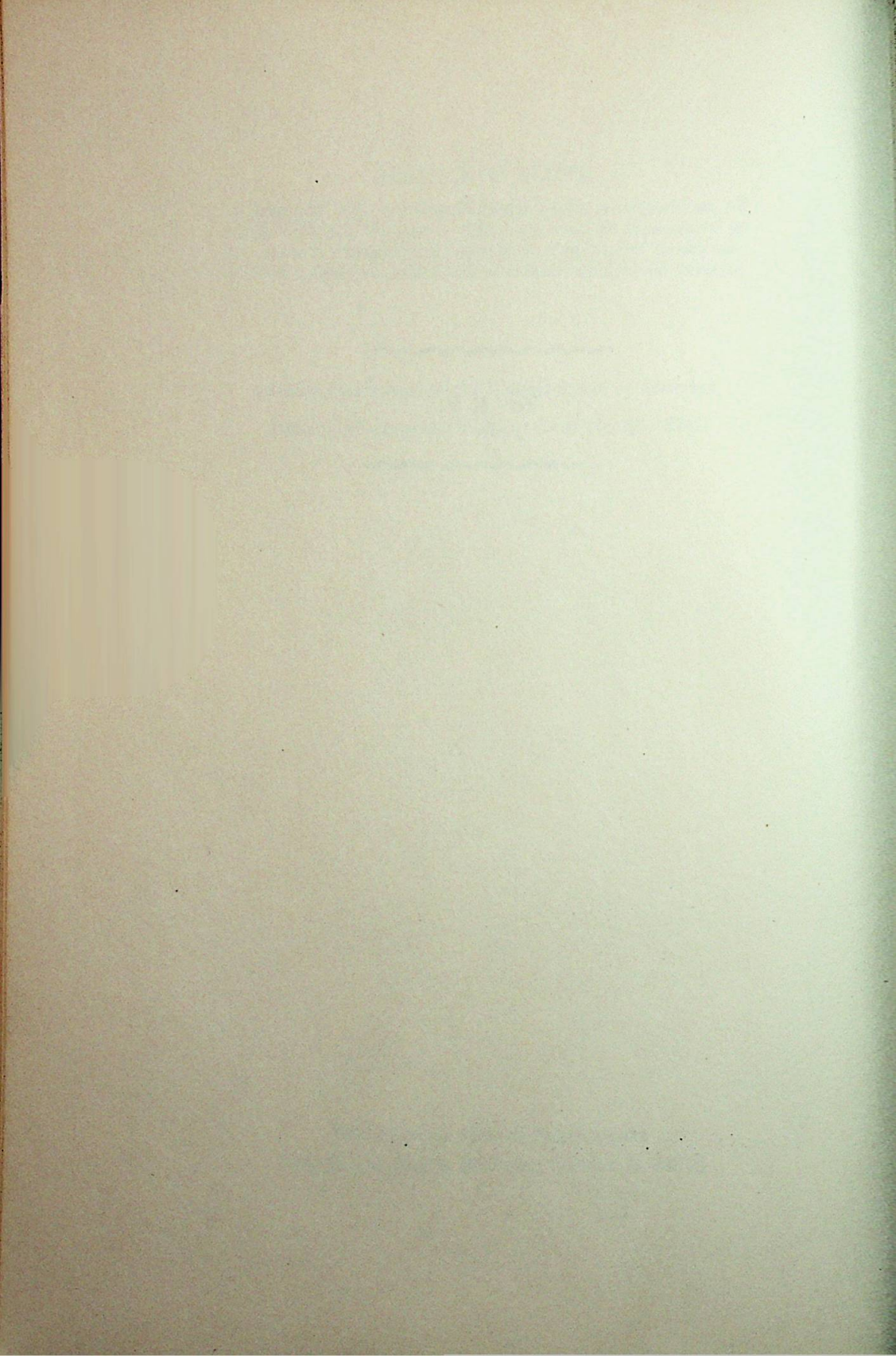
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To R. F.

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LOU ALBERT SCHMITT

Stockton, California
January, 1965

Introduction

This is a story that really occurred and one which I have attempted to relate in chronological order. For the most part it consists of experiences of my own; the rest, those of boys and men who were my friends and shipmates.

Although primarily the story of a ship and the sea, it is also an account of the American Merchant Marine and the ships of the sailing fleet in their very last years of semi-official use.

Some terms and expressions at times may appear a bit "salty," even though I have tried to keep them to a minimum. It is written in the common parlance of the fo'c'sle, however, and is meant to picture life as it was on a sailing ship at sea.

The characters throughout the narrative are real; names in a few instances have been changed. And though there may be a certain similarity between names used and persons aboard *Arapahoe* during the period covered this is only coincidental.

The story is written of an age in which a great nation was awakening to a new way of life. Little or nothing was known of many things that are commonplace today. One of the tragedies of this awakening age was the disappearance from the seas of one of man's most romantic and beautiful creations—the square-rigged sailing ship. Only a few remain who have seen these ships in all their glory, plowing through the blue water in a stiff breeze with all sails set and drawing, their spars and rigging standing out sharp against the sky, dependent on the wind alone. Today they have vanished from the seas. Even in the stirring days of World War I they were a rarity.

In preparing this work, one of the greatest difficulties proved to be in what to omit. It is assumed that most readers have but slight knowledge of the technical arrangement of a sailing ship;

for that reason, a section is devoted to a short explanation of *Arapahoe's* rigging, spars and sails.

Many of the events depicted in "*All Hands Aloft!*" are from my own memory and from the recollections of officers and men, no longer boys, who sailed aboard the training ships during that thrilling era. Most of them, however, are from *Arapahoe's* actual log in my possession at the time the book was written. Many years and another world war had come and gone when by a strange chain of events this log came into my hands.

It happened during a trip to Mexico in 1956. My destination was La Paz, a quaint little town noted chiefly for its peace and tranquility and the dense India laurels that shade its winding streets.

Settled comfortably in the reclining seat, I gazed out the window as the big plane droned lazily southward. To the west, the blue Pacific stretched away to infinity. To the east the waters of the gulf separating the narrow peninsula from the Mexican mainland shimmered green, while far below, slipping away beneath us the rugged canyons of Baja California cast purple shadows in the afternoon sun.

Suddenly, as lights flashed on, "*Abroche su cinturón,*" there came a stirring about as passengers fastened seat belts.

The steward pausing, his hands resting lightly on the backs of two seats, answered my questioning glance. "Santa Rosalía, señor. We have a thirty minute stop."

Minutes later we were circling a tiny town. It consisted of a square of frame buildings and corrugated iron roofs. Smelters, smokestacks, and copper mines were set against a background of barren hills—hot, arid and devoid of vegetation.

Landing in a shower of gravel and dust, we found ourselves on a diminutive, wind-swept airfield. Beyond it was a small artificial harbor only a few hundred yards square, formed by two moles with a narrow entrance pointing seaward.

The airport had two buildings; one, the administration headquarters, was a low tumble-down structure with unpainted walls and dusty floors. It contained a couple of rickety chairs, a desk, a battered typewriter and an antique radio giving forth a series of eerie squawks.

The other building was the rest room. A forlorn object on the edge of a rocky hill, it was surrounded by stunted brush and entirely innocent of plumbing. The thin board wall dividing the men's and ladies' was interspersed with frequent knotholes and cracks, allowing questionable privacy.

Waiting to reboard the plane, I stood in the background as passengers crowded around the barrier. There came a low voice at my elbow.

"Are you stopping over in Santa Rosalía?"

Turning, I faced a slender, pleasant-featured American. "No," I answered, "I'm going on to La Paz. Aren't you traveling on the plane?"

"No, I just came over from Guaymas to do a bit of research."

"Mining?"

"Oh, no," he laughed. "On the fleet of old German square-riggers interned in Santa Rosalía during the first World War."

"That's an odd coincidence," I replied. "I served on a former German sailing ship during that war."

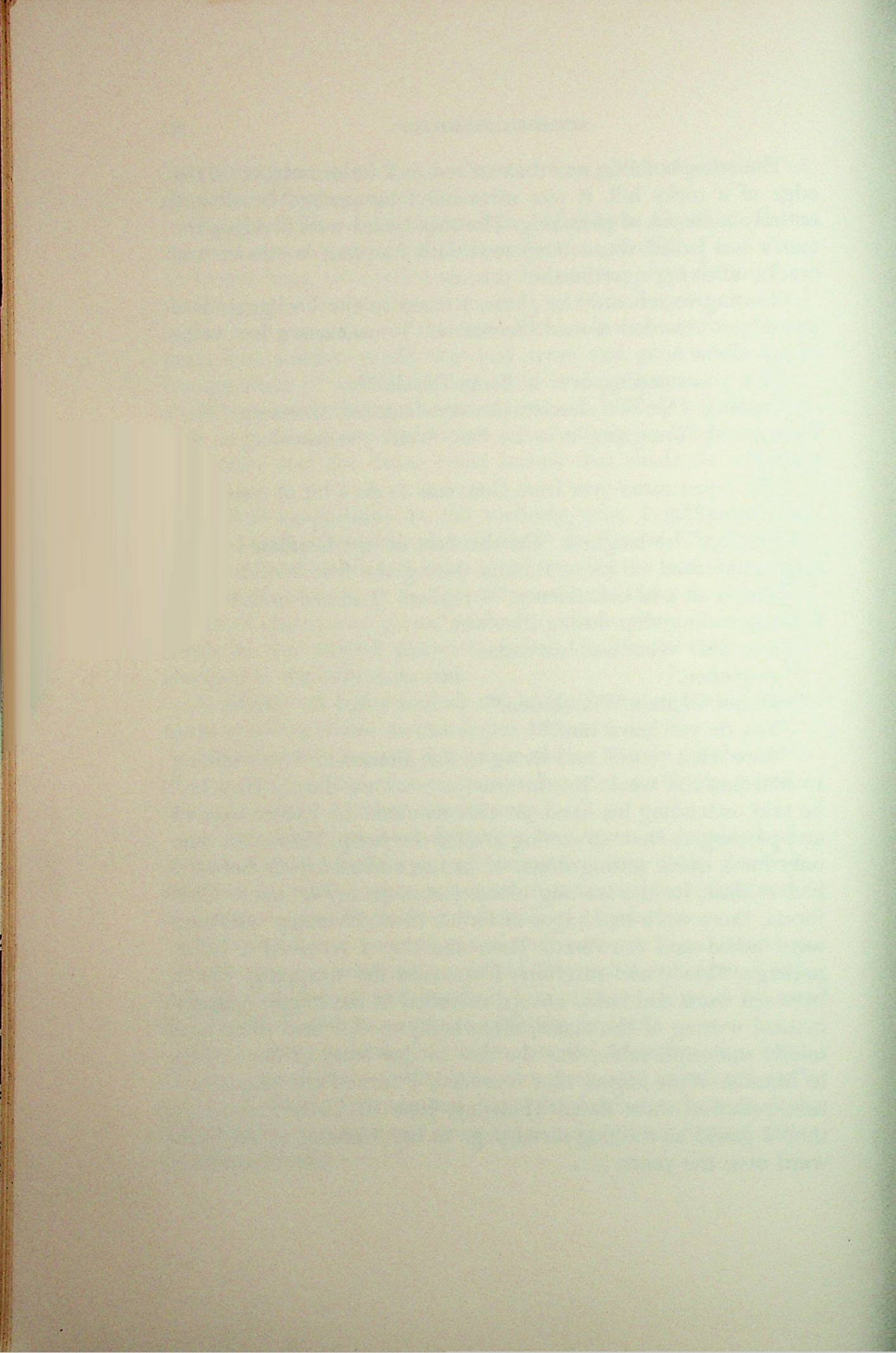
"You did? What was her name?"

"*Arapahoe*."

"Under Captain Wilhelmsen?"

"Yes, do you know him?"

"Sure. He's retired and living in San Francisco. I was talking to him just last week. By the way, my name's Harold Huycke," he said, extending his hand. At that moment the barrier opened and passengers went streaming toward the ramp. There was time only for a quick jotting down of names and addresses before I had to dash for the waiting plane. Later, on my return to California, there were exchanges of letters in which many questions were asked and answered. Then one day I received a bulky package. Slowly and carefully, I removed the wrapping. There, between worn and faded covers, recorded in the rough, ungrammatical writing of the mates, often badly spelled and sometimes totally undecipherable, was the day by day story of our voyage to Manila. With fingers that trembled, I turned the pages to a time-yellowed sheet dated Thursday, June 13, 1918. For a long time I gazed at the dog-eared page as my memory raced backward over the years. . . .



CHAPTER 1



April 6, 1917

My arrival at school that April morning had been but little different than any other. Like most Oregon schools in rural districts, the pupils used a common playground. Big and little they raced about, shrill, young voices in the crisp spring air sounding like geese settling on a farmer's grain field. Suddenly the school-bell clanged. Instantly the turmoil ceased as we flocked toward the doorway. Minutes later the grounds were deserted and enveloped in an almost eerie silence. Inside there was the usual roll call followed by a shuffling and squirming about as the room quieted down and the morning classes got under way. During the forenoon I was a trifle disconcerted to discover we were to have a test in arithmetic for which, as usual, I was poorly prepared. However, after what seemed an age, the morning passed, the short noon hour had come and gone, and we were back in the classroom for the afternoon session.

The schoolroom was warm and the teacher dozed as the big clock behind him slowly ticked off the time. Suddenly the harsh jingle of the telephone broke the drowsy silence. As he awoke with a start and picked up the receiver the room became quiet and we listened intently. Telephone calls to the school were infrequent; usually, they told of an emergency at home requiring the presence of one or another of the pupils or, more often, instructions to pick up some special article or package at the combination store and post office in the tiny town of Selma.

Today, as he pressed the receiver to his ear we were startled by the change that came over his voice.

"What? What's that? You don't say! What a pity—"

He placed the receiver back on the hook and walked to his desk. He was silent for a moment, his eyes bore a pained expres-

sion. The room was hushed and all eyes were upon him. It was evident that what he had heard had affected him deeply. In a quiet voice he started to speak.

"That call was from the store. They have just received word that the United States has declared war on Germany."

A stunned silence came over the room. I well remember the date—April 6, 1917.

• • •

The country was electrified by the news. Soon, telephone lines were buzzing and meeting places overflowed as people gathered to discuss this new turn of events.

The nation was quick to respond and as the first waves of enthusiasm swept forward, recruiting offices were swamped with men and boys, emotions aroused to a high pitch, who eagerly offered their services. Soon training camps were crowded and troop trains rolling as preparations got under way for the war that was "to end all wars."

Some of this enthusiasm was of an hysterical nature that almost bordered on the ridiculous. Overnight hamburger became "liberty steak," teaching of the German language was forbidden in schools, while to order sauerkraut became nearly an act of treason.

I was the youngest of several children in our family, and the only one left at home. Although a kindly man, my father was of the old school and believed there was a time for boys to play but also a time for them to work, a trait probably inherited from his German ancestors. My mother was quite the opposite. Often she would conspire with me in devious ways to see that I had extra money to spend and the use of the family car for Saturday night dances. Now, as we read of the fighting in Europe and of our young men leaving for the cantonments, she would often cast apprehensive glances in my direction; a look of anxiety would come over her face and she would be strangely silent.

I finished the last weeks of school as though in a dream; my mind firmly made up to join the navy, my greatest concern being that the war might end before the last day of school arrived. My plan had been to enlist as soon as school was over, but when I

mentioned it to my father, he somewhat dampened my ardor. With a glance at my skinny frame, he dryly suggested it might be well to wait a bit longer.

Although the war, as far as our country was concerned, had hardly started, it had already given birth to an assortment of new words and phrases, some extremely derogatory. Along the northwest coast were heavy stands of spruce timber. Used extensively in the manufacture of aircraft and an important element in their construction, getting out the timber was considered essential war work. Nevertheless, many workers engaged in that industry were soon given the questionable name of "sprucers," while some shipyard workers and others in necessarily draft exempt positions, were given the still more hateful sobriquet of "slacker." In a county such as ours, largely a farming section, there was but little that could be termed war industry. We had mining in the hills and lumbering on a small scale in the valleys, but nothing comparable to the big shipyards on the coast or munition plants near the large centers of population.

I soon discovered joining the navy was, for a boy of my age and size, not as easy as I had anticipated. Neither did there seem to be any war work of an exciting or glamorous nature to be found in the neighborhood. For a time it appeared I might have to go through the war doing such unpretentious and homely work as helping with the hay, feeding the pigs, and milking my father's cows when suddenly and quite by accident I met Jimmie Wilkins.

It happened on one of my infrequent visits to the nearby city—city being the name by which we referred to Grants Pass, the county seat, really not much more than a country town. I'd had occasion to stop and admire a new automobile glittering in a coat of black paint and gleaming with brass fixtures. I had finished inspecting the car and reluctantly turned away. As I was leaving, my attention was attracted to a boy who had fallen into step beside me. About my age, he was slightly shorter and probably weighed several pounds less. The outstanding thing about him was not his size, but his dress. He was wearing a flashy, well-fitting suit that even boasted a vest; on his white shirt was a loud-colored tie that was further embellished with a pearl stickpin. His shoes were well polished, and on his head was a

brown felt hat that had been cleverly creased. His clothes made my garb seem rather plain and I stared at him in open admiration. Wanting to start a conversation with this object of sartorial elegance, I opened with, "Some car, eh?"

"Yeah, it's O.K."

"Best I've ever seen. I'd sure like to drive it."

"Yeah, it's O.K." he repeated. "'Frisco's full of 'em."

"'Frisco! You mean San Francisco?"

"Sure. That's where I live," he replied, at the same time taking a pack of cigarettes from his pocket and putting one in his mouth. "Have one?" he asked, offering me the pack.

Up to that time I had never smoked. At school we had been taught that smoking cigarettes, sometimes referred to as "coffin nails," was a habit that once acquired could never be broken. Now as he held the pack toward me, I took one without a moment's hesitation, and when he struck a match we both started puffing away. As he introduced himself, I was quick to notice that he had a habit of holding his cigarette in one corner of his mouth and talking out of the other, a technique I was soon trying to imitate. Another mannerism he affected and one which I greatly admired, was the way he inhaled the smoke deep within his lungs and exhaled it through his nose. This I also nonchalantly attempted to duplicate, my first experiment ending in a gasping failure.

Grants Pass was bordered by a wide, beautiful stream, the Rogue River. To enter the city from the south, it was necessary to cross this stream over a long, spidery bridge. Today, as my new found friend and I continued our walk down the city's one main street, we came to the center of this bridge and stood leaning over its rail. Below, the water running between willow-lined banks looked cool and inviting as it meandered toward the coast.

Wishing to continue the conversation with this interesting person and also wanting to interject something of my own importance, I remarked that I loved the water and shortly expected to be on the sea.

Still holding the cigarette in one corner of his mouth and talking out of the other, he replied, "Yeah, the sea's O.K. I just got back from Sydney."

I was somewhat taken aback as my geography flashed through my mind and I recalled that Sydney was a seaport somewhere in far off Australia.

"You mean Sydney, Australia?" I asked incredulously.

"Yeah," he replied. "Made the trip on the *Lurline*. Had a couple of interesting stops in Honolulu and Pago Pago."

I was amazed by this extraordinary young man who spoke of such distant places with no more concern than I would have shown in mentioning a trip to Wilderville, a small town barely ten miles away.

Obviously, he was not troubled by modesty and finding himself on virgin ground immediately started spinning a long yarn about his trip to Australia. He told of being a cadet on the liner *Lurline* and the things he had seen and done. He also spoke of his home in the big city of San Francisco and of the things to be seen and done there.

He found an interested listener in me as, with ears open and curiosity aroused, I eagerly plied him with questions. Among other things he told me he was visiting in Grants Pass but was leaving the following morning. 'Frisco, he said, was begging for men, wages were high and there were plenty of good-looking women. The latter expression sounded a bit strange to me, as around Selma boys had not yet reached that stage of modernization, and young ladies were generally referred to as girls.

It was late that night when I parted company with the talkative and colorful Jimmie. Before saying good-bye, however, I had promised to meet him in San Francisco where, after a short fling, we would join the navy and take part in the adventure and excitement of World War I.

With a feeling of trepidation, I broached the subject to my parents and asked permission to go. At first my father was adamant in his refusal, and said I was too young. At last, under my persistent urging and the calm suasion of my mother, he relented and said I could go the following spring and that the experience might do me good.

• • •

Soon summer was over. With a soft rustling sound the leaves fell from the trees and were blown gently along the ground. Eventually the holiday season had come and gone; snow was melting, exposing areas of bare ground on the sunny side of the hills.

With spring, I began making plans for my long awaited trip. I had written Jimmie and my grandmother in San Francisco and was counting the days until I could leave. At my father's suggestion I purchased a new suit of clothes which he said I would need to take in the bright lights, and remembering Jimmie's well-dressed state, I handed out the money with little reluctance.

At last the time came. There was little sleep for me that night as I lay wide-eyed and wakeful, thinking of the thrilling adventures that were ahead. Had I known of the hardships and dangers that were to be my lot before I again slept in that comfortable bed, I might not have been so enthusiastic.

The next morning my father was unusually quiet, while the pained expression on my mother's face caused me to go about my chores with a guilty heart. With my few clothes packed in a battered old suitcase, I said good-bye to the familiar surroundings and the three of us rode toward the distant railroad station. Even during the ride to the city there was little said. Several times my mother made a brave attempt to start a conversation on some trivial subject but for the most part her efforts fell flat. Presently we were waiting for the train at the little depot and as it rolled to a stop, soldiers in khaki leaned from its windows and waved and whistled at girls along the street. In a moment came the conductor's "All aboard!" and with a squeeze of my father's outstretched hand and a peck at my mother's tear-wet face, I picked up my suitcase and dashed for the train.

Riding on a train was a new experience for me and as I entered the smoke-filled day coach I looked about for a friendly face. The coach was crowded with soldiers, several of whom were absorbed in a noisy game of poker. As I looked vainly about for a seat, a burly red-faced sergeant who smelled of whiskey suddenly bumped into me. Turning, he gave me a quick glance and said in a loud voice, "Hello, kid. Where the hell you goin', to the army?"

"No," I said, "to the navy."

He threw back his head and laughed loudly.

"Hey, fellows," he shouted to the group in the poker game, "just like I told you, the army gets the men and the navy gets the boys."

One of the players paused long enough to size me up as he commented, "Yeah, well, I'd heard things was gettin' pretty tough over there but I sure as hell didn't think they was that bad."

Embarrassed, I grabbed up my suitcase and made my way to the far end of the car where I found a seat that contained but one occupant, a young, red-headed soldier with a freckled face. Doubled up in a grotesque position, he was asleep, his mouth open and snoring loudly. Careful not to awaken him, I slid quietly into the seat holding my suitcase on my knees.

At the south end of the state we approached the Siskiyou Mountains. Occasionally the engines could be heard puffing noisily in discordant rhythm as we rounded a curve, clattered over a high trestle, or plunged through the darkness of tunnels. Eventually, we were through the mountains and had crossed into California.

Late in the afternoon, after a long ride through a wide valley, we reached an extensive waterway where the train was edged carefully onto a huge ferry for the trip over the narrow straits to Port Costa. Later, as we rattled over crossings and smoke rolled back from the engine's stack, the train made a wide sweeping curve and I saw the city of San Francisco. At first it was only a smoky haze seen over a vast expanse of water. Closer, I could see the outlines of tall buildings now and then, as the red evening sun cast a fleeting reflection from a hill-top window.

Minutes later the Southern Pacific train was entering the train shed at the Oakland Mole; passengers were removing luggage from overhead racks, slipping into coats and crowding the ends of the car. I joined this group in the closely packed aisle, my suitcase in my hand.

Finally the line began to move and we approached the waiting boat. With a surge of excitement, I followed up the gangway and joined the crowd at the rail. In a moment a bellow came

from the deep-toned whistle, a vibration ran through the deck, and the piling seemed to glide away.

Darkness was falling and lights twinkling as we neared the slender tower of the Ferry Building with its huge clock and tiny lights. Another gruff grunt from our whistle was followed by the clang of a bell from somewhere deep below. As the vibration ceased and we lost headway, passengers pushed impatiently forward. The bell again jangled, paddle wheels churned the water, and for an instant she trembled violently before creeping into the slip. There came a rattle and commotion forward as deckhands made her fast. In a moment I was following the crowd over the gangway through the enormous building and out onto the street.

I had barely taken three steps when cab drivers were reaching for my suitcase, but Jimmie had told me of a hotel nearby and soon I was walking up Market. I had gone but a short distance when I turned to the right at Sacramento Street, and soon came to a small building, the "Bay Hotel" where I was greeted by a dour-faced little man who looked at me suspiciously.

"Do you have a room?" I asked.

"Sure."

"Something not too expensive," I was quick to add.

"Well, let's see," he mused, as tilting his head slightly backward, he scanned a card in front of him. "I can give you an inside room on the first floor for a dollar a day, or five dollars a week. It's clean and the toilet's only three doors down the hall. Of course you'll have to pay in advance."

A toilet only three doors down the hall presented no inconvenience to a boy raised on an Oregon farm where that facility was usually found in the back yard at considerable distance from the house. I told him I would take the room.

The next day I met my grandmother for the first time. She lived downstairs in a small flat, the upper half being occupied by a Swedish woman whom she introduced as "Maggie."

At my announcement that I had come to San Francisco to join the navy, a faint smile came over my grandmother's face.

"Well, well. So you're going to join the navy. Let's see, you're about sixteen, now, aren't you?"

"Yes, I am," I replied.

"Of course you know you'll have to have your parents' consent. I suppose you've talked it over with them?"

"Oh, yes. They know all about it," I answered in a manner that implied that joining the navy was a commonplace occurrence to a boy of my age.

* * *

San Francisco in the hectic days of World War I was an exciting place. As I made my way through the milling throngs, it seemed every other man was in uniform. I had phoned Jimmie and he asked me to meet him at a billiard hall on Market Street. I looked about and noticed a sign: "Graney's Billiards," and an arrow pointing upward. Walking up a short flight I entered a large room filled with pool and billiard tables. I soon spotted Jimmie, the familiar cigarette dangling from the corner of his mouth as he beckoned me to join him.

"How ya doin'?" I asked.

"Not so good," he replied. "Couple of these guys are slickers. We're shooting four-bits on the eight ball but you have to be careful—the guy that owns the joint don't go for gambling."

I was surprised to see that Jimmie, whom I had thought would be invincible at pool was losing quite frequently to two sharp-eyed young players. Silent and efficient, they seemed to be playing as a team with Jimmie contributing regularly.

After losing several times, Jimmie racked up his cue in disgust. He slipped a final half dollar under the rubber cushion and we strode down the stairs. In a rage he cursed the two "crooks" whom he said had managed to beat him out of several dollars. I smiled to myself and was tempted to remind him that he claimed to have worked similar shenanigans.

Time went by swiftly in San Francisco; exciting times in which Jimmie showed me the sights and a way of life that heretofore had been utterly foreign. In spite of this, one of my most interesting diversions was an almost daily visit to the waterfront. Frequently I would spend the entire day, often perched on a piling, studying the ships as they lay at their moorings.

It was during one of these waterfront prowls that I stopped at an Embarcadero lunchroom, one of those many places along the busy waterfront where navy men, merchant seamen and stevedores dropped in for a hasty bite.

I had finished my usual doughnuts and was dawdling over my coffee, my eyes disinterestedly scanning a soiled *Examiner* someone had left on the table. In big headlines it told of American troops in action and of new submarine activities. Near the back of the paper in a section devoted to shipping news, movements of ships and related topics, appeared an item that was puzzling to me. Under the caption, "Time-Ball," it read:

United States Branch Hydrographic Office, San Francisco, California. The time-ball on the roof of the Fairmont Hotel was dropped today exactly at noon, official time, or at 7 h. Greenwich time.

J. C. Burnett, Lieutenant, U.S. Navy in charge.

Pondering over this odd bit of information, I glanced at my neighbor seated on the opposite side of the table. A young man of about twenty, blonde and slim, he had a pair of sharp blue eyes that gave him an aggressive appearance. As our eyes met he smiled and asked, "What's doin'?"

"Don't know yet," I answered, "but here's something that's got me stumped."

"Yeah, what?"

"This," I said, leaning toward him with my finger on the caption.

After glancing at it briefly he looked up and laughed. "Oh, that's simple enough," he said, "you see the navy has the correct time. At exactly noon they drop this ball and all the captains in the harbor set their time to agree with it. What's new with the war?" he asked, nodding toward the paper.

"Not much change, I guess. Looks pretty bad in France."

"Well, it's just about over."

"Over?" I asked in surprise. "I thought it was just starting."

"Naw, it'll end any day, now," he replied.

The war ending suddenly was something that had not occurred to me and, alarmed, I pressed him for his reasons for thinking it might.

Over a second cup of coffee he told me he was a seaman from the East Coast and had made several trips through the war zone. On his last voyage his ship had come through the Panama Canal and he had paid off in San Francisco. American troops, he said, were pouring into France and this, with the blockade of German ports, soon would bring an end to the fighting.

Dismayed, I said good-bye to the young man and walked out into the open. I had been in the City nearly three weeks and the steady drain on my slender finances plus the startling warning of the war soon ending, convinced me that I had better enlist immediately.

. . .

The following morning I was up early waiting with a group of young men in front of a door on which was inscribed:

United States Navy Recruiting Office.

As soon as the doors were open I found myself in a busy office. Seated around the wall were a dozen nervous and fidgety boys, most of whom appeared to be a few years older than I. Several officious petty officers in brass buttons and sleeves with numerous hash marks were interviewing applicants. Here and there at scattered desks were navy yeomen in undress blues working away at typewriters. Soon a strapping, bald-headed chief beckoned and indicated a chair. A few quick preliminary questions were hastily scribbled on a form: "Name—Place of Birth—Age—"

As I answered "sixteen," he turned his head and gave me a sharp look. "Sixteen! You're pretty young, aren't you? Got your parents with you?"

"No, Sir."

"Where are they?"

"Up in Oregon."

"That where you live?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Sorry. You better come back a little later."

"Later?"

"Yeah. A couple of years, I'd say." With a grin he motioned to the next in line. "O.K., fellow, you're next."

Bitterly disappointed, I fumbled for the door and in a moment was out on the street. At first I thought of calling Jimmie who always seemed to have answers to everything, but remembering his habit of sleeping until noon, decided against making the call.

I bought a paper, walked slowly down Third Street to Howard and entered a dingy restaurant. In the shipping news was a picture of a passenger steamer, the *Rose City*, that ran between Portland, Oregon, and Los Angeles. Farther down the page was the column, "Along the Waterfront." Under this heading was an item that, if I read it at all, meant nothing to me at the time. Its laconic message stated:

Monday, June 3, 1918. The Schooner *Ethel Zane*, Captain Backus, left yesterday at 7:30 A.M. for Manila with case oil.

• • •

Following my fiasco at joining the navy, I again took to haunting the waterfront. One sunny morning I stopped to admire a beautiful steamer, long and narrow and painted grey. She had twin funnels and around her was an air of feverish activity as loads of cargo were swung up from the dock and lowered into her holds. She lay alongside a covered wharf some distance from where I was standing. To reach her it was necessary to enter big front gates through which loaded trucks were passing, then walk through a mammoth cargo shed out to where she was moored. In front of the gates was a "no admittance" sign, while standing about were several shore patrolmen wearing leggings and big pistols in holsters hung from web belts. One of these sailors was a young, good-natured fellow with whom I soon struck up a conversation. Now and then, as trucks stopped at the gate, he would turn away and assist his companions in a careful shakedown before allowing them to pass. I had watched this for some time, when desiring to get a better look at the loading, I sauntered past the gate through the busy shed and back to the ship. A gangway led from the dock up to an opening in her rail; at the foot of it stood two more armed sailors. I lounged about for some time watching as rattling deck winches picked up the sling loads of crates and boxes and hoisted them aboard.

The giant hawsers mooring her to the dock were circled by tin rat guards and mounted fore and aft on her decks were guns under canvas covers. This was my first close-up view of a ship and I walked along her length admiring everything from the big patent anchors drawn up into bow hawseholes to the shiny brass instruments high on the bridge.

Up and down the gangway uniformed officers wearing gold braid and civilians in business suits were hurrying unchallenged by the bored-looking guards standing listlessly around its foot. Remembering I had come through the front gate without being questioned, I walked up the cleat stripped gangway and onto the deck. For the next hour I wandered about the big ship peering into nooks and crannies, steel-sided quarters with tiers of bunks, and down deep hatches from which came mysterious sounds and the smell of hot oil.

Occasionally, as I moved about, a head would turn and eyes glance at me curiously, but other than that, my presence drew no attention. Suddenly I heard a low exclamation from a group of dungaree-clad seamen working near the rail. Turning toward the gangway I saw a tall, lean officer coming aboard. Wearing a white uniform cap whose brass had a slight green tarnish, he carried a thin leather briefcase under his arm, his left breast had a row of multi-colored ribbons and on his sleeves were broad gold stripes. His face was sharp and clean cut, and he had an unmistakable air of authority. Starting to stride swiftly past, suddenly he turned and, fixing me with a pair of piercing, grey eyes asked, "What do you do aboard this ship, Mister?"

"Nothing. I'm just looking around."

"Looking around! How did you get aboard?"

"Just walked on."

For a second he stared. "You just walked on?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Past the gate and up that gangway?"

"Yes, Sir."

Turning again, he gave a bellow that brought other officers on the run. Two minutes later I was seated in an office-like cabin surrounded by irate ship's officers and giving my life's history.

Most of this interrogation was by a young, slightly built officer with an important demeanor, a sarcastic voice, and a single stripe. When I answered that my name was "Schmitt," his reaction was as though I might have said inadvertently, "Admiral Von Tirpitz!"

He was interrupted by the tall officer with the broad stripes. "Oh, for Christ's sake, Stewart, anyone can see he's just a kid. But, that's not the point, it could have been—"

As I was escorted off the ship and out through the big shed, I passed a row of shore patrolmen standing rigidly at attention; walking back and forth in front of them was the young officer with a single stripe. His face was red, and I could hear his shrill voice raised in anger as, without looking back, I hurried quickly away.

• • •

June is probably one of the most fascinating months in San Francisco. It has been called the month of moods—a month in which nature has a habit of bluffing and to a person other than a native, the overcast skies might be viewed with misgiving. On such a morning I left my hotel and set out for my grandmother's home. Earlier, it had been foggy and the streets were wet as though it might have rained. As the streetcar rattled through the downtown section and entered the Mission district, we emerged into bright sunshine. Soon there was nothing left of the fog but white, fleecy clouds against a background of blue.

In spite of the beautiful day my spirits were at low ebb as I rang the bell of the neat, two-story house. Warmly greeted by my grandmother and Maggie, I soon was blurting out the tale of my ignominious failure in joining the navy, also my adventure of being chased off the dock. They both were sympathetic, especially Maggie who asked, "Why don't you join the Merchant Marine?"

"Merchant Marine? What's that?"

"Oh, haven't you heard? I saved the paper but must have misplaced it. Anyway, there's a new government agency called the 'United States Shipping Board.' They've taken over a lot of ships from the Germans. They're going to use them as training ships with crews of cadets."

Instantly, my gloom was forgotten as the magic word "cadet" flashed through my mind bringing memories of Jimmie's sea stories as a cadet on the *Lurline*. Many times I had listened to his yarns of blue coats with brass buttons, beautiful beaches with coconut palms and pretty native girls.

In my enthusiasm, I called Jimmie and told him what I had learned and soon we were making our way to room 809 in the Alaska Commercial Building. At a doorway, "United States Shipping Board—Captain John Leale, Recruiting," we entered a huge room crowded with boys and men. At desks behind a low railing several men were interviewing prospective cadets, papers were being filled out, and accepted applicants sworn in. The interviewers were different from those in the navy recruiting office; they wore civilian clothes, were older men, most of whom had tattoos on hands or arms, and they talked with Scandinavian accents.

The section where we waited had few seats, so we stood leaning against the wall letting our weight fall first on one foot and then the other. No one in the crowded space outside the rail seemed to know what it was all about except Jimmie. He, of course, had had previous experience as a cadet and, as the word spread among the nervous young men, was soon surrounded by eager questioners. Most of the group who stood around on shuffling feet and whispered in subdued voices were youngsters of about my own age. Here and there, however, I noticed older men, some of whom must have been approaching thirty, standing gazing at the ceiling, now and then flicking their eyes toward the interviewing desks with apprehensive glances. Frequently excited young hopefuls who had been accepted would come hurrying from the enclosure, papers grasped tightly, and pause long enough to give us exultant looks before rushing out the door.

Finally, I stood before a desk, behind which was a short, stocky man of about sixty years of age. He had a wisp of iron-grey hair and a broad, square face with a pair of keen, blue eyes that swept me from head to foot with one swift glance. Speaking rapidly in a jargon of which I understood but little, he explained the structure and purpose of the Merchant Marine and what my duties would be as a cadet.

"Now, do you still want to sign aboard?" he asked gruffly, picking up a pen.

"Yes, Sir."

"O. K. Last name?"

Recalling my experience with the shore patrol, I answered quickly, "Smith."

"First and middle?"

"Lou Albert."

"Age?"

"Eighteen."

"Date of birth?"

The questions were being fired at me in rapid order; I was caught totally unprepared and before I realized it, had blurted out the correct date of my birth.

"Sixteen, eh? I thought so," he said as he leaned back in his chair. "Well, don't feel bad about it. You're not the first kid that lied about his age to go to sea." Still looking at me, he continued. "You're a wiry looking young fellow, though, and we could use you. Got folks here?"

Determined not to be caught short again, I was quick to reply, "I live with my grandmother."

"She give her consent?"

"Oh, sure."

"O. K. Have her here at three o'clock and you'll be sworn in."

At first my grandmother steadfastly refused to give her approval to my going to sea. "Why, if I did such a thing as that your dad would hit the roof."

Maggie, my everlasting friend, won the day for me. "So what? His dad said he could join the navy, didn't he? Now, look here, Grandma—"

Promptly at three o'clock, flanked by my grandmother on one side and on the other by Maggie, I again entered the room. An hour or so later I was elbowing my way triumphantly toward the door. In one hand I held an official-looking document: "Department of Commerce, Bureau of Navigation." Among other things it stated:

Lou A. Smith, an American seaman, aged 18 years or thereabouts, has this day produced to me proof, and I do hereby certify that the said seaman is a citizen of the United States of America.

Signed, J. O. DAVIS,
Collector of Customs, San Francisco, California.

On the lower left corner was my picture, on the right, a rolled thumbprint and between them my signature, "Lou A. Smith."

Two items caused me to smile inwardly. First the words, "American seaman," considering that my total sea experience to date had been one trip across the bay on a Southern Pacific ferryboat. The second was to come some twenty years later when a recruiting sergeant typed in the name "Schmitt" on my enlistment papers without even batting an eye.

Jimmie and I had been assigned to the same ship—the *Arapahoe*. We were told to report aboard at eight o'clock the following morning, and were handed small cards. Mine read: "Please pass the bearer, L. Smith on board ship *Arapahoe*." It was signed, "David Knudsen, Mate." There was high speculation between us concerning the type of ship she might be. Jimmie hoped she would carry passengers, and we both wondered what our cadet uniforms would be like. The name, we agreed, sounded Indian, and I visualized a long, sleek steamer with raking stacks, plowing through blue seas toward some distant south sea island.

The morning was foggy and wet when I met Jimmie at Pier 14 to take the boat out to our ship. There had been little sleep for me that night, and I was up and packed long before daylight. As we stood shivering in the early morning drizzle, we were joined by two other young men, both carrying bags and suitcases. They saw that we also had baggage, asked if we were going to the *Arapahoe*, and soon we were getting acquainted. One was a slender, good-looking young fellow about twenty, who gave his name as Edward Bond. The other, considerably older, slightly rotund, with reddish hair and a round, pleasant face, said his name was Ryan and that he was from Sacramento. Neither had ever been to sea before, and were signing on as cadets.

We had been told that a boat would pick us up at seven o'clock and, although I hadn't thought much about the kind of

boat it might be, I certainly expected something different from the battered hulk that suddenly appeared out of the fog and edged into the landing. It was about twenty feet long and eight wide, up forward was a short shelter under which were the wheel and controls. She had a noisy exhaust and a stream of greasy-looking water that steamed slightly squirted out from her side. Two-thirds of her space was an open cockpit, and scattered along her deck was an assortment of tools, dirty grease buckets and half-coiled rope. Her skipper, a gaunt, lank character wearing a cap pulled down over one eye, had a thin hawk-like nose and a wide mouth with several front teeth missing. As he threw us a rope he called out in a high nasal voice, "You guys fer *Arapahoe*? If so, git aboard."

We scrambled into the filthy cockpit as he turned a squinty eye in our direction and asked, "Where's the bos'n?"

Neither Bond, Ryan nor I knew for sure what a bos'n was although I had a faint idea he was a ship's officer of some sort. Jimmie, quick to show his knowledge, asked, "What bos'n?"

"Why, that damn crazy Finn, Pernavic, of course," replied the skipper. "Oh, oh! Here he comes now, drunk again!"

As our heads turned toward the top of the landing, I received a mild shock at the sight of the disreputable figure that staggered down the steps and fell into the boat. A middle-aged man, he was dressed in a dirty, ill-fitting suit that was baggy at the knees and apparently had never been pressed. He wore a rough, cotton work shirt open at the neck and a felt hat with a narrow brim around whose crown small holes had been cut for ventilation. His long straight hair hung over his ears and he reeked of cheap wine. Falling over a grease bucket he babbled incoherently before dropping off to sleep. Casting off the rope, the skipper pushed forward on a lever and spun the wheel. There came a sputtering rumble from the exhaust and we nosed out into the fog.

It was a cold day with a raw wind and occasionally a small wave would splash against the bow sending a sheet of spray flying over the cockpit. Around us we heard the deep growl of whistles as steamers and ferries felt their way through the blanket of ghostly murk.

After riding for some time we emerged from the fog into a light mist. Overhead we could see blue sky, while faraway hills were touched by the morning sun. Off to the right was a cluster of ships moored around buildings; from one of the structures protruded a tall smokestack. Jimmie pointed his finger and, in a voice loud enough to make himself heard above the noisy exhaust, shouted in my ear, "Hunters Point!"

We gathered in a group scanning the rows of trim steamers, wondering which was *Arapahoe*. Closing the throttle slightly, the skipper called back, his mouth opening in a toothless grin, "Well, boys, thar she be! How do ya like 'er?"

Eagerly, all eyes ran along the rows of closely moored vessels.

"Naw, naw! Not that'a way! Over here," he called pointing to the left.

We turned and stared in the direction indicated by his finger. There, three-quarters of a mile away, and barely discernible in the morning haze which gave her an exaggerated size, was a ship lying low in the water. Her hull at that distance looked black and incredibly long. It was not her lowness in the water or her length, however, that caused me to gasp and the usually articulate Jimmie to lapse into stunned silence. It was three towering masts, so lofty they appeared to reach right up into the overcast of the morning sky.

"Jesus Christ! That's a sailing ship," someone managed to stammer.

"She sure as hell is," cut in the skipper. "I wouldn't set foot on 'er if they give 'er to me, and you wouldn't either if ya had a damn lick o' sense."

By that time we had approached closer and I could see a large red flag fluttering high above her deck. "What's that for?" I asked.

"Oh, that! That's 'cause she's loaded with gasoline an' dynamite. I'd hate to think what'd happen to 'er if she gits hit in the guts with a torpedo," he replied in his high-pitched voice.

Closer now, I could see the giant yards that crossed her masts and the maze of rigging silhouetted against the sky. From her decks came the clamor of workmen; from above, the shouts of sailors and riggers as they called back and forth to their helpers.

Even as we stared aloft, the boat grated against her side as she lay in the water, cold and motionless, like a great grey island of steel.

"Well, here we be, boys," called the skipper, indicating a rope ladder with a leer that was almost sadistic. For a second we looked silently at each other, a silence that was broken by the tubby Ryan.

"O.K. fellows, let's get aboard and take a reef in the cook's galley."

Reaching down, I picked up my cardboard suitcase and pitched it over the bulwark, and as the boat raised with a swell, grabbed the rope ladder and followed after it. A split second later I landed on the deck and stared about me at a scene of utter confusion. The date was Thursday, June 13, 1918.

CHAPTER 2



Arapahoe

The spot where I first set foot on *Arapahoe's* deck was on the port side slightly forward of amidships. My three companions and I stood in a group looking about in bewilderment. Scattered around were boxes and bales of miscellaneous stores, oak barrels of salt meat, crates of cabbage with yellow leaves and dozens of sacks of potatoes. Ropes, lines and steel cables littered the deck and workmen were everywhere, pulling and hauling and shouting at men in the rigging.

Jimmie, clad in a natty grey suit, stood as if petrified, and was speechless. For a full minute we gazed in silence; no one spoke to us or as much as looked in our direction. As a young fellow went hurrying by, he was hailed by Ryan.

"Hey, fellow! Where's the forecastle?"

As he turned, I found myself face to face with an odd-looking youth, slight of build and obviously quite young, probably no more than eighteen. Later we would learn that he was called Johnny Hocolak. He had a slender face, a thin nose and a short mouth; his small, brown eyes were almond shaped, giving him an oriental appearance. His skin was dark, and I noticed a rash of pimples on a face that seemed prematurely old. A faint suspicion of a smile came over his features as he answered in a low tone, "You mean the fo'c'sle?"

"Yeah, that's it. When I was in the Swiss Navy we always called it the forecastle."

"Well, there's two on board," he said in a small dry voice. "Come along and I'll show you the forward quarters."

Stringing out in single file, we followed him toward a long, low deckhouse, its sides of grey painted steel perforated at frequent intervals with portholes. The back end of this structure

had sliding doors which were pushed open. Inside was a small donkey engine with two spools of steel cable and an upright steam boiler whose short, dumpy stack protruded through the roof. Farther along the side was a narrow door, its bottom opening nearly two feet above the level of the deck. As we passed, I glanced inside and was startled to see a short, gnome-like figure that, from his humpbacked, villainous appearance, well might have stepped from a book of Grimm's fairy tales. An old man, his grizzled face was adorned with a drooping walrus mustache, on his head he wore a black skull cap, and over filthy garments, a long greasy apron. He was busily engaged in cutting up a pile of greenish-looking stew meat with an enormous cleaver and now and then he would turn and spit tobacco juice into a can at his feet. Along the rear width of this small compartment which was *Arapahoe's* galley, was an immense stove. A metal railing ran around its edge, and bubbling away on its top were several pots and kettles.

"Who's that, the cook?" I asked.

"Naw, that's old Alford, his helper," replied our guide. "The cook's name is Sandy—guess he's ashore buying stores."

Our attention was attracted by a commotion around the ladder up which we had just come aboard. Two husky seamen in dirty dungarees were assisting the skipper of our shore boat to get the Finn up over the bulwark. On deck he came staggering and weaving forward to fall into a doorway out of sight. As we looked at him inquiringly, the slender youth shook his head. "Suppose you met him coming out on the boat, but in case you didn't, he's one of the bos'ns. His name is Pernavic, but we all call him the Finn. They say he's a good seaman when he's sober, but I wouldn't know, I've never seen him that way, yet."

By now we were following him through another small door similar to the one leading into the galley. It was necessary to step high and duck at the same time to enter the narrow aperture into *Arapahoe's* forward fo'c'sle. Inside, we found ourselves in a crowded space with a low ceiling. It was about twenty-eight feet long and twenty wide, its steel bulkheads were painted grey and around three sides in double tiers were fourteen narrow bunks. A rear bulkhead separated the fo'c'sle from the galley,

this partition having a small window-like opening through which food could be passed. Secured to the bulkhead, and down the center of the fo'c'sle, was a long, narrow table, its legs fastened to the deck, its well-worn surface having a low, raised beading around the edges to prevent dishes from sliding off. On either side were solid-appearing wooden benches, whose legs were also secured to the deck.

In a gimbal over the table was an oil lamp with a tin shade, its chimney dirty and smoke blackened. Near the opening into the galley was an earthenware container for drinking water which held about five gallons and was made fast to the bulkhead by metal straps. It had a corroded brass faucet and a tin cup hanging from a hook under its wooden shelf. Over the hole into the galley was a cupboard with a boxed-in space for crockery plates and coffee mugs, another with greasy-looking tableware, while still another held a loaf of stale bread, containers for salt and pepper and two cans of condensed milk.

In the corner on the opposite side was a small cubbyhole built around two more bunks. Inside it was dark and gloomy, the only ventilation came from a single port. Its unswept deck was littered with dirty socks and rubber boots and hanging from hooks fastened to walls were suits of oilskins and crumpled "sou-wester hats." Stepping closer to its open door, I peered inside; stretched on his back in the lower bunk was the Finn, sound asleep, his mouth gaped open and gurgling snores coming from his throat.

At the end of the table, so close there was barely room to squeeze through, were sixteen lockers, also in double tiers. In addition to several portholes along the two sides and front, some faint illumination came from an overhead skylight from whose thick glass daylight filtered in sparingly.

Most of the bunks had bedraggled blankets piled carelessly over them as though their occupants had crawled out in a hurry. None was made up, and thrown helter-skelter across them were odds and ends of clothing. Spotting an upper on the port side, which from the absence of bedding appeared to be vacant, I threw my suitcase onto it. Just then the deep tone of a bell rang out from somewhere up forward. "What's that for?" I asked.

"That's three bells," replied the sober-faced boy, "and time I got back to work—better get into your work clothes and report aft to the mate."

"To the mate? Where do we find him?"

"Back on the poop. His name's Knudsen."

"Well, thanks for the help. My name's Lou Smith," I added as I stuck out my hand.

"Mine's John Hocolak," he said in his quiet voice as he grasped my hand limply. "Chow's at eight bells. I'll see you then."

Later, dressed in blue overalls and stiff new dungarees, we made our way aft. Passing the great mainmast and two or three hatches battened down and covered with black tarpaulins, we came to the aft fo'c'sle. It was shorter than the forward deck-house, but stealing a quick glance inside, I could see the arrangement was about the same, except for the absence of the long table and the bos'n's tiny quarters. Overhead on skids along each side of this grey painted structure were two wooden lifeboats, both big and beamy and covered with canvas, while from steel davits hung huge blocks rigged out with shiny ropes.

On each side of the deck, leading up to the raised aft section known as the poop, were two short stairways called companionways, both with polished brass rails. Extending along the front was a heavy teakwood railing, molded and carved in a fancy pattern, its hardware and fixtures also of polished brass. Walking up the port companionway we could see two men standing near a giant steering wheel at the far end of the deck. As we approached, they both turned and gazed at us. One was dressed in a business suit and, even to my inexperienced eye, obviously was not a seafaring man. The other was a short, stocky fellow of about thirty-five; he had a strong, square face and curly brown hair that straggled out from under a blue uniform cap.

"Mister Knudsen?" I asked timidly.

"Yes, I'm Knudsen," he replied.

"We were told to report to you, Sir."

"Cadets, eh?" he asked in a tone that was a half question.

"Yes, Sir."

The question as to whether we were cadets surely was unnecessary, and for a long second he examined us in silence. Three

of us had never been on a ship before, and Jimmie, who had, presented anything but a sailor-like appearance. I was a tall, skinny kid from the Oregon backwoods who felt and doubtlessly looked ill at ease in my present surroundings. Wishing to appear nautical, before leaving shore I had purchased a white sailor hat which I now attempted to wear at a jaunty angle. Ryan, short and fat, was wearing a pair of blue bib overalls, and looked just what he claimed to be, a Sacramento farmer. Bond, fresh out of school, looked like a boy one might have seen working in a brokerage office in San Francisco's financial district, while Jimmie, who had expected to wear brass buttons, was still dressed in his grey suit.

Whatever the mate may have been thinking, he kept it to himself, as wetting a stubby pencil with the end of his tongue, he laboriously entered our names in a notebook. Finished, he again looked us over for an instant before saying, "O.K. Go forward and report to the bos'n. He'll turn you to."

Reporting to the bos'n seemed easy enough, as we found that individual still sound asleep in his bunk. Jimmie had removed his grey suit and appeared on deck in a pair of wrinkled slacks; together we decided to look over the ship. Our first venture was forward to the section known as the fo'c'slehead. Two companionways led to this raised area, ending in a long bowsprit under which was a rope netting. Soon we were examining the big main capstan, the anchor chains, and red and green running lights in their huge copper domes.

Looking aft, we could see *Arapahoe's* three towering masts. On the foremast, slightly above the first yard, and about seventy-five feet from the deck, was a large semi-circular platform. It seemed like an easy climb and, wanting to get the feel of the rigging, we were soon making our way upward. At first, iron ratlines were seized across the four massive steel cables called shrouds. Farther up, the iron bars gave way to others made of wood; gradually, as we felt our way higher and higher, the space for our feet became narrower as the giant shrouds converged at the mast just under the platform known as the top.

Out of breath and hanging on tightly, I pressed my body against the rigging and stole a quick glance downward to where

Jimmie was following me. Presently I came to the big foreyard, nearly a hundred feet in length, made of tapered steel almost three feet in diameter at the center and weighing several tons. It was trussed to the mast by a heavy iron pin and further secured by chains. These permitted it to swing from side to side in a horizontal direction when braced around by the tackle at the ends of the yardarms.

Under the top I stopped and gazed upward. This grated platform was braced to the foremast by steel struts called futtock shrouds on which rope ratlines were seized. There appeared to be two ways of reaching its topside; one, which I quickly discarded, was to crawl outward on the shaky rope ratlines over its edge, leaving nothing between the seat of my pants and the deck but thin air; the other was through a hole in its surface barely large enough to squeeze into and whose use, I was later to learn, was held in high contempt by experienced seamen. Nevertheless, minutes later Jimmie and I were seated on the foretop, our legs dangling over its side as we hung on to the topmast shrouds with both hands and slowly recovered our breath.

It was a pretty morning, the sun had chased away the fog and overhead the blue June sky was clear. Occasionally sea gulls would circle the ship on tireless wings or swoop low and skim the water. From our perch *Arapahoe's* hull looked narrow, while around us spread the panorama of San Francisco Bay and its grey surrounding cities.

We had sat there for some time enjoying the view when suddenly there came a hail from below. Looking down we were surprised to find that apparently it was directed to us. It was coming from a man who stood with his hands cupped around his mouth and whose voice came booming upward.

"Hey! What the hell do you think you're doing up there? Get down here where you belong!"

Slowly we made our way back down the ratlines and, as we jumped from the bulwark onto the deck, we were met by a man of about thirty years of age, tall, thin faced and bad tempered. He had bold, insolent eyes, a high-pitched voice, and wore a dirty white cap with a shiny bill. For the next few minutes he pro-

ceeded to dress us down for not reporting to him as the mate had directed; this came as a surprise to me and I tried to explain that we thought the Finn was the bos'n. This only seemed to enrage him more, and thrusting brooms into our hands, motioned us forward.

"Now listen," he said, "I want this ship swept from the bowsprit to the poop, understand? And when you get that done, there's another little job I got waiting for you. You'll get all the damn climbing in the rigging you want before we get to Manila, I promise you that!"

"Manila! Is that where we're going?" I asked in surprise.

"Sure, where the hell did you think we were going, Sausalito?" he replied as he turned and walked away.

This was my first introduction to discipline on board a sailing ship, and to Jack Brodie, bos'n extraordinary. In my excitement at joining the Merchant Marine, it never occurred to me to ask what type of ship I might be assigned aboard, or where she might be bound. Now, between vigorous strokes with our brooms, we talked in low voices and discussed this new information excitedly.

"Manila! Man, that's a long way off!" exclaimed the experienced Jimmie. "Why, this trip might take three or four months!"

As usual, I agreed with him, at the same time remembering I had told my grandmother I probably would be home in about three weeks.

We were still busy with our sweeping when the big bell forward sounded eight bells. Instantly, work on the ship ceased; there was a rush forward as a motley group gathered for the noon meal. Approaching the fo'c'sle, we met Johnny Herculak, our erstwhile guide.

"Better hurry along," he said, "maybe we can make the first table."

Entering, we found vacant places and squeezed in beside diners who moved over grudgingly and eyed us impassively over thick plates piled with food. The food was passed in from the galley in enormous bowls; it consisted mainly of beef stew and great heaping mounds of boiled potatoes with the skins on. There were stacks of bread in thick slices, a tin can that held rancid

butter, and at each end of the table a large enameled pitcher from which we poured strong, black coffee into heavy mugs.

This was my first opportunity to take note of the men who were to be my shipmates. Most of them were quite young, probably between the ages of seventeen and twenty-two; here and there were older men, professional sailors, among whom the smooth-faced cadets looked out of place. The talk around the table was vulgar, each one apparently trying to outdo the other in obscenity. There was an utter lack of table manners of the most common sort; no one passed anything or seemed to hear if one asked for it.

Seated across the table from me was a seaman who, from his appearance and behavior, might well have been a throwback to a Neanderthal man. He was called Stavanger, although I was to learn this was not his name, but one he had derived from being a native of a seaport by that name in Norway. A hulking, brutish giant, he had great ape-like arms and a torso so thick it made him appear squatty. His round face had a stubble of whiskers, small eyes under shaggy brows, and a large mouth with flabby, sensual lips. Incredibly dirty, his long tousled hair hung down over a low forehead causing him to look more animal than human. He ate with his face low over his plate, cramming in food with both hands, now and then pushing a pile of potatoes onto his knife with a dirty thumb. Occasionally, he would half raise his head and his little, pig eyes would dart around quickly at the plates of his neighbors. Once or twice, at some particularly lascivious remark, he threw back his head and laughed loudly, leering lecherously at the young cadets. Finished with his dinner, he pushed back a plate stacked high with potato skins, drew a pair of dirty bare feet from under the table, and belching repulsively, threw himself onto a corner bunk.

Halfway through the meal Pernavic, the Finn, appeared in the doorway of the bos'ns' quarters. He was dressed in a suit of long underwear and wore stinking socks. He stretched and yawned prodigiously as he slid into a place at the table. Apparently he never bothered to wash before eating, his body odor was sickening, and he scratched at himself in a disgusting manner. I was glad when I could leave the table and meet Jimmie outside the fo'c'sle.

Soon we were joined by the serious-faced Johnny Herculak and the three of us made our way forward to the top of the fo'c'slehead. There, stretched out comfortably in the netting under *Arapahoe's* long bowsprit, Johnny attempted to answer the thousand and one questions that were exciting my curiosity about the strange world in which I now found myself. His home, he told us, was in Honolulu, and he had worked in a drug store before going to sea. He had made one trip on a steamer, but this was his first in sail and like Jimmie and me, he was signing on as a cadet. He gave a mirthless laugh when we told him of our experience with the bos'n Brodie, saying, "Oh, don't take him too seriously, remember he's only a bos'n and don't rate a 'Yes, Sir' or 'No, Sir', and you don't have to call him 'Mister' either; just plain 'bos'n'."

Johnny was amused when I told him of our surprise at being assigned aboard a sailing ship and reaching into his pocket, took out a soiled newspaper clipping, saying, "You must have missed this." The clipping was from the "Shipping News" of the San Francisco *Examiner*, dated June 7, 1918, and read as follows:

Struthers and Dixon yesterday were notified definitely of the sailing ships which they will handle for the Shipping Board. At present these are six in number. They are the *Moshulu*, four mast bark, and the *Arapahoe*, three mast ship now in port, and the *Monongahela*, four mast bark, *Chillicothe*, formerly the *Game Cock*, the *Flying Cloud*, and the *Montauk*. The firm, of which Captain Andrew Dixon is President, and Harry Struthers, formerly an executive official of the Pacific Coast Steamship Company, is Vice President and General Manager, was the first to take advantage of war conditions between here and the Orient. The action of the Shipping Board in giving the care of these ships to them is taken along California Street as an expression of confidence as each ship will carry a number of cadets.

"That's what got me," said Johnny as I handed back the clipping. "In case you don't know it, these are among the few big square-riggers left, and it's a chance of a lifetime to make a trip on one. Just look around the harbor," he continued as his pointing finger swept the miles of waterfront, "What do you see? Dozens

of steamers all crying for crews, and the shipyards turning out more every day. But, how many square-riggers do you see? Only one in port besides us, and that's the *Moshulu* over there." He pointed far across the bay where we could see four lofty masts crossed by great yards, towering skyward from behind a low shed.

"Hey! She's got four masts!" I exclaimed.

"Sure. She's a four-masted bark," he answered, "and one of the biggest afloat. She'll be sailing before long and will have a crew of cadets just like us, and same as the *Monongahela* that sailed last month."

"The *Monongahela*?"

"Yeah, she's a four-masted bark also. And, then, there's the *Chillicothe* that's just being fitted out. We're all four bound for Manila and will probably be there at the same time. Boy! I couldn't miss this trip for anything!"

Something of this strange boy's enthusiasm was beginning to take hold of me, and I eagerly plied him with questions.

"*Arapahoe*? Oh, she's different than most of the fleet. You see *Moshulu* over there has four masts, and if you look close, you'll see that she's square-rigged on the first three. That means she has yards on the first three masts, but she's fore-and-aft rigged on the fourth, same as a schooner. That makes her a four-masted bark."

I was ashamed to tell him that I didn't know what he meant by a schooner, and had no idea of a fore-and-aft rig, so kept a discreet silence as he continued.

"Now, look at our masts. We've only got three and all of 'em are square-rigged. That makes us a full-rigged ship, understand?"

I didn't, but nodded that I did, and pressed him with another question that had been troubling me since coming aboard. "How about the crew, how are we ever going to sail this ship to Manila when two-thirds of us are greenhorns who never saw a ship before?" I asked, gazing apprehensively at the miles of rigging.

Again that faint grin flashed over his face as he replied in his quiet voice, "Don't you worry about that; this has been going on for ages. We'll have a few old timers like Stavanger and the Finn aboard to show us the ropes. In the old days they used to

call boys making their first trips apprentices, and don't forget their parents had to pay the owners for taking 'em. I hear they still do on Scandinavian ships."

Looking at me in an amused way, he continued, "You don't know much about sailing ships, do you?"

"No," I answered meekly, "I never saw one before."

"Well, I don't know too much about 'em either, but I've studied 'em a bit. Maybe I better start at the beginning and tell you what I know about the ship and crew. The Captain's a Norwegian named Wilhelmsen. He's an old sailing ship skipper, been around the Horn a few times, and has had plenty experience in square-riggers. I've never seen him yet, but they say he's crankier than hell. Don't forget he's the boss and what he says goes, no matter what. The second in command is the first mate, a Norwegian also—his name's Knudsen; he's the one you met this morning. Then next is the second mate, a Swede named Peterson. I hear he gets drunk as soon as he gets ashore, but that he's supposed to be a good sailing ship man. The crew'll be divided into two watches with a bos'n on each watch. You call the mates 'Mister Knudsen' and 'Mister Peterson' and the Old Man, 'Captain.' After the mates come the bos'ns. One's Brodie—he's the one who thinks he's little Jesus, and the other's the Finn, who's suspected of being nuts. They're the guys who have charge of the ship's work, and the ones we'll see the most of. Then of course, there's the A.B.s."

"A.B.s, what's that?" I interrupted.

"Oh, that's just a term used for able-bodied seamen," he replied. "They're the old timers who know all the answers and how to do everything aboard. I hear we'll have four of 'em, two on each watch. Stavanger's one of 'em."

I remembered the gorilla-like character who had sat opposite me at dinner and sincerely hoped I wouldn't find myself on the same watch with him.

"After the A.B.s," continued Johnny, "come the ordinary seamen; they're the guys who've been to sea a few trips but don't have enough experience to qualify as A.B.s. We'll have six or eight of them, too, and after them come the cadets, that's where we enter the picture. Course, you understand, that still isn't all

the crew; there's the cook and his helper, the carpenter and the sailmaker, the mess boy who waits on our table and the cabin boy who takes care of the officers' quarters aft. None of these stand any watches, but just work in the daytime."

"How do they pick the watches?" I asked.

"Just like choosing up sides in a ball game. The mates flip a coin for first choice, then they go right down the line, first the bos'ns, then the A.B.s and ordinaries, then the cadets. One watch will be called the Port, the other the Starboard, each in charge of a mate."

"How long do you think this trip will last?" I asked.

"Oh, if we have good luck, anywhere from six to eight months."

At that, Jimmie, who had been reclining in the netting, came up with a start. "Six to eight months! Christ! Where we going, around the world to get to Manila?"

"Well," replied Johnny with a trace of a laugh, "probably not, but you never can tell. You see, when you start out on a sailing ship you don't always sail *to* a certain point, but *toward* it. When we get there depends on the wind and weather—if there's no wind, we don't make any headway; on the other hand, if we run into head winds, we may have to tack back and forth hundreds of miles off our course in order to reach our destination."

Just then two bells rang out bringing an end to our conversation. Looking toward amidships, I saw Brodie coming forward blowing a whistle. The ship was again alive with activity as Jimmie and I walked down onto the main deck to meet him. At the break of the fo'c'slehead a group of boys and young men were being assigned work by Brodie. Most of them were sent to assist in bringing aboard supplies and storing them away in the lazaret, a large storeroom aft under the poop. Others, under the direction of Chips the carpenter, who was also signed on as sailmaker, were to sort and store *Arapahoe's* many spare sails in the sail locker. Still others were put to coiling down ropes and lines scattered over the decks and stowing away extra gear in a dungeon-like hole up near the bow, called the forepeak. In this, they worked under the big, loose-lipped Stavanger, who, while appearing to

be helpful and friendly, was adopting a familiarity toward some of the younger cadets that made them highly suspicious of his intentions.

The last three left standing in line were Jimmie and I and a boy named Jerry. This youngster was a smooth-faced lad from a little town in northern California called Redding. Barely sixteen, he was the youngest cadet on the ship, several months under my age and considerably smaller.

Brodie, the bos'n, fixed us with a baleful glare and crooked his finger for us to follow him. On the main deck near the break of the fo'c'slehead, located one on each side of the ship, were the two toilets used by the twenty-five or thirty men who occupied *Arapahoe's* fo'c'sles. They were tiny cubicles less than four feet square with hardly enough headroom to permit standing erect. They had no flushing arrangements whatsoever, this detail being taken care of with a bucket of salt water from a nearby pump. Sewage went out through pipes in the lower sides of the hull. The toilets, always gruesome and dirty, frequently became plugged up; obviously, this was what was wrong today, as throwing a long, heavy wire at our feet, and indicating a rack that held several wooden buckets with rope handles, he pointed toward the toilet doors and uttered two words: "Clean 'em!"

Like all doors on the ship, these were narrow with openings high above the surface. Opening one and peeking inside, the fastidious Jimmie slammed it shut and started back at the disgusting sight of the plugged-up bowl and filthy deck littered with torn newspapers. Sometime later, with Jerry and me alternating at the scrubbing and Jimmie pumping water, we finished the disagreeable task.

At five o'clock the big bell again rang from the fo'c'slehead ending the day's work. Riggers and workmen were piling into shore boats and soon no one was left aboard but members of *Arapahoe's* crew. Looking about for a place to wash and clean up I was amazed to find that the ship boasted no such accommodations. No facilities were provided for bathing or washing other than the wooden buckets with rope handles. In port we were allowed to use fresh water sparingly, but no such luxuries as showers or washrooms were provided. Taking a bath consisted

of stripping down on the open deck, scrubbing with soap and cold water followed by buckets of sea water doused over our heads.

At supper I again met my new friend Johnny and together we found seats at the second table. The food for the evening meal was a ghastly mixture purported to have been macaroni and cheese, served on immense platters. There were rolls with sticky centers, and a large can of jelly from which each helped himself, using his own dirty spoon. We had a great square pan of cobbler made from dried apricots served with a pitcher of syrupy-thick grey sauce. This was supposed to be poured over the cobbler, but was given such a revolting name by the boisterous diners that I decided to turn it down.

My suitcase and clothing had been dumped onto a lower bunk, the upper appropriated by an ordinary seaman who, I was informed, had priority. The lower, to be my home for the next several months, was in a dark corner forward on the port side. It had a narrow mattress but no springs, a small pillow that was damp and smelled like a wet chicken, and one pillow slip that lasted me the entire time I served on *Arapahoe*. We had no sheets, the covers were three blankets, coarse and scratchy. My blue serge suit I wrapped carefully in an old shirt and hung against the bulkhead at the side of my bunk. I stored my few other possessions in one of the metal lockers. The forward fo'c'sle which provided quarters for sixteen men was but little larger than a good-sized, double bedroom. Often in bad weather, with doors and ports tightly closed, the air would become foul and stuffy, reeking with the odor of damp clothing, unwashed bodies and stale tobacco smoke.

CHAPTER 3



The Finn

Arapahoe's original name had been *Durbridge*. Built by William Hamilton Ship Building Company at Glasgow, Scotland, in 1892, and operated by the British until 1909, she had been sold to the Germans and renamed *Steinbek*. During her years under German ownership, she had become famous for her fast passages around Cape Horn and, as legend had it, "carried sail in all weather with the royal halyards padlocked." On the day our country entered the war, there were nearly one hundred German vessels interned in United States ports. Among them laying to their moorings in various Pacific Coast harbors, were seven big, square-rigged sailing ships. These were the four-masted barks, *Kurt*, *Dalbek*, and *Ottawa*, the wooden three-masted bark *Matador*, and the three full-rigged ships, *Arnoldus Vinnen*, *Indra*, and *Steinbek*. Before sunset on that historic Friday, boarding parties had seized the vessels and removed their German crews.

At first it had been the intent to name all the newly acquired German square-riggers after former American clippers. In checking the registers, however, it was discovered that several of the names selected were already in use on existing ships. For this reason, Shipping Board officials turned to Mrs. Woodrow Wilson, the wife of the President, and asked her to rename them.

After a careful study, Mrs. Wilson, said to be the descendant of a famous Indian princess, decided to select Indian names for the former German vessels. As a result of her efforts, *Kurt* received the name *Moshulu*; *Dalbek* was changed to *Monongahela*; *Ottawa* was renamed *Muscoota*; *Matador* became *Montauk*, *Arnoldus Vinnen* was now known as *Chillicothé*; *Indra* as *Tonawanda*, and *Steinbek*, *Arapahoe*. All the names selected by Mrs. Wilson were those of Indian tribes; *Arapahoe*, that of a nomadic

group who at one time ranged the area now the States of South Dakota, Kansas and Nebraska.

For a short period following her seizure, the once proud, old square-rigger had been reduced to the humble estate of a coal barge, towed between Pacific Coast ports. It was shortly after being renamed *Arapahoe*, and early in the spring of 1918, that she was towed to the Moore Shipyard at Oakland, California. There, swarmed over by an army of riggers, joiners, carpenters, caulkers and mechanics, she had been refitted from stem to stern. On Tuesday, May 28, 1918, she was again a full-rigged ship. On that day the entry in her log was headed "Ship *Arapahoe*."

Arapahoe was a steel ship of 2330 gross tons; her length was slightly over 276 feet at the waterline, she had a beam of 42 feet and drew over 24 feet when loaded. Under her bow she had a beautiful figurehead, that of a woman in flowing robes. From the waterline to the caps of her tall masts she was painted battleship grey; she had but little brass and varnished woodwork had been held to a minimum. Her masts, fore, main and mizzen were in three sections, the first two of welded steel tubes, the third section of wood. Each mast was strongly supported by a system of heavy fore-and-aft stays to withstand the terrific pressures to which they were subjected. In addition, each was supported on the sides by thick wire shrouds to take care of the tremendous stress when under sail.

Each mast had five yards to which a sail was bent, a total of fifteen square sails. From the bottom, they were the three big course sails—foresail, mainsail, and the lower sail on the mizzen known as the crossjack, or "cro'jack"; next, the lower topsail, upper topsail, gallant and royal. There were nine fore-and-aft sails; three jibs—the flying, outer and inner, set on stays running from the foremast to the bowsprit, and the fore staysail, also set on a stay extending from the foremast to the top of the fo'c'slehead. There were two staysails that could be set between the foremast and the main, and two more between the main and the mizzen. On the mizzen, extending back over the poop, was the big spanker boom from which the spanker sail was set, making a total of twenty-four sails that could be spread at one time.

That evening as we lounged about the deck we were joined by the Finn bos'n. Apparently, he had sobered up and I was surprised to find him a rather friendly fellow, one who liked to spin long yarns and tell fantastic stories of his life at sea. The bos'ns were really the most important men forward. Able seamen and experienced, they received their orders from the mates and were responsible for the work done by the crew.

The Finn had followed the sea all his life. He started as a small boy back in Finland, and according to him, had been in every port. Many of these years had been put in sail, and it required but little urging to get him to show us over the ship. As we walked along the deck, he pointed out each yard and sail and although it was easy to learn the names of these, when he started on the running rigging, it was another matter.

There were dozens of iron belaying pins along the bulwarks and at rails around the masts. Coiled down on these were miles of ropes and lines disappearing into a confusing maze of rigging. To hear him tell it, it was all very simple, but as he talked of buntlines and clewlines, sheets and tacks, gaskets, halyards and downhauls, we looked at him perplexed. When I protested, he opened his mouth with a smile that showed large, tobacco-yellowed teeth and, scratching himself between the legs, said, "Oh, don' worry, es yust lak learn to svim, you got to yump in fir's; tomorrow you start in riggin', you learn quvick den, I bet."

"You mean we have to start climbing up there tomorrow?" asked Jimmie, his eyes traveling up to the royal yard.

"Shur. All crew sign on in morning, den practise going aloft planty, I bet. Two more days you hav' go op dere in dark, maybe."

"We sail in two more days?" Jimmie asked.

"Shur. Maybe Saturday, but Sunday for shur," he replied. "Now, come op on bowsprit, I start show you from dere."

We began our tour by following him out onto the steel footropes that ran along each side of *Arapahoe's* long bowsprit. Here he pointed out the halyards that pulled the triangular sails up the stays, and the downhauls that hauled them down. Calling our attention to the rope netting stretched below the bowsprit, he said, "Dis ver' gud. Sometime in havy vedder she dip big green sea, den you vant hang on lak hell—if you don' maybe get vashed

overboard. Von time off New Caledonia ve los' t'ree mens from haar."

"Three men! Did you have any trouble picking them up?" we asked, almost in unison.

"Pic' dem op? Ha! Dis big sailing ship, not steamer. Tak long time to heave to—maybe two mile to turn ship roun'. Maybe dark or too rough to launch boat—good-bye!"

As he said "good-bye," he gave a wave with his hand that left no doubt in my mind as to what he meant.

"Es bes'," he continued, "always remem'er, von han' for you and von for ship—now, come bek haar on fo'c'slehead."

The fo'c'slehead extending back thirty-six feet from the bow was enclosed by a pipe railing, the front section removable to permit getting the two big anchors over the side. *Arapahoe's* anchors were the old-fashioned type with stocks; they weighed six thousand pounds, and attached to each by enormous shackles were one hundred and thirty fathoms of chain. On either side of the bows, projecting outward, were the heavy square timbers known as the catheads. They had sheaves through which the cat tackle passed and enabled the anchors to be hauled up to their ends or catted before being brought to the deck and lashed down prior to starting a voyage.

At the base of the bowsprit and on each side of the deck were teak pinrails with iron belaying pins for making fast the down-hauls and sheets of the jibs; while forward of the catheads were fairleads for guiding mooring lines or towing hawsers to the giant bitts, located one on each side of the capstan.

Hanging in a metal yoke between the two companionway stairs that led down to the main deck was *Arapahoe's* big, bronze bell; on it was engraved the name *Durbridge*. On each side were wooden capstan bars in horizontal racks; these fitted into the square holes of a gigantic capstan whose four-foot base occupied a position just aft of the center on the fo'c'slehead deck. It had a locking device whereby it could be hooked up with the anchor windlass beneath the fo'c'slehead, and be used to raise the anchor in an emergency or in the event of a breakdown of the donkey engine. Although it was never necessary to use the capstan for this purpose while I was on *Arapahoe*, we did use it frequently

for hauling down the tack of the foresail when sailing close hauled or beating into the wind.

Coming down the companionway onto the main deck we followed the Finn to the space referred to as "under the fo'c'sle-head." At the entrance, and on each side was located one of *Arapahoe's* toilets with which I already had become painfully acquainted. Beyond the one on the port side were the bos'ns' lockers, containing paints and tar, small tools and other supplies used in ship's work, while beyond this were bunk-like shelves loaded with blocks, tackles of various kinds, ship's lanterns, and other odds and ends. Forward of the starboard toilet was the carpenter and blacksmith shop. Still farther toward the bow were great open bins piled high with mountains of potatoes with which I also was to become intimately acquainted before many weeks had elapsed.

In the center of the space directly under the capstan, and connected to it by a vertical shaft was the anchor windlass, a massive affair over whose pawls the anchor chains came in to be faked down link by link in the chain lockers. It had hand brakes to stay the run of the chain when letting go the anchor, and a locking device to prevent additional length from running out. The windlass was connected by a long messenger chain running through a plank tunnel along the deck to the donkey engine aft; this was used to raise the anchor, eliminating what would have been a long and difficult task with the hand capstan. The donkey represented *Arapahoe's* one and only concession to modernization, if such it could be called, and was the only piece of equipment on board not operated by hand.

Up forward near the bow was a small hatch that led down to a dark, unventilated compartment extending back twenty feet or so to a bulkhead; this space, called the 'tweendecks, was used as storage for mooring lines, wire strops, bundles of old sail and miscellaneous junk. Still farther down through another small hatch and below the waterline was a dungeon-like compartment called the forepeak, used as storage for *Arapahoe's* coal. Fortunately for the cadets, the only use for coal at sea was the fire in the big galley stove, whose bunker required filling only at infrequent intervals.

Moving from under the fo'c'slehead, we walked past number one hatch and came to the foremast with its teak fife rail and iron belaying pins on which were coiled the ends of halyards and sheets coming down from aloft. We noticed also that the bulwarks had belaying pins just inside the shrouds, upon which were coiled more ropes and lines.

Arapahoe was equipped with brace winches for bracing around the course and lower and upper topsail yards; the topgallants and royals were braced around by hand. The winches, operated usually by four men, had cone-shaped drums which allowed the slack of the wire braces to play out on one side while being taken up by a similar shaped drum on the other. Pulling around the giant yards would have been backbreaking work had she not been so equipped.

On each side of the mainmast, between it and the bulwarks, was a medium-sized capstan. On top of each was a brass plate bearing the name "*Durbridge*." Many years later one of these capstans was to furnish the nautical atmosphere for a San Francisco night club. Rescued from its garish surroundings by the Maritime Museum, it was placed in a display where it now reposes among mementos of a long forgotten age.

Beyond the mainmast, framed on each side by sturdy shrouds, was the aft fo'c'sle. It was new, having been added by the Shipping Board to accommodate *Arapahoe's* additional cadets. A small, square structure, it contained twelve or fourteen bunks also in double tiers, a single door opening aft, a half-dozen ports that furnished scant lighting and like the forward quarters, was dark and gloomy. A short flying bridge connecting it with the poop enabled officers to use it as a point of vantage when working the ship in heavy weather. Atop its deck in forward corners were two huge wooden casks called scuttlebutts, used as containers for rainwater caught during storms. They provided a slender fresh water ration for shaving, and if there were an ample supply, the occasional washing of clothes.

Most of the space between the aft fo'c'sle and the poop was taken up by number four hatch and the mizzen mast which raised out of the deck at its break. The bulkhead, forming the forepart of the poop, had several ports and a narrow door on each side

of the mizzen. These were the entrances to the quarters occupied by the carpenter, the cook and his helper, the cabin boy, and others who stood no watches, but frequently had to turn out and help work the ship when all hands on deck were required.

The poop was surrounded at the sides and stern by an open railing known as the taffrail. At its front was a cabin skylight along whose two sides were long seats with padded cushions. At the aft end of the skylight, a companionway led down to the officers' quarters. Mainly, explained the Finn, they contained the saloon, the Captain's cabin and bathroom, staterooms for the mates, and several small spare rooms for guests, probably a relic of the days when she carried passengers around the Horn.

Forward of the saloon was the steward's pantry in charge of the cabin boy who waited on the officers' table. On *Arapahoe* all food was prepared in her one galley next to the forward fo'c'sle, and one of the many duties of the cabin boy was to carry the officers' food aft. Often in bad weather, with the ship rolling heavily, and her decks swept by seas, this presented a hazardous undertaking, sometimes resulting in mishaps in which the cabin boy would be sent sprawling and the officers' dinner go rolling into the scuppers.

Arapahoe's steering wheel was at the end of the poop. Mounted on the front of a long wheelbox, the wheel was heavily made with thick spokes and an overall height of nearly six feet. On a wide, brass band around the hub was engraved: "William Hamilton, Shipbuilders, Port Glasgow." The box had raised gratings on each side on which the helmsman stood during a trick at the wheel. On top of the box was a small brass bell with which he echoed the striking of the ship's clock at the head of the companionway; this was repeated in turn by the lookout striking the big bell on the fo'c'slehead. The top of the wheelbox also was rigged with an ingenious device called the "telltale," a small metal arrow pointing toward the stern and connected with the screw in such a manner that it indicated the position of the rudder.

In front of the wheel was the brass binnacle that held the steering compass. A few feet farther forward was another of about the same size and type that was called the standard com-

pass, which was the one usually glanced into by the mates when checking the course steered by the helmsman.

A cold breeze blowing in from the Golden Gate caused the water to roll toward us in choppy swells as darkness settled over the ship. Overhead, two red lights had been hoisted, taking the place of the flag that had fluttered from the mainyard during the daylight hours.

Around San Francisco Bay a million lights were twinkling, and from far away we could hear the hoarse hoots of the ferries as they crossed back and forth between San Francisco and Oakland.

Most of the crew, including Jimmie, were crowded into the aft fo'c'sle engaged in a noisy game of blackjack. For some time, Johnny, Jerry and I sat on the forehatch talking in low tones and listening to the Finn as he told of his life at sea. Turning to me suddenly, he said, "I don' t'ink your fran mak dis trip."

"Who, Jimmie?" I asked.

"Shur, dat Yimmie faller—maybe he go, but I don' t'ink so."

Later, I entered the dimly lit fo'c'sle and found my bunk. For some time I lay thinking of the events that had led me to be in these strange surroundings. Now and then I could feel a slight roll of the ship, accompanied by odd squeaks and rattles; once or twice I heard soft footsteps as the watchmen made their rounds, and occasionally, a loud laugh coming from aft. Soon, I dropped off into a deep sleep.

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My second day on *Arapahoe* started at six when I was awakened by shouts, "Awright! Everybody out in there!" Raising to a sitting position I was surprised to find it morning, and that I had slept soundly all through the night. Looking about, I could see blanket covered mounds from which protruded tousled heads. Clothing was scattered over the deck and here and there could be heard the grunts and snorts of awakening men.

I stepped into the drizzle of an early morning fog to join a shivering group on the foredeck. It was cold, and the sting of a raw wind caused me to bundle my jacket around me. The wet, grey blanket seemed to close in around the ship, cutting us off

from the rest of the world, a world of silence, broken only by the distant moan of a foghorn.

Both bos'ns were on deck and the knot of boys and men standing about was broken up into two groups. The A.B.s and ordinary seamen were to work under Brodie, and soon were busy dragging out lengths of stiff, new wire, while others were at work splicing an eye in a heavy manila hawser. The Finn had charge of the cadets, and promptly introduced us to a task that was to be repeated with monotonous regularity, washing down the decks. Each morning, except on rainy days or when she was swept by seas, this was to be a regular six o'clock routine.

Mounted on the main deck at the foot of the port companion-way leading to the fo'c'slehead was the huge salt water pump. Extending along the bulwarks, the length of the port side and as far aft as the poop, was a three-inch pipe equipped with valves at convenient spaces for hooking on a hose. Washing down was quite simple; when the hose was rigged to the pipe, two men took turns at manning the pump. The Finn held the nozzle of the hose, and the rest of the gang scrubbed the decks with brooms.

At seven o'clock I was startled to hear the clear notes of a bugle sounding chow call. As work came to a halt and the crew rushed to the fo'c'sle, I noticed a large, husky man standing in the galley doorway. He had brown skin, curly black hair, piercing dark eyes and a broad nose. His clothing was spotlessly white, and from his hand dangled a brass bugle with a fancy tasseled cord. He was called Sandy, *Arapahoe's* cook, and was said to have come from Jamaica.

Breakfast consisted of great stacks of hotcakes called liver pads. Tough as leather, they were served with dark, stringy syrup resembling molasses. We had the usual rancid butter and pans of bacon, strong and smelly. Condensed milk for coffee was in cans at each end of the table. These had been opened by jabbing slots in them with a knife blade. The one passed to me had congealed and refused to pour, but was obligingly opened by the Finn using a black, grimy thumbnail.

Breakfast over, the fo'c'sle was blue with tobacco smoke and filled with noisy men. Out on deck, riggers were arriving in

preparation for the day's work and, as *Arapahoe* came to life, eight bells rang out from the fo'c'slehead. As the sound of the bell died lazily away, there came the shrill peep of the bos'n's whistle; in a minute we were assembled on deck.

At the entry of the United States into the war, to man the hundreds of ships under our flag plus those being launched daily, presented a grave problem. There were no such things as Merchant Marine Academies with their summer cruises, vine covered classrooms and college degrees. With the seizure of interned German ships, the shortage of seaman became even more acute. Sailors' pay was traditionally low; many had left the sea, attracted by high wartime wages. Securing experienced seamen for the newly acquired German square-riggers was an even more difficult task. Few sailors cared to give up the easy berths and short cruises to be found on steamers for the hard life and long, uncertain voyages of the sailing ships. The Shipping Board's answer had been to man the seven big windjammers with crews of American schoolboys. Called cadets, they were to be trained by a small cadre of experienced seamen. Today was to be the first step in the training of such a crew; we were to learn how a sail was set and furled.

Our instructors were the Finn and a big A.B. by the name of Pape, a tall, well-built fellow, broad shouldered and shaped like a wrestler. Our instruction started at the foot of the foremast. The first thing we learned was to climb the rigging on the weather side. This, explained Pape, was the side from which the wind blew, and its force would press us against the ratlines. On the lee side there was the danger of a sudden gust tearing loose your grip and blowing you into the sea. We also learned to hang onto the steel shrouds when going aloft, and never to trust the rope ratlines that crossed and hung between them.

Soon, twelve or fourteen nervous cadets were making their way up the rigging. Upon reaching the foreyard, the group was split into two sections, one half following the Finn to port, the other half, Pape to starboard. To get out along the yard it was necessary to walk out on the footrope, a length of cable seized with small cord and suspended under the yard at a distance to make the latter about waist high. The footrope was secured at

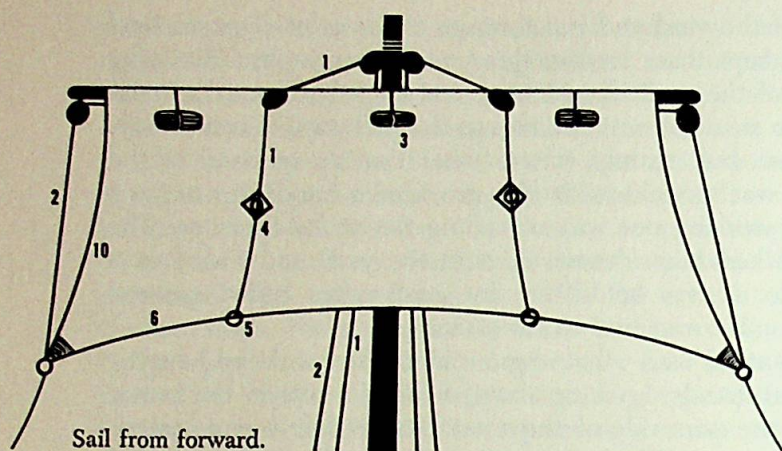
each end of the yard and run through the eyes of short vertical cables that kept them from sagging under our weight. Running the length of the yard along its top and slightly forward of center, was the small iron rail known as the jackstay. It served several purposes but, mainly, it was what the top or head of the square sail was secured to. It also provided a hand grip to hang onto when working our way out along the shaky footrope. The big foresail had been drawn up onto the yard and furled in a neat bundle. It was held there by small ropes called gaskets, passed around it and tied to the jackstay.

At present we were all strung out along the yard and hanging on with both hands. Looking about, I found I was in the center section on the port side of the mast. To my left was a scared-looking kid named Skinner; to my right, a tall, redhead called Sullivan; farther in, I recognized the poker-faced Johnny, while on the opposite side of the mast, looking most uncomfortable, was Jimmie Wilkins.

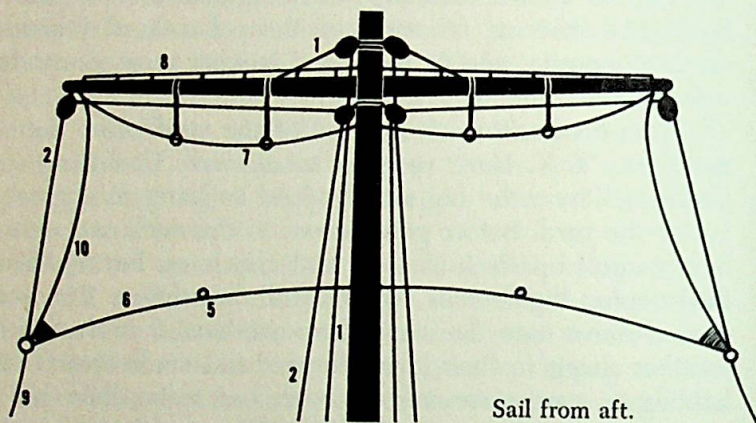
From his position on the end of the yard came the voice of the Finn. "O.K. Now, ve goin' set dis sail. Firs' t'ing es let go gaskets—" Soon the big sail dropped to hang in a great bunch below the yard. Before going down to the deck, we were shown how to pull up slack of bunt and clewlines, letting them hang in drooping bights over the front of the canvas. We were then chased down onto the deck where we hauled down the lee and weather sheets in their lower corners and made them fast. Even hauling on a rope, we were to learn, had to be done in a certain way. At first, tailing out behind the Finn, we lunged and jerked like young unbroken horses.

"Naw, naw!" he cried, "dat es not de vay! You vait 'til I sing out, den you all heave togedder lak dis, see?" Soon we were waiting for his "Yo—heee! Yo—heee!" At "heee," we would all pull together and I was surprised to find how effective it was. At his shouted, "Belay!" we let go the line, and he would quickly take several turns around a belaying pin.

After setting the foresail we again went aloft and were taught how to make up the gaskets into small neat bundles hanging from the jackstay over the front of the sail. Our next lesson was in overhauling the buntlines, a never-ending job on a square-



Sail from forward.



Sail from aft.

1. Buntlines. For hauling foot of sail up to yard for furling.
2. Clewlines. For hauling corners up to yard.
3. Gaskets. Bundles of small rope to wrap around sail and yard after sail is furled.
4. Thimbles on front of sail. Buntlines rove through thimbles on front of sail, secured to cringles at its foot.
5. Cringles at foot of sail.
6. Boltrope at bottom of sail.
7. Footrope. The rope rigged below the yard upon which men stand when handling sail.
8. Jackstay. Small iron rail along top of yard to which sail is fastened. Also used as handhold by men when standing on the footrope.
9. Sheet. For holding down corner of sail when set.
10. Leach. Edge of sail.

rigger. The buntlines were for hauling the sail up to the yard for furling. They extended up from the deck out along the yard through blocks, then down the front of the sail through thimbles and made fast to cringles at its foot. At sea, with the big canvas billowing out in the wind, the buntlines down its face would draw tight and soon cause damage by chafing. To prevent this, they were overhauled; this meant pulling slack from below and making it fast with a light piece of twine, one that could be broken by a haul from the deck. Overhauling buntlines, I was soon to find out was a job relegated to the youngest boys on the ship, one that Johnny, Jerry and I were to be given ample opportunity to become proficient in during the ensuing months.

Back on deck, we were ready for our first lesson in taking in and furling a sail. Soon we were hauling at bunt and clew-lines, and slowly it came up to hang in a mass of canvas. Up on the yard, we strung out, doubling over on our stomachs with our feet cautiously feeling for the footropes. We knew that the sail had to be hauled up onto the yard, but no one had the faintest idea how it was to be done. The thick canvas made fast to the jackstay left but little room for gripping fingers, and the slightest movement made the footropes sway perilously. For some time we hung there, confused and bewildered. I remembered the Finn's advice, "one hand for you and one for the ship," but it was quite obvious that it was going to take more than a crew using only one hand to haul the ton or more of stiff, heavy canvas up onto the tapering yard. Finally, under the urging of the Finn and Pape, we began making feeble attempts. The idea was to lean over as far as possible, grab a fold of canvas, and pull it up, holding it there with our stomachs while the operation was repeated. It looked easy when demonstrated by the Finn, but gave me a feeling I was about to lose my balance and pitch head first onto the narrow deck.

When at last we had the sail onto the yard, after a fashion and in great lumps of canvas, we still had the task of passing the gaskets and making them fast. This was made difficult by the diameter of the yard, augmented by the thick roll of canvas. In order to reach down and take hold of the gasket being passed around the two, it was necessary to let go of the jackstay and

sit on the footrope, a terrifying experience when tried for the first time.

Eventually, when the sail was furled and we were back on deck, I found that in spite of the cold and fog, my clothing was wet with sweat and my knees weak and shaky. Seen from below, the foresail with its lumps and bunches was in sharp contrast to the neat, smooth stow of *Arapahoe's* other sails. I thought of the fearful job it had been while laying in the quiet waters of the bay with little or no wind, and trembled when I thought of the same task performed in the dark during a blow with the ship rolling and pitching.

Time passed quickly during the morning. Soon eight bells sounded, and after a wash at the hand pump, we went streaming into the fo'c'sle. Dinner consisted of fish that smelled up the fo'c'sle and surrounding deck, boiled potatoes, beans and more of the cake in the big, square pans. Finished, I threw myself onto my bunk, feet aching from the footropes that cut into the thin soles of my shoes. Just then Jimmie walked into the fo'c'sle dressed in his suit, white shirt and tie. He was followed by another youth of about the same age.

"Hey! Where you going?" I asked.

"I'm paying off," he replied. "Going to ship out on the *Moshulu* before she gets a full crew. She's got this old windbag beat a million ways—she's bigger, carries more men and they've even got washrooms. It's not too late to change your mind," he added, "better come with me."

"Is he going with you?" I asked, pointing to the boy who had followed him in.

"No, sir!" the youngster answered for him. "Those poles are too high for me to climb, and if I can't go on a steamer, why to hell with the sea."

"Well, what do you say?" Jimmie asked again.

All the trouble I'd had getting aboard *Arapahoe* flashed through my mind—the long wait on shore, being turned down by the navy and chased off the dock. I thought too, of the friends I'd made since coming aboard—Pape, big and husky—Johnny, with his quiet voice—Skinner, Bond, Jerry, and other cadets about my own age—the good-natured Finn, and Knudsen, the

mate with his square, homely face and honest, grey eyes. "No," I answered, "I guess I better stay on *Arapahoe*."

"O.K., kid, see you in Manila," he said as he picked up his suitcase and ran for the waiting shore boat.

At the bos'n's whistle we again fell out on the foredeck. As we waited the Finn ambled up to me and said with his toothy grin, "See, I tol' you dat Yimmie don' go."

"Oh, he's coming on *Moshulu*," I replied.

"Maybe so, but I don't t'ink so," he said as he walked away.

That afternoon we learned what it was really like to go aloft when we were treated to a trip to the foreroyal yard. So far, none of us had ventured beyond the foreyard, and the royal, towering high above, looked nightmarish. As usual, the Finn led the way and soon the entire group of cadets was following him up the steel and wood ratlines to the top just above the foreyard. Arriving there, he disdained to crawl through the opening in the semi-circular platform but swung outward, using the futtock shrouds to heave himself up onto the top. It took considerable urging to get some of us to follow him out over this dangerous-looking climb, but as each man clambered up to stand winded and shaky on its solid foundations, he was hailed by the Finn, who by that time had reached the crosstrees far above.

It was a long climb, like playing follow the leader up the next fifty feet over rope ratlines seized between the smaller topmast shrouds. Nearly straight up and down, and tight as fiddle strings, the shrouds swayed slightly as we made our way slowly upward feeling with cautious feet. Stealing a quick glance I could see sailors and riggers on the yards of the mainmast watching us while from above, came the warning voice of the Finn. "Don' trus' dem ratlines, hang on to de shrouds!"

At last I came to the lower topsail yard which, like the fore, was suspended from the yard by a trusspin. Directly above it, and nearly together, was the upper topsail yard. This was hung from the topmast by a steel collar that allowed it to be raised to the crosstrees by a halyard when setting the upper topsail. From here it was about thirty feet on up to the crosstrees marking the end of the second section of *Arapahoe's* tubular steel foremast. The crosstree, an open frame of steel, triangular in shape, had

the open ends pointed aft. Located at the lower end of the wooden topgallant mast, it acted as a spreader for the shrouds that continued on up to the sheaves of the topgallant yard, and from there on to the sheave of the royal just under the cap of the foremast. Like the upper topsail yard both the gallant and royal had iron collars circling the mast which allowed them to be raised when setting sail or by slacking off on their halyards, lowered, when sail was furled.

Soon I came to the crosstrees where the Finn was standing wide legged, a foot braced on each side of its spidery framework; leaning back against the mast, he was balancing easily, his hands resting lightly on the shrouds, his long, brown hair flowing crazily over his face. As he moved over to make room for me, I crawled up beside him and stood on its seemingly flimsy arms, grasping the shrouds so tightly that my knuckles turned white. Catching my breath, I looked down on a deck so narrow it seemed the ship might capsize if I so much as leaned over. For a moment I experienced a feeling of terror that left me with a pounding heart, knees trembling, and sweat dripping from my forehead.

Above me two or three cadets were making their way up the last forty or fifty feet of shrouds past the topgallant yard to the royal. This was the end of the ratlines, and as the shrouds drew together, they became narrower until it was no longer possible to secure a foothold between them.

We had been told that each man was to climb to the royal yard, crawl around to the other side of the mast, and come down the rigging on the opposite side. Motioning for me to wait, the Finn cupped his hand to his mouth and shouted loudly up to where the upper climber seemed frozen to the rigging.

"O.K. op dere! Roun' de mast an' down de odder side!" Slowly, the boy again started to climb and eventually, reached the royal yard. While the Finn and I stared upward, he heaved himself onto it, slid around the mast, and the next moment was feeling for the starboard ratlines.

Now, it was my turn to make my way up the shaky topgallant shrouds and finally reach the royal yard and the end of the rat-

lines. As I stood there, my toes wedged into the narrow space, I could feel the sway and tremble as the climber below me left the crosstree although I didn't dare look down. I knew the Finn was watching, and expected any second to hear him shout, "Haary op!" For a moment I hung below the yard looking upward. Suddenly, grasping the halyard, I pulled myself onto the yard and, wrapping both arms around the slender mast, hugged it tightly. Looking down the weather side I could see Ryan, his face pale as he gazed upward. Below him, spaced along the shrouds, other cadets were climbing slowly. Forgetting the Finn's advice about not looking down, I allowed my eyes to wander around the bay. To the west, Hunters Point loomed close, while along the shore to the north I could see the smoke from industrial plants and ships laying at piers.

Suddenly my reverie was broken by the voice of the Finn rolling up from the crosstree. "O.K. op dere! Vake op an' kom on down!"

Hanging frantically to a shroud with one hand, I grasped the footrope with the other and started feeling for the ratlines with my feet. Later I joined a group at the forehatch where we lay on our backs and watched the remainder of the cadets round the royal and return to the deck.

The rest of the afternoon was spent learning the names of the masts, yards and sails. Introduced to the brace winches, we were shown how they were operated. There was more confusion about clewlines, buntlines, sheets and halyards, about which I understood nothing. Once a rawboned, middle-aged man who talked brokenly, wore rough clothing and had pale blue eyes, stopped and talked briefly with the Finn. I noticed he looked us over something after the manner of a prospective buyer looking over a herd of young mules. After he had gone, the word went around that he was Peterson, the second mate, but by that time I was so tired I was beyond caring.

After a supper of pale fish cakes, more beans, boiled potatoes, a pan of cake and the usual pitchers of coffee, I again sought out my friend Johnny. Soon we were joined by Ryan, and the three of us moved about the deck mixing with groups and listening to the talk and gossip that made the rounds of the ship.

It was a strange gathering. Teen-aged boys and young men in their twenties and old-timers like Stavanger and the Finn, who had been in every port. And of course Ryan, whose experience on water had been a few trips as a passenger on the Sacramento River, made on a flat-bottomed stern-wheeler, referred to by deep water sailors as a "wet-assed" river boat.

Mostly, we younger fellows were the listeners as conversation veered from one topic to another. The talk seemed to center around two subjects—women and ships. They had loud and boisterous arguments over the sailing qualities of different ships, the captains, the food and the length of voyages. One ship, on which both Stavanger and the Finn claimed to have sailed, was of particular interest to us. This was the big four-masted bark *Muscoota*, being fitted out by the Shipping Board. Although Stavanger and the Finn argued hotly over her name prior to her being seized from the Germans, Stavanger said it was *Bertha*, while the Finn just as emphatically claimed it was *Ottawa*—both agreed that she had had a wide and varied career. Built for the British in 1888, she was named *Buckingham*. Her figurehead was of Queen Victoria; she was said to have been the only ship in the British merchant service launched by the Queen, herself.

Somehow these discussions always seemed to swing back to women. There were wild tales of licentious revelry in the dives of Liverpool and the red light district of Seattle; these were closely matched by even more lurid yarns of promiscuous adventures in such widely separated places as Sydney, Nagasaki, Capetown and Baltimore. It seemed there were few places these roving seamen had not visited and fewer things they had not done.

Four bells had struck when I said goodnight to Johnny and made my way to the fo'c'sle. The chimney on the lamp seemed more smudged than usual and I stumbled over sea boots that lay scattered about. A smell, difficult to describe, hung over the fo'c'sle, a mixture of soiled clothing, kerosene smoke, musty dampness and stale food. Stiff and sore from climbing, and hands blistered from hauling on ropes, I kicked out of my clothing and crawled into my bunk. Once I was awakened by the pungent aroma of a cigarette and the sound of low laughter as other

occupants turned in. Rolling over, I chunked the pillow around my ears, drew the blankets up snugly, and again drifted off to sleep.

After what seemed like only minutes I was being shaken and awoke to find it daylight. Outside I could hear the bos'n's whistle and around me men were stirring. From the bunk overhead, Sanbert, an ordinary seaman, clambered to the deck, pulling up his pants and tucking in the tail of his shirt. As he stooped to put on his shoes, a curl of smoke from his cigarette spiraled slowly upward.

At eight bells, with the decks washed down and breakfast over, all hands were again assembled on deck. For some time we stalled around watching the riggers as they hurried about getting *Arapahoe* ready for sea. Rumor had it they were to finish at noon and we would sail the following morning. Presently Brodie came forward and as the group quieted down, he stood for a moment staring at us coldly. Very British, he was typically cocky, his demeanor boorish and arrogant. "Awright, now listen to this," he called out in his high, shrill voice, "at four bells all hands fall aft to the poop to sign on. You'll go into the cabin one at a time. A.B.s first, then ordinaries, and last, cadets. Remember," he continued, "once signed on, it's too late to change your mind. Anyone who don't want to go can pay off now."

For several seconds nothing was said as we stood shivering in the morning chill. Brodie, fixing us with a smile that was more like a leer, again spoke as he turned to leave. "O.K. But don't say I didn't warn you."

Shortly afterward I noticed two ordinary seamen, both young New Zealanders with pimply faces, standing at the port bulwark; near them were sea bags bulging with rolled up clothing. When I asked about them, one of the A.B.s growled as he coiled down a line at the pinrail. "Damn good riddance, the lime juice bastards both had the syph, anyway." This startled me somewhat, as I recalled that we all had drunk from the one tin cup hanging at the water breaker.

The same boat that picked up the two New Zealanders brought out another cadet, the final addition to *Arapahoe's* crew. Different from the rest of the cadets, this was an older man.

Approaching forty, tall, dignified in appearance, he had a quiet manner and but little to say. His name was John Gadsden, an Englishman, but of an entirely different turn from Brodie. He brought along a great stack of books which he read during his free time, and seemed little inclined to fraternize with the rest of the crew.

At ten o'clock, four bells sounded and soon we were lined up on the lee side of the poop. Several official-looking civilians had come aboard and disappeared into the cabin. Some said they were from the Shipping Board, others that they were port authorities and representatives of the firm to which the ship was assigned.

In a moment our line started to move and soon, one after another, men began coming up from below. Finally, I joined a group leaning against the polished brass rail of the cabin companionway. As the line crawled jerkily ahead I was soon peeking around the door into the mysterious realm known as the Captain's quarters.

The main cabin, or saloon, was not large, probably not more than eighteen feet long and fourteen wide, but I was surprised at its elegance. At the rear, and built into the contour of *Arapahoe's* rounded stern, was a wide settee with red plush cushions. Ahead and down the center of the cabin was a mahogany table, and on each side, table-length benches with red plush backs. Above the table was the skylight, and secured to a hanging rack was a big brass oil lamp with a white shade. Along the forward wall was a cabinet with a marble top. In its center was a small picture in a gilt frame of a young woman seated in a chair, wearing a plain black dress buttoned close at the neck, her hair combed severely back. Standing at her side, one arm around her shoulder, was a chubby-faced boy dressed in knee pants and a tight fitting jacket.

The cabin was finished in mahogany paneling and along each side were doors that opened into staterooms to port and starboard. As I edged into the cabin, I could see a polished barometer on the wall, and glancing forward on the starboard side, a small bedroom with a three-quarter brass bed which had real springs and a mattress. Connecting with the bedroom was a

bath with an enameled tub, toilet and washbowl. Everything was spic and span, quite luxurious compared to the wooden buckets with rope handles used by the fo'c'sles forward.

Signing on was a brief ceremony. The Captain sat at the head of the table flanked by the mate and officials. Each man's passport was given a quick glance, there followed the scratch-scratch of the pen as signatures were quickly affixed to a long-winded contract headed "ARTICLES OF AGREEMENT." Not that anyone ever took time to read the articles; as a matter of fact, few had the slightest idea what they had signed. For the most part we felt uncomfortable in the presence of the Captain, and were glad to sign our names quickly and get back on deck.

With the signing on completed, we were again turned to, finishing the many last minute details necessary to make the ship ready for her voyage. The riggers had completed their work overhead, lines were coiled down and made fast and everything put in its place. Throughout the ship was an air of tense activity. Only occasionally did I have the faintest idea what was going on; to me, it was a state of confusion in which I hauled on this and pulled on that without knowing why, and which no one took time to explain.

At eight bells there was more confusion as shore boats came alongside to take off the riggers. Good-natured banter was passed back and forth between the departing workmen and *Arapahoe's* older seamen, and many a cadet stood at the rail watching soberly as these boats, the last link with the shore, drew away.

With noon chow over at two bells all hands were again called aft for the picking of the watches. We had been told Knudsen, the first mate, would be in charge of the port watch, and Peterson, the second, in charge of the starboard. It progressed rapidly. The second mate won the toss and picked Brodie for his bos'n, which left the Finn for the first mate. As each man was selected, he stepped over to the port or starboard side according to the watch on which he was to serve. Following the selection of the bos'ns, Peterson chose Pape from the A.B.s and Stavanger was chosen by Knudsen. For his second choice Peterson took Paul Bergstrom, a husky young Swede, leaving the fourth and last A.B., a slender dark complexioned fellow by the name of Lau-

rence, to Knudsen. After the A.B.s the ordinary seamen were quickly divided, and next came the cadets.

There were fifteen of us budding hopefuls standing about in a manner remindful of young male Negroes waiting to be auctioned off to the highest bidder in the days of the slave trade. One cadet, called Slim, a tall, narrow-shouldered young man with a hatchet face and a habitual frown, had been acting as mess boy since coming aboard. This job entailed serving the food shoved in from the galley, washing the dishes in a wooden tub, on rare occasions scrubbing the table; on still more rare occasions, swabbing the deck of the forward fo'c'sle used as a mess by both watches. Usually, this task would have been alternated among the cadets, each taking a turn, but upon Slim's agreeing to act in that capacity, he was unanimously elected to act as mess boy for both the starboard and port watches.

This left fourteen cadets to be selected by the mates. Soon I saw Knudsen's finger pointed at me and I quickly moved over to port. I was happy to be chosen by the first mate, since it meant serving under the Finn instead of Brodie, but at the same time my feelings were dampened by the thought of being on the same watch with the ape-like Stavanger instead of the easygoing Pape. Johnny Hocolak was the last cadet in line and, as he stepped over onto the port side, ended the picking of the watches.

During this interval I saw the Captain out on deck for the first time as he approached the teak rail along the front of the poop. A sharp featured man of about forty-five, of medium build, he had an erect appearance and walked with a snappy gait. There was an air about him that left no doubt about who was in command. For a moment he stood at the rail gazing down as men were picked for the watches. Then, with a faint smile and his hands clasped behind his back—a typical pose—he turned and resumed pacing the deck.

With the watches selected and the riggers gone, it was possible to see who our shipmates were to be. A total of thirty-two in the crew, this included the Captain, two mates, two bos'ns, the carpenter (who also acted as sailmaker and donkeyman), the cook, the cook's helper, the cabin boy who waited on the officers' table, and Slim who acted as mess boy. Of these, all

lived aft except Slim and the two bos'ns who slept in the tiny cubbyhole in the forward fo'c'sle and took their meals with the crew. Twenty-two men were designated as foremast hands; four able-bodied seamen, four ordinary seamen and the fourteen cadets.

To prevent confusion in changing watches and to insure some measure of quiet for the watch below, each watch slept in a separate fo'c'sle; the port forward, and the starboard, aft. Most of the afternoon was taken up by men shifting to their new quarters, arguing over location of bunks, and stowing away their gear. At last both watches were settled, each consisting of one bos'n, two A.B.s, two ordinaries, and seven cadets; with the mate and second mate, this made thirteen men in a watch, a condition considered a bad omen by the Finn.

In addition to *Arapahoe's* complement of men, she also carried two black spaniels which belonged to the Captain and had the run of the poop. Forward under the fo'c'slehead was a pig sty; stoutly made and secured to the deck, it was the home of two young pigs who in good weather ran squealing over the main deck, and like the Captain's dogs were to come to a sad end.

By five o'clock *Arapahoe* was ready to sail. Deep laden, her long grey hull lay low in the water, while above her massive top hamper loomed strong and formidable. Soon the red sun dropped low over the San Francisco peninsula and hid behind the hills. From the sea a gusty wind blew in to crown the green swells with whitecaps, while from tightly stretched shrouds and backstays came a sound like music, low and mournful.

Night was falling and lights winking as we gathered in small groups to lean over the bulwarks and gaze toward the shore. Now and then laughter could be heard or a voice raised as one of the older hands told a coarse joke or reminisced on some gross experience. Among the cadets there was a nervous tension as we talked in low tones or stood silent, each busy with his own thoughts.

At two bells I crept onto my bunk to lie awake staring at the bottom of the bunk above me. Little by little the ship quieted down and the wind died away. Suddenly I awoke with a start at a loud commotion, and opening my eyes found my shipmates

hurriedly dressing. As the bell rang out from the fo'c'slehead, I looked at my watch; it was five o'clock. The Finn was standing in the doorway of his dark little cabin, busily pulling suspenders over a shoulder with one hand, and buttoning the fly of his pants with the other. He said, "Vell, boys, hope you lak dat slip. Es las' full night you gon' get for long time."



Blue Water and Green Faces

Filled with excitement, I dived into my clothes and rushed out onto the deck. From inside the donkey room came the clang of the firebox door as Chips, the carpenter, shoveled in coal. Slowly, as black smoke rolled out of the short stack, there followed the hiss of steam as pressure mounted in the squat, upright boiler. Most of the crew were out on deck doing small jobs, coiling lines or helping to rig the hose. Soon we were finished with the morning wash down and all hands were called to breakfast.

It would sound romantic to say we *sailed* from San Francisco on Sunday, June 16, 1918. However, this was not exactly how it was done. At about 8:30, a tug appeared and hove to off our port beam. Two or three husky deck hands were standing on her deck near towing bitts. Her Captain, a short, dumpy figure in a blue peacoat, leaned out the wheelhouse door as he puffed on a stubby pipe.

On *Arapahoe's* fo'c'slehead, the mate was shouting orders. As the tug drew closer, a heaving line—a light rope with a weighted end—was thrown over her stern. This was bent to a hawser which we hauled aboard and made fast to our bitts. A signal from the mate was followed by the sharp bark of the donkey's exhaust as the messenger chain connecting the donkey to the anchor gear began to turn the windlass.

As the big chain rumbled in, the anchor came up out of the muddy bottom to hang below the hawsepipe. There was more confusion as the anchor was brought up to the deck, the chain unshackled and the heavy hook lashed down.

All at once I realized we were moving. Slowly, *Arapahoe* began slipping through the water as the tug strained at the

hawser. Looking aft, I saw Laurence at the wheel, occasionally turning it a few spokes to the right or left. Nearby, the Captain paced up and down; now and then he would stop and gaze toward the city looming off to port. The water on the bay was smooth, the sky overcast with a high fog as we glided easily past Mission Rock and approached Goat Island off to starboard. Now we were in the ferry lane between San Francisco and Oakland. The white boats of the Southern Pacific and the buff of the Key System plied back and forth, their guttural growls rolling over the water in intermittent blasts.

Our wake made a long gradual curve as we swung past the Ferry Building. Meeting an incoming freighter, there came a shrill shriek from the tug, followed by a hoarse bellow from the freighter. Minutes later we were slipping by, port side to port side, our enthusiastic waves answered languidly by the half dozen figures that leaned over her rail.

As we swung still farther to the west, Alcatraz Island was close aboard. On one of its buildings was a huge sign: "United States Disciplinary Barracks." Beyond was the entrance to the Golden Gate connecting San Francisco Bay with the Pacific Ocean. On the north side beyond Lime Point were bold and rugged cliffs rising abruptly from the water's edge. On the south, Fort Point looked low and squat, while sloping back from its rocky shore were the graceful hills of the Presidio, its red brick buildings nearly hidden in groves of verdant trees.

It was not a particularly windy day, but as we crept out beyond the Gate, I was conscious of the rise and fall as *Arapahoe's* bows raised to meet the swells rolling in from the open ocean. A strange feeling had come over the ship; one minute the bowsprit would raise higher and higher, while the stern settled deeply; the next, the stern would raise to an alarming degree while the bow dipped downward to crash into blue-green water. Suddenly, a sheet of spray came flying over the fo'c'slehead, causing the group of cadets who had gathered there to abandon it hurriedly.

Two miles beyond the Gate the white buildings on Point Bonita stood out sharp against the Marin hills, while to the south, Mile Rock Lighthouse looked firm on its rock foundation. Be-

yond the lighthouse the main channel narrowed with shoals on either side. To the north was an area of extremely rough water called the Potato Patch. Its name was said to have originated in olden days when sailing schooners from Bodega Bay would lose their deckloads of potatoes while crossing its turbulent surface.

During this time, *Arapahoe's* decks were heaving and swaying in a most fantastic manner, and I grabbed onto pinrails and shrouds as her movements became more and more erratic. From below came squeaks and groans as her bows rose to meet the big dark swells and fell as they raised astern. From above came a melody of odd sounds, sometimes almost like musical tones, again a mournful dirge as the freshening breeze howled through the rigging and set tight stays to singing.

So far there had been but little activity on the part of the two watches, both of which were on deck. Once I felt a touch on my shoulder and Johnny, pointing to a group of buildings on a point already far astern, shouted "Cliff House!"

At eleven o'clock the port watch was called to chow. Gathered around the long table in the swaying, creaking fo'c'sle, the twelve members of our watch had their first meal at sea—a platter of greasy boiled beef, boiled potatoes, hominy, and an enormous pan of blackberry cobbler. Now and then, as the ship dipped and rolled and the walls and ceiling revolved, plates would slide, and overfilled coffee mugs slop their contents onto the table to run around in brown rivulets. Occasionally, one of the cadets would make a brave attempt to take part in the conversation between A.B.s and ordinary seamen. As for me, I nibbled at the fat meat and took a few bites of the hominy, gulping frequently to hold it down. Across the table, Stavanger was eating noisily and eyeing the food on my plate which I had barely touched. Managing to hold on, but growing sicker by the minute, I finally came to the dessert; the third mouthful made me violently ill and I stumbled out the door and rushed for the bulwark. Unfortunately, this was on the weather side and the wind blew back my dinner with disastrous results, both to me and to the second mate who happened to be passing by. For the next few minutes I was given a scathing lecture about the windward and

leeward sides of a ship, delivered in broken English but with ample comments on my stupidity.

Apparently seasickness had become epidemic as more cadets rushed for the rail. I had reached the stage where I no longer cared whether I lived or died. Once I even wondered if it would be possible to jump overboard and swim back, but gazing toward the land was startled to find it but a faint haze in the distance.

Of all the sick aboard, Ryan was by far the worst. Stretched on his bunk, his face a greenish hue, he looked and acted like a man at death's door. Some time later the rumor made the rounds that he had offered the Captain one of his farms in the Sacramento Valley to put the ship about and return him to shore.

At twelve-fifteen, we were abeam of the San Francisco lightship which was moored three miles outside the bar and had a red hull with "San Francisco" painted on each side. Ahead, the tug wallowed in the sea, smoke drifting from her stack blown low along the swells. The long bight of towing hawser was buried except for brief periods when it would pull taut and the sea water would stream from the hemp.

Suddenly, there came a shout from aft, "Stand by to set fore-and-aft sails!" Instantly, there was a rushing about as these sails were made ready and the crews stood by at the halyards. Minutes later, with a loud screeching noise, the jibs and staysails were hauled up the stays to billow out in the breeze.

Next came two long drawn-out blasts from the tug's whistle, the signal for setting topsails. This called for more confusion in which I hauled on this and that as ropes were thrust into my hands. Now it was time to go aloft and loosen the topsails. In a daze I followed others up the ratlines and out onto the yards to stand on swaying footropes and hang to the jackstay with both hands, scared and helpless. Eventually, the gaskets that secured the furled sail to the yard were cast off, and as it dropped down to be filled out by the wind, sheeted home from the deck.

Under topsails, *Arapahoe* began to forge ahead, and as she gathered way, to gain on the tug. Soon came three long toots, the signal for letting go the towline. Quickly it was cast off the bitts and disappeared over the bow. We had a momentary view

of the tug, as she drew off to starboard, her crew busy getting the hawser aboard while she rolled in the deep swells.

Shivering and miserable, I remembered the Finn, wearing an outlandish suit of oilskins, saying with one of his wide grins, "O.K., boys, now ve on de vay." I remember, too, taking a quick look at my watch; it was twelve forty-five, and as I looked back toward the coast, I found it had disappeared in the mist and we were alone on the vast expanse of water.

The rest of the afternoon was a nightmare as I struggled aloft and helped set *Arapahoe's* square sails; this was followed by overhauling the buntlines, a task in which we had been drilled before leaving port. On *Arapahoe* the royal yards were over one hundred and thirty feet above the deck; although the highest on the ship, they carried the smallest sails. Furling, setting, or overhauling their buntlines was considered one of the easier jobs, one delegated to the youngest and smallest boys on board—a custom that had been handed down throughout the years, as old as the history of the sailing ship itself.

Although most of the cadets were seasick, every boy was expected to pull his weight and go aloft when needed. This became painfully apparent as the mate came forward and, pointing a blunt finger at me, said, "You, dere, Louie, you look strong an' healt'y, op to de foreroyal an' overhaul dose buntlines." For an instant I was stunned and on the verge of protesting, but the look on his face made me quickly change my mind. He turned to an ordinary seaman named Lund, but called Lofty because he was over six feet, three inches tall and had a figure so slim it made him appear taller. He said, "You, dere. Lovty, go vit him for de firs' time." Again turning to me, "From now on, fore-royal your yob—mak' shur you learn it vell."

We provided ourselves with short strands of rope from the bos'ns' locker before going aloft; these we looped inside our belts, then as the Finn watched from below and made ready to slack off the buntlines from their proper pins, we started the long climb upward. I had been to the royal yard while the ship was in port, but was woefully unprepared for the task that now confronted me. Stopping frequently to grasp the shrouds tightly and swallow rapidly, I made my way up the ratlines, finally reaching the fore-

top. I took no chances on the futtock shrouds, but crawled through the small opening in its surface. Now and then I suffered a wave of nausea that caused me to retch and strain, throwing up a bitter green fluid from a stomach long since empty.

Lofty called down to me from far above the crosstrees, his words torn from his lips by the wind which at that height was blowing quite strongly. Finally, after a long climb I found myself at the point where the stays came together at the wooden topmast and the ratlines came to an end. On my previous trip to the royal it had been in a lowered position with the sail furled and I could step from the ratlines onto the footrope. Now it was a great deal different. With the sail set, the yard had been hoisted all the way to the sheave just under the cap at the very top of the mast. To reach it, it was necessary to shinny up ten feet of bare mast, hanging onto the narrowing shrouds until the yard was reached. Overhead, Lofty stood on the footrope hanging to the mast, a cap pulled low over his lean, young face. For some time I stood with my feet wedged into the narrow opening between the shrouds, too sick and frightened to move. Eventually, under his urging I straddled the mast, grabbed onto the shrouds and working upward, found myself being helped up onto the yard. With me out of the way, Lofty moved out to the side of the mast, his feet spread wide on the footrope as he leaned far over to pull slack on the buntlines, an operation in which I was but slight help.

Far below, *Arapahoe's* bows were splitting the seas into foaming bow waves while around the stern, gulls followed us out to sea and occasionally dipped low over the water. Off to the northeast the Farallon Islands were a dark blur, and as I watched this last bit of land slipping over the rim of the horizon, I wondered how I ever had gotten myself into such a predicament. Back on the main yards I could hear shouts as buntlines were slacked off and made fast and though the wind was strong in my ears, I easily recognized the high-pitched voice of Brodie.

Soon Lofty had completed the work on the royal, the buntlines had been slacked off over the sail and tied with light cord. Now came the dangerous business of getting down off the yard. It was easy for Lofty who simply straddled the topmast and slid

down to the topgallant yard, but try as I might, I could not bring myself to attempt it.

By now the wind had picked up, sending *Arapahoe* plunging ahead smashing her bows into deep troughs with spray flying over the fo'c'slehead. Once, I made a faint-hearted attempt to get off the yard which creaked ominously as the topmast swept the sky; my feet slid along the footrope and I nearly fell, causing me to throw both arms around the mast and hug it with all my strength. Down below at the topgallant, Lofty was calling and as I looked at his upturned face, he motioned for me to come down. It took several minutes to get up courage for another try; finally I managed to get my legs around the mast and reluctantly letting go the footrope, experienced a moment of terror as I slid down to the dubious safety of the fore topgallant yard.

Back on deck, shaky from my climb to the royal, I was immediately put to work helping coil down a great mass of running rigging scattered over the deck. Several times I caught glimpses of Ryan, his face so green that the very sight of him caused me again to turn sick. Once or twice he and other cadets had sneaked into their bunks to lie in utter wretchedness until chased out by the mates and bos'n's.

At four o'clock eight bells was struck, followed by the peep of the bos'n's whistle as all hands assembled at the break of the poop for the setting of the watches. The watch system was explained by the mate; the starboard under the second mate would take the first hitch from four to eight—the port, under the first mate, from eight to midnight. The starboard watch then came back on deck from midnight to six in the morning when they would be relieved by the port watch from six to twelve noon. Under this system each gang would get one six-hour watch below every twenty-four hours, and it also rotated the hours that each would be on deck.

Naturally, this schedule could not always be followed. Often during storms and heavy weather, the watch below would be called out to assist in taking in sail. During these periods of "all hands on deck," a cry that was always frightening, both watches might be forced to work for endless hours—even the day workers were called out if the safety of the ship demanded it.

On each watch there were three special jobs: wheel, police, and lookout. The most important, referred to as a "trick at the wheel," being that of helmsman, who kept the big windjammer on her course, a task that frequently required two men. The lookout was kept on the fo'c'slehead; his duty was to keep a sharp lookout for lights and to echo the striking of the small bell at the wheel on the big bronze bell forward. At night after each striking of the bell he was supposed to check the red and green running lights to see that they were burning; this done, he would face aft and call in a loud voice, "Lights all bright, Sir!" which would be answered by the mate on the poop with, "All right." During the time I was on *Arapahoe*, I never heard of a light being out; calling out each half hour, however, proved to the mate that the lookout was staying awake, a difficult task on balmy nights, but no effort at all during storms when big green seas came smashing over the bow, making it necessary to hang on tight to keep from being washed away.

The man on police acted as messenger for the mate and was required to remain aft near the break of the poop. His principal job was to call the watch below, fifteen minutes before time for them to relieve the watch on deck. He also had to call the cooks in the morning and make himself useful about the ship. Each of these duties were for one hour, every man on the watch except the bos'n and mate taking a turn. The man relieved from the wheel went to police, and from there to lookout, the bos'n's being responsible for posting in the fo'c'sles the lists that indicated each man's turn. As none of the green cadets knew how to steer, it was necessary for this duty to be taken over by experienced seamen for the first few weeks. During this period a cadet accompanied each A.B. or ordinary seaman during his trick at the wheel until this intricate art had been mastered.

At the change of watches both the one on deck and the relieving watch assembled at the break of the poop for muster. This over, the wheel, police and lookout were relieved and the watch going below were at liberty to do as they pleased until time to turn out again.

The working day began at six in the morning, with the watch on deck washing down. After that the never-ending task of

scraping decks, chipping rust, painting, overhauling rigging, and a hundred and one other things in addition to working the ship, kept us busy until six in the evening. At the change of watch the one coming on took up the work where the other left off. This did not apply in the event we were tacking ship or taking in sail; if this occurred, which it often did, the relieved watch had to remain on deck until the job was finished, a condition that was sure to bring grumbling from them, but one the relieving watch enjoyed.

Although no work was done at night other than working the ship, sleeping was not allowed. Unless the weather was unusually bad, we had to stay outside at the beck and call of the mate. Occasionally, during heavy weather, we were allowed to stand by in the fo'c'sle wearing sea boots and oilskins, but this was only on rare occasions, and most nights found us huddled under the fo'c'slehead.

Theoretically, we had Saturday afternoon and Sunday off. Theoretically, because although the monotonous drudgery such as chipping, scraping, and painting were dispensed with, we still had to be always alert for manning the braces or going aloft when needed.

With the starboard watch on deck for the next four hours, we made our way to the forward fo'c'sle. Too sick to bother to remove my clothes, I fell onto my bunk shivering and miserable. Somehow, I managed to fall asleep. Before long I was awakened by loud talk and the rattle of dishes as the A.B.s, ordinary seamen and those cadets who were able gathered around the table for evening chow.

From my corner bunk I could see Stavanger swallowing food in great gulps. Now and then he would reach far across the table to spear a piece of greasy meat, the smell of which made me turn my face to the bulkhead.

Again I dozed off. When I reawakened the ship was rolling badly. I felt dizzy and weak and when I attempted to sit up again became very ill. To my left Stavanger lay on his stomach sound asleep, naked except for a shirt pulled above his waist exposing a great bare bottom. Just then the door burst open letting in a blast of wind that caused the oil lamp to flicker and

smoke, casting an eerie glow on a figure in oilskins and a dark sou'wester hat. Vaguely, I remembered him shouting something about eight bells as he disappeared out the door. Now there was a stirring around in the fo'c'sle as men slowly awakened. In the bunk next to the aft bulkhead Ryan lay as if dead. I knew that I was much too weak and sick to attempt to get up and was still in my bunk when eight bells sounded from the fo'c'slehead.

I had lapsed back into a half-conscious state in which I was blissfully unaware of what was going on around me when I was brought out of my trance by someone shaking me rudely by the shoulders. I looked up into the stern face of the mate. "Vot de hell you doin' in your bunk? You're suppose to be out on deck vit de vatch!" he shouted in his thickest Scandinavian accent. I felt too bad to even attempt an explanation; with my head splitting, and hanging on to the upper bunks for support, I staggered toward the door. As I stepped out into the darkness and was struck by the blast of cold air I looked back to see the mate jerking a blanket off the prostrate Ryan. Minutes later we stood together in the lee of the fo'c'sle, numb and cold, sharing each other's misery.

Several times during the watch we went floundering about in the dark, hauling on this or that, tripping and falling along the steep deck as the ship rolled and pitched. I was confused by all that was taking place around me, the unintelligible orders, the maze of ropes, and the strange work in which I tried to help but probably was more in the way.

Throughout the night the northwest wind blew steadily, the seas increased in size, and *Arapahoe* took on an unearthly motion. Actually, the weather was good, and the wind but little more than a stiff breeze, but to me, that first watch, wet, cold and seasick, is a memory that will live with me always.

At eight bells, midnight, we gathered in a dark huddle at the break of the poop. Overhead from the short flying bridge came the voices of the mates calling the roll. In a matter of minutes, as the starboard watch stumbled sleepily about, the wheel, police and lookout were relieved. Through the darkness we made our way forward to the port watch fo'c'sle where I again

fell onto my bunk. The hours from midnight until morning were a nightmare in which I slept fitfully. Waking often, I rolled from side to side and listened to the strange sounds as the wind howled aloft and the ship creaked and groaned.

Several times I heard shouting out on deck and occasionally the muffled sound of the bell. At four in the morning the cook was banging pots and pans around in the galley and soon the smell of coffee mingled with the stale air of the fo'c'sle.

At breakfast I made a feeble attempt to drink a mug of strong hot coffee but was unable to hold it down. The very smell of food was nauseating and sent me rushing to the rail. At six o'clock we fell aft for muster and as the starboard watch disappeared below, I noticed that several cadets looked pale and wan.

Had I not been seasick, probably I would have enjoyed the morning. The day began with a cloudless sky, and overnight as if by magic the water had turned a beautiful shade of blue. Beyond the eastern horizon the sun came up with an orange glow to touch *Arapahoe's* tall royals and set the whitecapped waves to sparkling.

Throughout the morning as the wind held fair we bowled along on our southwest course. Soon after muster most of the crew were working forward at various tasks. Up in the rigging, Laurence and Lofty were busy, now and then calling down to the deck. Stavanger, I was soon to learn, was a past master at keeping away from work of any kind. He had the mentality of a twelve-year-old, but the cunning and knack of always appearing busy when the mate was around. At seven o'clock he relieved Sanbert at the wheel. If I had looked at the crew list in the fo'c'sle, I would have seen my name penciled in alongside of his, meaning that I was supposed to take my trick at the wheel with him. It never occurred to me to look at this list and I had joined a group under the fo'c'slehead trying to keep out of sight.

The first inkling that I had become prominent enough on board to have my name mentioned came shortly after seven o'clock when I heard the mate shouting at the bos'n. Looking toward amidships I could see them both approaching, the mate shaking his finger at the Finn, who looked sad and dejected. As the mate, followed by the Finn, walked under the fo'c'slehead,

everyone suddenly became very busy. Even Ryan and I grabbed brooms and were industriously sweeping the deck.

All at once it became apparent who the mate was looking for, as singling me out with his short pudgy finger, he shouted, "Louie! Vat de hell, can't you read edder? You're suppose' to be bak dere on de veel! Now get bak dere on de double!"

Wanting to get out of his sight as quickly as possible, I hurried down the deck on wobbly legs and as I rushed up the companionway onto the poop, found myself in the austere presence of the Captain.

I once read a book by a famous author, Alan Villiers, who, with many years of experience in sailing ships, is without doubt the leading authority among all writers on this subject. In describing the captain in one of his interesting portrayals, he makes this comment:

No creation man has ever achieved was more in the hands of its master than the ocean going sailing ship. He was more than her brains, he was her character, her resolution, her hope of integrity; if he failed, then she failed, if he had a defect in character, in the long run that would affect his ship and the men in her.

Many times I have given thought to this truthful observation; how well it described, and aptly applied to Captain Hans Wilhelmsen of *Arapahoe*.

Today, however, as I was stopped in my tracks by his gruff, "Yust a minute, dere, mister!" I am afraid I would not have been willing to have accorded him such high tribute. For a second he stared at me out of cold blue eyes while I stood stunned, wondering what was coming. Then, in a sharp tone, speaking in broken English which I always had trouble understanding, he snapped out: "Vat's your name?"

"Smith, Sir."

"Do you know vat side de ship dis is?"

"Yes, Sir, the starboard," I stammered, hoping I had not guessed wrong.

"Dat's right. It's also de vedder side. Seamen on dis ship use de lee side. Now, go bek on deck an' come op udder side vere you belong."

As I hastily made my way back to the main deck and came up the lee companionway, I reflected gloomily that although we had been at sea less than twenty-four hours, I had vomited on the second mate, had had two run-ins with the first, and now, one with the Captain—certainly not a very auspicious beginning for a long voyage.

Crossing the deck I stepped up onto the wooden platform on the lee side of the wheelbox. Stavanger gave me a very business-like "Sou'west," which I echoed meekly, remembering my instructions always to repeat orders.

Talking at the wheel was strictly forbidden and as the Captain turned his back in his pacing the deck, Stavanger held a grubby finger over his big lips; at the same time he gave me a broad wink, made a face and jerked his thumb derisively toward the Captain.

The helmsman, who actually did the steering and in this case was Stavanger, stood on the weather side of the wheel, and was responsible for keeping the ship on course. The man on the lee side was his assistant, heaving on the spokes when needed. In fair weather usually one man did a trick at the wheel, but often during heavy seas it was a difficult job for two. Today, *Arapahoe* was running before a fair wind and we were steering a compass course.

Standing on the platform I looked into the big brass binnacle which housed the steering compass. It also contained the two oil lamps that illuminated it at night. Around the card were all thirty-two points of the compass divided into half and again into quarter points. Later, all cadets were to learn these points in a process known as boxing the compass.

On the inside of the bowl was a short, dark vertical line; directly in line with the bow and keel, it was called the lubber line. Turning the wheel to the right caused the line to swing around the card to starboard; turning it to the left, around to port. Today, the course was southwest and our job was to keep it on that point, or as near to it as possible.

Stavanger was an outstanding helmsman. I was indeed fortunate to be taking lessons from him. Under his expert guidance

the big ship behaved like a living thing, seeming to respond to his lightest touch. Always the lubber line seemed to hover on or near the point marked S.W. When it crawled over a few degrees on the wavering card, it required only a few spokes of the wheel to bring it back. Most of the time he kept his eye on the bowsprit and a distant cloud; in this manner he could detect a swing off course much sooner than it would be registered by the lubber line swinging around the compass.

Several times, with the Captain out of sight, Stavanger would mutter in a low voice, "O.K. Now you take her." At such times I would fix my gaze on the lubber line intent on its slightest movement. As it started to wander I would spin the wheel in the opposite direction, breaking out in a sweat when it failed to respond quickly. Once, after the ship had gone through a particularly fantastic gyration, the Captain peeked into the binnacle and gave Stavanger an odd look. Unruffled, the big fellow returned his gaze with, "She's run'n a bit heavy today, Cap'n." The Captain grunted and turned away.

In addition to steering, it was the duty of the helmsman to strike the bell on the wheelbox. This came each half hour. Eight bells were struck at twelve, four and eight o'clock. As an example, following eight bells at noon, 12:30 was one bell; 1:00 P.M., two bells and so on up the line until 4:00 P.M., when eight bells were struck and it started all over again, like a dog chasing his tail. Often during stormy weather the lookout would be unable to hear the smaller bell aft. When this occurred, the man on police would go forward and "wake him up." It was noticeable that this was seldom necessary when the bell indicated the end of the watch.

Doing a trick at the wheel with Stavanger had been an exciting experience. From that vantage point, *Arapahoe* was a picture as, with all sails set, billowing out in tier after tier of stiff white canvas, she plowed through the dark blue water. Behind the ship the long straight wake trailed out in the distance, and I found myself stealing furtive glances around the horizon, hoping I might see a sail or the smoke of a passing steamer.

At eight, the clock in the cabin companionway began to strike. At a nod from Stavanger, I grabbed the lanyard on the wheel-

box bell and struck eight times. As the deep echoing boom came rolling aft, Lofty and Skinner came up to relieve us. Lofty stepped to the weather side and Stavanger gave him the course, "Sou'west," which he repeated. Near the cabin skylight the mate was talking to the Captain and also repeated the course from Stavanger.

As we went forward to report to the Finn, we passed the galley, and although my knees were still shaky, I suddenly discovered I was ravenously hungry. From inside came the delicious odor of baked beans. Never before had anything smelled so delightful—my bout with seasickness was over.

For the next four hours we were kept busy by the mate. There were buntlines to be overhauled, this or that to be hauled taut followed by more lines to be coiled. Under the fo'c'slehead a group was helping the carpenter plug the hawseholes in *Arapahoe's* bows. In clearing port the big anchor chains that had run out through these openings had been unshackled and stowed away; through these open holes the sea poured in as *Arapahoe* dipped her bows. With the holes plugged, this space offered a shelter for the watch on deck during wet, stormy nights. It was convenient in daytime also, a place to hide out, one difficult for the mate to sneak up on without being observed.

At eight bells we were relieved and went below to chow. I was the hungriest I ever had been in my life, and even Stavanger must have been amazed as I stowed away vast quantities of fried pork, beans and potatoes. After dinner I walked the deck with Johnny, and later tried to console Ryan who, stretched out on his bunk was still seasick, a condition probably worsened because his bunk was situated alongside the fo'c'sle table.

Looking aft we could see the Captain peering through his sextant. Following this he would determine the ship's position so that the proper entry might be made in the log, the everyday diary of the ship's activities, and recorded at the end of each watch by the mates. Here and there throughout this narrative will appear entries copied verbatim as they were set down in the log; entries made by men with little or no formal schooling, but with a profound knowledge of the sea in all her capricious moods.

I had reported on board *Arapahoe* Thursday, June 13th, 1918. Under that date and for three successive dates, the following entries appeared:

Ship *Arapahoe*, on the stream at San Francisco.

Thursday June 13, 1918

8 A.M. Riggers turned to riving Breeces on loading
4 cadets started today James Wilkins
Lou Albert Smith Edvard L. Bond Louis Ryan

5 P.M. All knocked off
Fine wether all through the day
heavy westerly wind
Botwain and 2 cadets on duty during night.

Friday June 14 1918

8 A.M. Riggers turned to riving Breeces
Crew doing general ships work 2 cadets paid
off George Kintz and James Wilkins

5 P.M. All knocked off
Fine wether all day and light West Wind
Botwain and 2 cadets on duty during night

Saturday June 15, 1918

8 A.M. riggers started working aloft
Finiching op Breces and hencing Blocks
Two cadets paid off W. Drader M. Brashing
One cadet started today John Marsden

5 P.M. All knocked off except Carpenter and Mike Arne-
sen 2 hours overtime
Fine wether all through the day and light West-
erly Wind
Two mend on duty during night

Ship *Arapahoe* San Francisco to Manilla

Sunday June 16 1918

8 A.M. Tug boat long side left 840 from the stream
1215 light ship abeam setting fore and aft sails
1220 blowed the wistle for seting topsails
breck on fore topsail halyard brock off
1240 let go the tug light north west wind

4 P.M. Waches set for secon mates on deck
Lights and lookout carefully attended to
Course S.W. Wind N.W.

• • •

Lounging about the fo'c'sle, as the ship rolled and crockery rattled in the wooden cupboard, were the men of the port watch. Most of us lay on our bunks, some reading while others were glad to lie on their backs, relax and gaze into space. In the bunk next to me was Stavanger, a great loutish figure who could neither read nor write, had a warped mind and filthy habits. At sea he usually went barefooted and stripped to the waist, his great, flabby belly protruding over his belt. His entire worldly possessions consisted of a sea bag full of cheap, worn-out clothing that would not have brought five dollars at an auction. In spite of this, he was an outstanding seaman, one who with a lifetime of experience behind him knew every inch of a sailing ship and every rope and line.

His pay was \$75.00 a month, the regular scale for able-bodied seamen sailing out of San Francisco. On arrival in Manila he would be permitted to draw part of his money, the balance would be paid at the end of the voyage. There was no pay for overtime and no other benefits; long hours of all hands on deck were taken as merely something to be expected by men who followed the sea.

On the opposite side of the fo'c'sle was the upper bunk occupied by Jack Laurence, the second A.B. on the watch. Of a different turn than Stavanger, he was dark, of medium size, and had a rather handsome appearance. Possibly thirty, he had spent at least ten years of his life at sea. Previous to signing on *Arapa-hoe*, he had served on a deep-sea tug with considerable experience in the war zone. He could be an interesting conversationalist when he cared to, and his stories of having twice been torpedoed by German subs were listened to by everyone. The subject he liked to talk about most, however, was his affairs with women, whom he generally referred to as "whores," apparently a name he applied to all women, regardless of their chastity.

Below Laurence, in a bunk that must have been uncomfortably short for a boy of his height, sprawled the long, ungainly figure of Lofty. He was of Swedish descent, a likeable person with narrow shoulders, firm features, blue eyes and a ready smile. He had started going to sea shortly after the beginning of the war and would qualify for A.B. after this trip. Lofty was

a quiet boy who had little to say, his one passion was playing poker, a game in which he was to exhibit more than usual skill.

Over the bunk in the dark, gloomy corner allotted to me lay Sanbert. Like Lofty, he was a young man, barely twenty and doing his first hitch in sail. The pay for ordinary seamen was \$45 per month, certainly not enough to encourage riotous living. Either Sanbert or Lofty would have been welcome addition to the crew of any steamer, but both wanted the experience offered by sail, experience highly valued both by shipmasters and owners.

Scattered in bunks along both sides and on one end of the fo'c'sle were the cadets of the watch. Mostly youngsters, we were from widely separated areas, each temperamentally different and from many environments.

There was Johnny Hocolak, Hawaiian born, small in stature, dry of speech, and conservative by nature, and Hank Wilson, a true "fo'c'sle lawyer," self-appointed champion of the earth's downtrodden, a strong socialist and an arch enemy of capitalism. He had great ideas for revising the government and would argue long and loud with anyone who would listen.

In a cross-ship bunk on the starboard side of the lockers was Skinner. He was short and pudgy with brown curly hair and a chin made conspicuous by a large dimple. Skinner was a native of San Francisco where he had attended school before joining *Arapahoe*. He was well educated and obviously raised in good surroundings. Nevertheless, he had the fortitude to adapt himself to the rough life of a square-rigger and eventually to become a first-rate seaman.

On the port side of the lockers, and over the buffalo wallow that Stavanger called a bed, was the bunk occupied by Jack Cohen, the only Jewish boy on the ship. Cohen, one of the older cadets, often was the recipient of good-natured ribbing due to his religious faith. His bunk was called the "Synagogue," and usually, he was referred to as the "Rabbi." He had been a truck driver before the war, and used to heavy work, was hard as nails. He possessed a good sense of humor, and liked to tell stories about himself and big, fat Jewish girls. These were generally products of a fertile imagination, and told for Stavanger's benefit, but they were related in such a convincing manner that at their

indecent climax, the big fellow would roll on his bunk shouting, "Yeesus Chris!"

Between my humble abode and the narrow fo'c'sle doorway on the port side was the lower bunk of a young man named Crawford. His home was in Eureka, a seaport noted for its lumber industry on California's northern coast. Crawford's uncle was captain of a "steam schooner," one of those odd-appearing, blunt-nosed craft that carried redwood lumber, usually in immense deckloads, to markets in the larger ports.

Coastal vessels, particularly steam schooners, were held in great contempt by deep-water sailors; even the crews that manned them were considered among the lower order of seafaring men. Maybe, because Crawford was overtalkative about his experience on these ships, or perhaps because of his uncommon physique, he soon was given the peculiar nickname of "Captain Barker," one he was to bear during his entire career on *Arapahoe*.

To say that Crawford had an uncommon physique is not to imply that he was a large man, in fact he was less than medium build. He was about twenty-two, possibly five foot nine, and wouldn't have weighed more than 140 pounds. With thin, sandy hair over a narrow face, he had pale blue eyes and a large nose that curved downward, giving him a parrot-like appearance. His long, scraggy neck with its oversized Adam's apple connected on to a lean body from which dangled skinny arms and a pair of bony legs.

Barker had one feature, however, that without straying beyond the realm of proper decorum, would be difficult to describe. It might be said, without crossing that poorly defined, transitory and highly volatile line, that in one way at least, he had been equipped by nature to a startling degree; suffice it to say he was amply endowed.

Although bathing on *Arapahoe* offered no privacy whatsoever, this never seemed to bother the doughty Barker; even on cold days he would strut about, naked as a newborn babe.

Beyond the door and butting up against the galley bulkhead was the upper bunk inhabited by Ryan, the farmer from Sacra-

mento. He was still seasick. When asked how he felt, he shook his head, groaned and turned his face to the wall.

Except for the mate who lived aft, and the Finn asleep in the sty-like corner walled off for the bos'ns, these eleven men and boys composed *Arapahoe's* port watch. Of this number only two were experienced in sail. Among the seven cadets, five had never been to sea before, and the other two had been only on brief trips. Certainly the ship was not overburdened with trained personnel to start a voyage of thousands of miles, one that would take months with only the wind for power.

Soon the talk in the fo'c'sle quieted down. Low snores could be heard coming from the blanket heaps. Up forward on the fo'c'slehead the big bell boomed twice, one o'clock. We had completed our first day at sea. At the end of that first 24 hours our position was 35°55 N. latitude, 127°06 W. longitude; we had sailed 220 miles.

CHAPTER 5



Brodie

When *Arapahoe* cut loose from the tug, she and her crew dropped out of the world into complete oblivion. From then on our families and friends, the Shipping Board and owners of the cargo would probably hear nothing from us until we arrived in port. Occasionally a sailing ship making her lonely way across the trackless waste of waters might encounter a steamer, and after an exchange of identifying signals, ask that she be reported.

Although enemy warships were supposed to have been cleared from the Pacific, this was wartime, and the memory of Admiral Von Spee and the *Emden* were still fresh in our minds. Smoke on the horizon, a distant sail, or a light at night might be an invitation to disaster, something to be given a wide berth.

From now on there would be no news and no mail; we would live in a small world of our own. Though 1918 was said to be the beginning of the mechanized era, the conditions under which we lived and worked were not much different from those of seamen of a century before. Our ship was of steel and wire instead of oak and hemp of earlier days, but our masts were just as high, the sails just as heavy, and the work just as hard.

We carried no wireless and navigational equipment was of the most meager sort. Electronic devices, such as directional finders and radar were unheard of, and long periods of overcast skies made our position vague.

We had no way of receiving storm warnings, which probably was just as well, for the sailing ship at the mercy of the wind had no way of avoiding them. When caught in a hurricane we trusted to the seamanship of our Captain, to luck, and to the strength of our ship. If disaster struck, there could be no rescue

by swift flying planes; when the sailing ship went down she usually took all hands.

We had no refrigeration and carried no ice; in three days the fresh meat was gone, in ten, vegetables and fruit were but memories. We had an abundant supply of potatoes stored in the big bins forward, and plenty of dried apricots and apples, considered something special to be served on Sunday. Due to the absence of ice, we could carry no butter, and though there was plenty of coffee, canned milk and sugar were doled out sparingly.

The medical examination before coming aboard had been of the most cursory sort. It really was not an examination at all since any member of the crew might have been suffering from a contagious or infectious disease which could have broken out when we were far from land. Climbing about in the lofty rigging, often on frayed ratlines, a fall to the deck or over the side was a constant threat, either of which could have resulted in death or serious injury.

We had no doctor, nor anyone trained in first aid. There was a medicine chest aft in charge of the Captain, supposed to contain the necessary ingredients for curing sickness or repair of broken bones.

Curious, I had asked the Finn, "Hey, bos'n, what happens if someone gets sick on this ship?"

"Ho, hol" he laughed. "You go aft an' see Ol' Man. He give you von beeg dose epsom salts. You feel much bedder tomorrow, I bet."

"Yes, but what if you get hurt, like a broken leg?"

"Oh, dat's all same," he replied. "Only den he paint it vit iodine, maybe."

Apparently epsom salts and iodine were the standard treatment for all sickness or injury aboard. I shuddered to think of the result of a compound fracture or an attack of appendicitis.

Strangely enough, in spite of the different environment, broken watches and poor food we remained disgustingly healthy. Now and then one of us with a newly discovered malady, imaginary or otherwise, would venture aft. Usually the Captain's treatment would be so severe that the hapless malingerer would

make a sudden and miraculous recovery and enjoy good health for the rest of the voyage.

June 19th, our third day out found us in latitude $33^{\circ}15'$ N. and longitude $132^{\circ}55'$ W., approximately 675 miles from San Francisco. We were on the long watch from midnight to six, and I had finished my wheel with Stavanger. Although the weather was fair and the wind remained light, we were still doubling up at this duty even though most of us were becoming rather proficient. Hours had been spent during watch below going over points of the compass until it could be boxed both forward and backward. Several times during my last wheels the big ungainly man had let me take over on the weather side, once even when the mate was standing near. I felt quite important when at the end of the trick he allowed me to give the mate the course, "Sou'west by south," which was immediately repeated by him.

After spending an uneventful hour at police, I went forward to relieve Ryan at lookout. Walking up to the towing bitt, on which he was seated, I found him bundled up, head and ears. Though somewhat improved, he was still sick, and glad to be freed from the cold, monotonous duty.

Arapahoe went sweeping on through the night. The wind on the quarter filled out the sails to stand in sharp relief against a sky of velvety black. I stood with my back against the railing, peering into the inky darkness as the bow dipped and sent the bow waves spreading in shining, phosphorescent sheets. The wind felt cold and soon I was pulling up my collar and thrusting hands into pockets as I braced against the roll. Often the bow would smash into an oncoming wave, sending spray flying along the sides to be illuminated momentarily by the red and green running lights. I was surprised to find the water warm to the touch when I was splashed, warmer than the wind which came howling through the rigging in a never-ending moan.

Lookout was a lonesome job but one I always enjoyed. Although weeks might pass without a light being sighted, the lookout's "Light off the port bow!" was sure to bring all hands on the run. When nearing land, we vied with one another to be

the first to spot the gleam of a lighthouse, often nothing more than a quick reflection on the faraway, dark horizon.

Lights for ships at sea are prescribed by international rules, adhered to by all nations. *Arapahoe*, like all vessels under sail carried but two lights, the red running light to port and the green to starboard. Both shielded, they showed only from dead ahead to two points abaft the beam, enabling the lookout on another ship to tell our direction by the color of the lights.

Steamers, in addition to colored running lights, carried white lights at the masthead showing through all 32 points of the compass. High above the decks, this was the first light to be spotted by a lookout, but many times what was reported as a masthead light turned out to be nothing more than a low star above the darkened skyline.

At five o'clock, I heard the ding-ding of the bell at the wheel and repeated it forward. When Sanbert relieved me I joined a shivering group of cadets who, under the Finn, were starting the morning wash down. Wearing sea boots and bundled in sweaters and heavy coats, we must have resembled a polar expedition as we listlessly started scrubbing the decks. When we were half finished, I felt an atmosphere of tenseness come over the scrubbers, accompanied by a sudden acceleration in the movement of the brooms. Looking up, I stared into the frigid glare of the Captain.

He must have just crawled out of his bed, for he was dressed in a shirt that looked like the tops of pajamas. Bareheaded, he wore pants of a light material and, when they flapped in the breeze, I could see he had on bedroom slippers, but was wearing no socks.

For a moment he watched us in silence, as with eyes downcast we vigorously scrubbed the deck. Suddenly he barked, "Bos'n! Vot de hell you got haar, a bunch of Eskimos? Look at de clothes dose men are vearing! It's not cold, strip dem down to bare feet!"

Five minutes later, stripped to the waist with pants rolled up and barefooted, I was gingerly testing the water with my big toe, something in the fashion of a bather before entering a cold plunge. Around me a group of moping cadets tried to sniffle

and sneeze and make themselves believe they were catching pneumonia. There was muttering and grumbling. "That damned squareheaded old bastard, I got such a cold now I can't talk."

From another, "Yeah, if I get sick I'll lay in my bunk and he can go to hell."

"You don' stay dere, I bet," mused the Finn.

"Why?"

"Cause, he gon' geeve you von beeg dose salts; how you gon' stay in bunk den?"

As the wash down was finished, four bells sounded the end of the watch. Relieved by the starboard gang who came on deck rubbing sleep from their eyes, we gathered at the pump to clean up for breakfast. During the process of washing faces and scrubbing hands some one mischievously splashed water on someone else. Immediately a water fight broke out in which everyone took a hand. Later, after wringing out wet pants, we sat down to a breakfast of liver pads, oatmeal mush and stewed prunes. It seemed good to hear laughter in the fo'c'sle again, and as the talk went around the table, I glanced down at Ryan. He was seated at the end next to the galley, pale and hollow cheeked, busily eating from a huge bowl of mush, his first food since the start of the voyage.

As the days passed and we left the California coast farther and farther behind, the memory of home, friends, and our lives ashore seemed like a dream, something that really never existed. In a surprisingly short time we fell into the routine of the ship, and in spite of the unaccustomed watches, hard work and strange commands, were fast becoming used to seafaring life.

During the afternoon I was agreeably surprised to find that Pape, one of the A.B.s, had moved into the port watch fo'c'sle. He was to occupy an upper bunk between me and the door, and though he still would remain a member of the starboard watch we were glad to have him with us. A student of navigation, he had his own sextant and equipment. The aft fo'c'sle with its crowded quarters had afforded but scant room for his charts and gear, while the noise and tumult of the watch below made it a difficult place to study. In our fo'c'sle, when we were on watch, he had the entire place to himself. He was a valuable

teacher in the basic art of navigation, and through him we were able to know the ship's position from day to day as he posted it on the chart.

The next day, Thursday, June 20th, *Arapahoe's* log contained the following entry:

This day begins with calm smuth sea and overcast, crew implod screping on pop deck. Cloudy no observation.
Course S WxS lat. 32°55' N. long 133°38' W

"Screping on pop deck" we were soon to learn was the beginning of a job that was to keep the cadets busy for some time. While being fitted out in San Francisco, *Arapahoe's* decks had been recalked and melted pitch poured in the cracks between the planking. This had left raised ridges of hardened pitch causing her decks to take on a washboard appearance. To scrape off this excess we were furnished scrapers by the bos'n and set to work on the poop. The scrapers were like small three-cornered hoes with short wooden handles; to use them it was necessary to get down on our knees or stoop over and work like Oriental farmers.

The job on the poop was undesirable since no one dared to talk, and the Captain had a habit of coming up on deck where he would pace back and forth. Often he would stop and gaze at us, never saying a word, his hands clasped behind his back. As in all work having to do with the maintenance of the ship, each watch was responsible for only its half; in scraping the port side of the decks we were very meticulous about carefully counting the planks and not straying beyond our allotted sections.

At eight bells, midnight, I went aft to the poop to do my trick at the wheel with Stavanger. By now the wind had backed to the north and was blowing sharply. During the night *Arapahoe's* yards had been braced around snug against the port backstays and we were on the starboard tack. As we stepped up onto the platfrom and took over from the helmsman, he gave us the course, "By the wind," the first time I had heard it at the wheel.

Steering by the wind was tricky business, representing an entirely different problem from a compass course. When a steamer left port she followed a straight line between two points with an occasional correction for drift. On a square-rigged ship

as long as the wind came from aft, or nearly so, we were able to do the same. Winds, however, were seldom favorable or fair for any length of time. As they veered around to off the beam or ahead of it, it became necessary to brace the yards and steer by the wind, a maneuver that frequently found us tacking far off course.

Steering by the wind meant keeping the ship as near her true course as the wind would permit. With our yards braced around on the starboard tack, the yards of the lower courses, foresail, mainsail, and crossjack, were close against the port stays. Each yard above them was braced back a slight bit less, giving them a spiral appearance when one looked up the masts. In steering, we paid little attention to the compass, but kept our eye on the weather side of the royals. When they started to shiver, it was a danger signal that the ship was close into the wind and as near the course as she safely could be brought.

This was the type of steering where the expert helmsman really came into his own. It required a high degree of skill to keep the ship as close to the wind as possible; a slight error in judgment or a moment of carelessness might allow her to swing too far and be taken aback, meaning that the full force of the wind would strike the front of the sails, an extremely dangerous thing. In designing a ship, most shrouds and stays were placed so as to take care of stress coming from aft; if caught aback, serious damage might result, even a dismasting if it were to happen during a gale with all sails set and drawing.

In light winds *Arapahoe* was easy to steer. As my confidence mounted, I found that I had no difficulty in keeping the big ship close into the wind with only the occasional flapping of a sail. Midway through the trick, Mr. Knudsen stood close and watched in silence. Now and then he gave a quick look into the binnacle, followed by a glance aloft. When our hour was over and I gave him the course, he asked Stavanger how I was doing. Assured by the big fellow that I was making out fine, he turned to me and said, "Gud, for starting tomorrow you stand your trick alone."

On the following day we were informed that classes in seamanship were to begin for *Arapahoe's* cadets. They were to last

two hours a day and to my great disappointment Brodie was to be our instructor. Not that the starboard watch bos'n wasn't a good seaman, and as an instructor far superior to the Finn. But he had about him a sarcastic superiority that made him heartily disliked. On our first morning he mounted the forehatch to give us an indoctrination speech that did nothing to raise his stock with us.

"Well, I hear I'm supposed to make sailors out of you guys. I'll start out by saying there'll be no more moping around. From now on I want every man to look lively. When you're given an order I want you to jump. From now on it's going to be when you walk, you run and when you run, you fly. I hear there's been some bitching about the grub. Well, I can only say this: there's no fresh meat, fresh vegetables, or anything else that's fresh aboard this ship; you'll eat what you get and like it—of course you don't have to eat unless you want to but it's a long way to Manila.

"I also hear some of you are sneaking out fresh water to wash in. There'll be no more of that. What water we have is for drinking, so do your washing in salt water. Another thing, don't get sick and don't get hurt. Remember we have no doctor and no way to send for help, so be careful. One ship I was on a fellow got appendicitis in mid ocean. His belly swelled up until he couldn't button his pants. The mate wanted to operate on him with a razor but he wouldn't stand for it. He finally died and we buried him at sea.

"When we get to Manila depends on luck and the weather, maybe a couple of months, maybe longer, but we'll get there, all right, providing we don't run into a German raider; if we do, they won't waste a torpedo on this old bucket, they'll just plant a time bomb in her guts and blow her to hell. If that happens we'll get turned loose in lifeboats. I hope you know how to row.

"Now, I wanta tell you about the Captain. He's an old shellback and has had plenty of experience. My advice is to stay out of his sight and walk the other way when you see him coming. Of course, it's your privilege to go aft and complain to him if you want to, but I'll bet you don't do it a second time. Just remember one thing, he's the king on this ship—whatever he says that's the way it is. I only know one thing he can't do if he wants to, that's stick an

umbrella up your ass and open it, and I'm not so sure even about that. Now, I want every man to strip to the waist and roll his pants up. You can wear shoes if you like. We're going to divide up into three gangs and start taking in the royals. We'll keep at it until you can do it with your eyes shut. One gang will be under Laurence, one under Stavanger, and one under me, and don't take all day to get up to those royal yards. After today, I'll expect you to run up the ratlines like turpentine cats. O.K.! Let's go!"

For the next several days we were kept busy drilling on the royals. In spite of my intense dislike for Brodie, I had to admit he certainly knew how to take in sail. It had been my misfortune along with three other cadets to work under him on the fore-royal, and though at first we were awkward he soon had us working as a team.

When done systematically, the sail could be taken in very rapidly. Brodie, with a turn around a belaying pin, would slack away on the royal halyard, allowing the yard to drop to its lowered position. While he was doing this two others would haul at clew and buntlines, bringing the sail up under the yard. Meanwhile Skinner and I would be on our way aloft. Arriving at the yard, one would remain at the mast making fast the center of the sail while the other would go out along the footrope letting go the gaskets. In a matter of minutes we would have the sail up on the yard, furled and made fast.

Gradually a spirit of competition arose between the watches and soon we were having vigorous contests in taking in and setting sail. Not only were the royals used for practice but the topgallants, jibs, and staysails as well.

Then someone remembered the Fourth of July, and plans were made for a celebration with contests of various kinds. Somewhere aft a set of boxing gloves had been discovered, and our Fourth of July committee began to arrange matches.

Tuesday morning, June 25th, our ninth day out, found us about 630 miles northeast of the Island of Hawaii, largest and most eastern of the Hawaiian group. It had been a starless night with the northeast wind blowing steadily. With daylight, the eastern sky had turned a dull red, while the sun creeping out

from behind a cloud bank shone briefly before hiding its face for the rest of the day.

At four bells I went aft to stand my second unaided trick at the wheel. The first had occurred during the early hours of a previous morning and had been uneventful. At that time *Arapahoe* had steered easily, in fact, she seemed almost to steer herself. Once or twice the mate had sauntered up to lean over and peek into the binnacle, the faint light reflecting on his two days' growth of whiskers.

Tricks at the wheel in the daytime were looked upon with distinct disfavor. They were referred to as "exhibition wheels," since the Captain was sure to be on deck keeping the helmsman under his constant scrutiny.

Today, as I relieved Johnny Hocolak and he gave me the course, "By the wind," I glanced into the binnacle and noticed we were heading S.S.W. As to be expected, the Captain was on deck and he and the mate were scanning the dark northeastern sky. As Johnny stepped over to make room for me on the grating, he whispered, "Watch her close, she's steering hard as hell, and the Old Man's crankier than a bastard." It didn't take me long to find out how right he was. Almost immediately, I was in trouble.

It had begun with the Captain looking into the binnacle, then up at the sails and back to me. Thinking she might come up a little closer, I eased the wheel over a few spokes and watched the lubber line as it slowly swung around to starboard. As she continued to swing, I put the wheel back over to port to check her coming into the wind. Much to my horror, she still kept swinging and soon there was a great commotion aloft as first the royals and then the topgallants began to quiver and shake.

Panic-stricken, I spun the wheel hard to port and held my breath as the wavering lubber line came to a halt and started to swing back the other way. Faster and faster, with increased speed, she swung around to the south while I spun the wheel back frantically. Suddenly the mate loomed up beside me and grabbed the wheel. The spokes were jerked out of my hands as he spun it swiftly and cursed violently before bringing her back on a steady course.

The Captain was standing before us, his face livid with anger, as he pointed over the stern. "I t'ought you said dat man could steer! Look bek dere! Look at dat vake! It's crooked as a schnake's track! Dat man vill vare de veel out before ve get to Manila!"

By now I was thoroughly demoralized and could do little more than grasp the wheel limply as sweat dripped from my forehead and the mate took over the steering. Minutes later, Lofty, who had been hurriedly summoned, came up and replaced me on the weather side. The Captain continued to pace the deck, pausing now and then to mutter to himself and glare at me reproachfully, while I spent the remainder of the longest hour of my life in a state of humiliation.

Later in the fo'c'sle, I pulled off oilskins and threw myself dejectedly onto my bunk. Around me were the other members of the watch kicking off sea boots and getting ready for dinner. Now and then a low titter of laughter could be heard, and occasionally a coarse joke not directed to me but strictly for my benefit. Soon a voice called from the other side of the lockers. "Hey, Smith! What happened up on the poop this morning? Someone said you thought you saw a torpedo and was steering a zigzag course!"

In the loud guffaw that followed, Stavanger, trying to balance himself on one foot while he pulled an incredibly dirty sock off the other, turned with a big grin. "Yeesus Chris', yes! For a vile I t'ought ve vas heading back for 'Friscol!"

During dinner the sky darkened and rain began to fall. A few of the more rugged souls ventured on deck to catch rain water as it poured from the roofs of fo'c'sles. Soon the space under the fo'c'slehead looked like a laundry with clothes tossed over hurriedly put up lines. As this space was also used by the watch on deck to get in out of the weather, soon laundry was being pushed aside and trampled underfoot, while tightly knotted shirttails and dungarees with sewed up flies mysteriously appeared.

After dinner most of the watch below lounged on their bunks, some smoking, others sewing on buttons or mending clothes. I lay pouting and doing nothing, still smarting from my experience of the morning.

The sky continued to darken. The ship heeled with the puffs although we were making but little headway. Occasionally squalls would come sweeping over the water bringing a deluge of rain to thunder down on the deck, fill the scuppers and run off in foaming torrents. After a few minutes the wandering cloud would pass and the rain cease as suddenly as it had begun. So far there had been but little wind, but from overhead came the creak of rigging, the banging of blocks, and the flapping of sails as *Arapahoe* rolled lazily onward.

The Finn stood in the doorway on the starboard side of the fo'c'sle, one foot on the high threshold and looking more dirty than usual. Stooping low, he peered out at the dark sky and rain-swept rolling water. Several times he shook his head and muttered in a low voice. Hank, in the bunk to his left, was trying to read and looking up growled impatiently:

"What's the matter with you, bos'n, you getting seasick?"

"Naw, but beeg vind, he come pretty qvick now, I bet."

"Big wind? Man, you're crazy. There's not enough wind out there to blow your hat off."

"Maybe so, but ol' timer he say, 'rad sky in morning, sailor tak varning,' an' dis morning she rad lak hell."

"Oh, for Christ's sake go to bed," said Hank turning back to his book.

Above me, Sanbert stirred in his bunk and looked down over its edge. "I wouldn't be too sure about that if I were Hank," he said. "Those damn squareheads can smell a storm coming three days off."

"Yeah, maybe," I answered grumpily. Right at that moment I was in no mood to give a squarehead the benefit of any compliment.

At eight bells we came back on deck to find the sky leaden, the wind blowing in gusts with intermittent squalls. Little work was performed as we slogged about wearing oilskins, sou'wester hats and sea boots.

At seven o'clock I went up to the fo'c'slehead and visited with Ryan on lookout. The farmer had recovered completely from his seasickness and now was feeling fine. As we leaned back against the rail bracing our feet against the roll and pitch, he talked

of his home in the Sacramento Valley and of his life before the war. Born and raised in California, he was a true native son. He was also full of wit and dry humor, continually exasperating the mates by his utter contempt of heavy work and hardship. No matter how difficult or dangerous the task might be, or how many days we might be wet, cold, and hungry, for the mates' benefit it was always a snap, much easier than life on the farm.

At eight o'clock we were relieved by the watch below. As we waited to be dismissed, I noticed the sky was clearing and stars were shining brightly through rifts in the clouds. Although big seas were running and the ship continued to roll, the wind was light and the air felt warm and balmy.

Back in the fo'c'sle some sat at the table and attempted to read by the yellow glow of the oil lamp swinging from its gim-bals. Others lay on their bunks and talked while some were content to stretch out, smoke, and listen or do nothing. Before dropping off to sleep, I remember someone calling to the Finn. "Hey, bos'n, what happened to that big wind we were going to have? And how about that red sky business?"

"Don' worry, he come all right. Yus' wait an' see," he answered.

. . .

At 11:20 the night of our ninth day out the squall hit us. I was awakened by a terrific uproar as pots and kettles in the galley went crashing in a heap, and crockery from the fo'c'sle cupboard smashed to the careening deck. The angle at which the ship was heeling made it difficult to get out of our bunks, while throughout the fo'c'sle was the wildest confusion as boots, clothing and heavy objects slid about in the murk.

At first I thought we were sinking and experienced a moment of fright at the thought of being caught within the narrow limits of the fo'c'sle. An unearthly din came from outside—the roar of a great wind in the rigging, the first time I had ever heard it.

All at once the door flew open and I had a fleeting glimpse of a figure in dripping oilskins. There was a shout, "All hands out!" muffled by the crash of a giant sea rolling over the bulwark. We had no time to dress, even if it had been possible to have found our clothing in the mixed up helter-skelter. As we struggled

out the door another huge wave came crashing aboard with terrific force, drenching us and pouring into the fo'c'sle.

The wind swooped down on the ship as we worked desperately at snarled clew and buntlines of first the royals and then the three topgallants. Along the deck, so dark it was impossible to see aloft, came shouts heard dimly above the howl of the wind, while from high on the foremast came a loud report as the big topgallant split down the middle and beat itself to tatters.

Above the turmoil I recognized the voice of the first mate shouting orders that to me were unintelligible. Leading the groups who hauled at lines on the wave-swept decks were the A.B.s of the watches. Foremost among them was Stavanger. Even in the darkness the big fellow seemed to have no trouble in always finding the right line in the tangled maze of rigging. To him, it seemed like a lark. He was cool and collected and his very presence appeared to have a steadying effect on the green crew of boys.

Soon Sanbert, Skinner and I were following him up the weather shrouds of the foremast. Pressed against ratlines by the force of the wind, I now realized the importance of climbing the rigging on the weather side. Reaching the royal yard, I followed Stavanger out onto the weather footrope while Sanbert and Skinner crawled out to the lee. Grabbing great bunches of flapping sail in his powerful arms, he hauled and tugged and soon had it furled.

The wind was dying down somewhat as we finished with the royal and dropped down to the topgallant. Overhead, breaks appeared in flying clouds, partially dispelling the darkness through which *Arapahoe* rolled and plunged. As we strung out along the footrope wondering how we would ever manage such a large sail, we were joined by four additional men. Even with this extra help it was an ordeal to beat the wind out of the stubborn canvas and get it rolled up onto the yard.

A bit of comedy was injected into what otherwise was a serious situation by the sight of Stavanger. Like all members of the watch below, he had rushed on deck wearing the clothes he had slept in—in his case only a shirt and socks. As he leaned

over the yard to haul on the sail the wind whipped his shirttail over his head. His enormous rear end sticking up in the air reminded me of the full moon rising over a hill.

In the grey half-light of morning we returned to the fo'c'sle for coffee. The interior was a shambles of broken crockery, sodden clothing and litter sloshing from side to side as the ship rolled and labored. All mattresses and bedding of the lower bunks were soaked, a most uninviting condition for a watch below. In the midst of the wreckage Slim sat holding his chin in his hands. He was never a cheerful character but today he was a picture of despair.

By sunrise the wind had blown itself out and the seas were diminishing in size. Soon bedding was spread out in the sun to dry and cadets were swamping out the fo'c'sle. At breakfast there was gaiety around the table as the watch laughed and joked about their experiences during the squall. Someone, remembering the Finn and his prophesy about the weather, asked "Hey, bos'n, does that red sky in the morning always work?"

"Shur, he always vork."

"Yeah, well how about it at night?"

"Ol' timer say, 'Rad sky at night, sailors' delight.' Tomorrow, ve have damn gud vedder, I bet," replied the Finn.

As the whistle sounded and we went out onto the deck, even the skeptical Hank was heard to remark, "Maybe that damn crazy Finn knows more about the weather than we think he does."

With breakfast over we learned that all hands were to remain on deck during the day. The fore-topgallant that had been ripped during the squall was to be sent down and a new one bent in its place. This was an opportunity for the cadets to learn how a sail was unbent and bent for few of them had even the faintest idea how it was done.

The first thing was to hang a huge block above the yard by a heavy wire strop. A long line called a gantline was then taken aloft by a seaman with its end secured around his waist. One end was rove through the block and fastened around the center of the sail. The clewlines and sheets were unshackled from the lower corners and the gaskets removed allowing the rolled sail

to drop and hang below the yard. Next, the buntlines secured to the foot were released and it was cut loose from the jackstay. Now it was ready to be lowered. In lowering the sail, the long length of the gantline that had remained on deck was hooked into a snatch block, a block with one side open to the sheave. From the snatch block turns were taken around one of the forward capstans and, as it was slacked off, the sail came down to the deck.

While this was being done, another gang was bringing a spare sail up from the locker aft. With the big roll of canvas forward, it was laid athwartships and over the top of the forehatch. Strong rope yarns were then run through each of the eyelets at the head of the sail and made temporarily fast. With the gantline secured around its middle, we were ready to hoist it aloft. Fresh turns were taken around the deck capstan, capstan bars inserted, and as we walked around and around the sail rose to the yard.

Now the work aloft really began, as Laurence, taking one end of the sail and Bergstrom the other, and with the help of all the cadets who could be crowded along the footropes, started to stretch it out. Here and there a gasket would be passed loosely around it to keep it from getting away. Finally, with Laurence sitting on one end of the yard and Bergstrom on the other, the center was lowered and made fast. After stretching it out taut from the center, the top was secured to the jackstay with the short lengths of yarn. Following this the buntlines were threaded through the thimbles and made fast to the foot.

The last operation and most dangerous of all was shackling the clewlines and sheets to the two lower corners. This was done by Laurence and Bergstrom from breathtaking positions at the very end of the yard. The sail was now ready to be sheeted home from the deck and set; with gaskets made up and buntlines overhauled, the job was completed.

The coolness and daring of these deep-water sailors was an amazing thing. Working aloft or bending a sail even in the relatively quiet water of a harbor was a job calling for skill and nerve. At sea during heavy weather with the ship rolling and her tall spars sweeping the sky, it was an undertaking fraught with

danger. To us cadets, the night's experience had been hair-raising, an episode to be discussed for days. To men like the mates and Stavanger and the Finn, it was just another day, one soon to be forgotten.

During the afternoon, with lines coiled down and everything shipshape, the watches were again reset; with the starboard watch below, we soon found ourselves again doing such unpretentious and menial work as scraping the foredeck and pumping water for the cook. Only once was mention made of the night's activities by anyone aft, this by the mate to Ryan.

"Vell, Ryan, how you lak de vater las' night? Pretty damn vet, eh?"

"Oh, I wouldn't say so, Sir," replied the farmer. "You talk about water! You should have seen the Sacramento River during flood, last winter. Why, we had so much water—"

On Wednesday, June 26th, 1918, *Arapahoe's* log contained the following entry:

light wind sea smuth
crew employd screping on fore deck onbending fore top
gallen sail meking redy for bending a new one
Drilling crew meking fast and unfurl fore royal & top
gallen sail
bending fore top gall sail and set same also fore royal
taking 2 hours pumped 794 gal water for cook
gave crew their allowance for ½ week
Course S.W. ½ S.
lat 26°33' N long 144°31' W.



Fourth of July in Tropic Seas

On Thursday, June 27, two days after our bout with the squall, which the Finn described as having "caught de Ol' Man vit his pants down," we came on deck to find a crew busily at work overhauling the lifeboats.

Chips was in charge, and "Captain" Barker and I were assigned to assist him. It was a pleasant task requiring no work and was a welcome break from scraping the forward deck. It was also an opportunity to see these boats with their canvas covers removed, a rare event on a sailing ship.

Arapahoe's two lifeboats, each mounted on skids, one to port and one to starboard, were of the whaleboat type. Double ended, beamy and sturdy, they were said to be the finest lifeboat designed to weather a storm in rough seas. Little did I realize as I watched Chips check their gear, that within a few short weeks I would see this put to a test.

The boats were not large but more than adequate for *Arapahoe's* crew. Probably, in an emergency, twenty men could have been crowded into each without serious danger of swamping. The equipment and provisions with which every lifeboat must be provided are prescribed by law and varies with the type of ship and the use to which she is put.

All this was explained by Chips, and as I looked at the stores carried by *Arapahoe's* boats, it became painfully apparent the Shipping Board figured we were highly expendable.

On the outside of each boat hanging in short bights from the gunwales, were lifelines with cork floats. Inside, and lashed along the seats, were several oars and a rudder that could be mounted in pintles at the stern.

Also lashed down, and on the opposite side from the oars, was a short stubby mast with a triangular-shaped sail that could be set forward. Each boat was equipped with a bailing bucket, a compass, a lantern, and a gallon of kerosene, a waterproof box containing matches, an axe, a canvas bag with sailmaker's supplies and, in the bow, a small wooden cask of water.

"Well, everything seems to be here and lashed down snug," said the carpenter as he checked off the items.

"Wait a minute! How about food?" asked Barker.

"Food? Oh, that's in here," replied Chips, picking up a large square tin container that had been arousing my curiosity. Placing it between his knees, he unscrewed its eight-inch lid and held it so I could peek inside. The interior was lined with brown paper; reaching in I pulled out something that except for its being round and somewhat thicker, could have been mistaken for a soda cracker.

"What is it?" I asked.

"It's a sea biscuit—try it."

I did, and found it like trying to bite into a stove lid. "You mean to say that's all the food we carry in a lifeboat?" I asked.

"Sure, what did you expect, turkey?" he replied as he screwed the lid on the can.

For the next two days we ran before a lively wind with clear skies and a smooth sea. The fine weather following the squall and our rapid passage toward Hawaii had done much to help keep the crew in high spirits. On Saturday morning we heard the welcome news we would have the entire day off instead of the usual half day. To the boys who slept in the lower bunks this was especially interesting as our mattresses and blankets were still soggy and damp. In spite of the balmy weather, it had been impossible to dry things out, and the raw dampness about the place made sleeping there unpleasant.

Arapahoe had no facilities whatever for drying clothes. The only fire aboard was in the galley, a prohibited area where even the mates were afraid to stick their noses. Today, however, probably due to our misfortune of being flooded out, the Captain had announced that each man would be allowed one half bucket of fresh water for washing. It seemed almost absurd that with

nothing but water in sight, a mere half bucket would be so valuable. The usual procedure was to first wash our clothes in salt water. This was done by stretching them out flat on the deck, a bench, or anything else available and scrubbing them with a brush and salt water soap. A hard coarse substance, this came in long, square bars and looked and smelled like solidified axle grease. It made weak suds, but if one scrubbed long and hard enough, and the clothes were rugged enough to stand the strain, most of the dirt eventually might be removed.

Bathing in fresh water, except during rain squalls, was a luxury entirely dispensed with. To conserve our slender ration, and stretch its usefulness as far as possible, we soon learned to follow a penurious routine. The first thing would be to shave; following this would be a scrubbing of hands and faces and a shampoo to remove the sticky salt from our hair. In using the rest of our water, we adopted a sort of socialistic plan, small groups merging their remaining supply into one large container. This would be used to rinse the salt out of washed clothing before hanging it up to dry.

The afternoon continued fair with a gentle wind, gradually shifting to southeast causing our yards to be braced around to starboard and the port to become the weather side. At three o'clock, a boxing ring was rigged amidships between the mainmast and starboard bulwark. Soon, it was surrounded by a frenzied crowd as boxers selected from each watch started slugging it out.

These bouts, supposed to have been elimination matches for the Fourth of July events, found the boxers picked at random. Most of the participants had but little knowledge of boxing, but what was lacking in science was more than made up by zeal; soon, blood was flowing copiously.

On the following day, June 30th, other matches were held from three to five in the afternoon. One took place between Jimmie, the cabin boy, a tall youth with broad shoulders, and the carpenter, a husky bull-necked Dutchman. The bout ended when the cabin boy stepped on a rope and fell to the deck, painfully twisting his knee. Grimacing with pain, he was propped up against the main hatch. Then we saw *Arapahoe's* first aid in

action as the Captain, looking very grim, came forward with a huge black bottle and a roll of bandage. Jimmie's pants were rolled up disclosing a knee already somewhat swollen. Pouring a bit of the bottle's contents in his cupped hand, he rubbed it in vigorously and, as a smell like horse liniment filled the air, tightly bandaged the knee. Apparently it worked, for the following day Jimmie was hobbling about doing his work as usual.

For the last several days we had been seeing signs of land. First a string of birds in the distance, then a floating palm frond, and once gulls swooped down on the ship and soared over our wake.

According to Pape's calculations, we were due to sight Hawaii the following day, and the men of both watches were gazing expectantly westward. Each day the weather grew warmer and the sky more blue, while the sea, sparkling in the bright sunshine, seemed to take on a royal purple.

Although we had sighted neither smoke nor sail, we were not alone on the sea; now, silver bonito streaked ahead of our bows, while porpoises played gracefully in the azure water. Most plentiful were the flying fish with their slender bodies and delicate wings. When hunted by schools of albacore, or frightened by the crash of our bows, they would rise from the sea and go skimming along the tops of waves before striking the water with dainty splashes.

To most of us, who had never been there, Hawaii meant beautiful hula-hula girls decked out in grass skirts and garlands of flowers, hips swaying as they danced to exotic music. When I mentioned this to Johnny Hoculak, whose soul seemed entirely void of romance, he snorted in disgust.

"Yeah, they got hips all right, most of 'em are half-breeds, big and fat, and four axe handles across the ass."

During the night we were loath to go below, many preferring to remain on deck gazing out over the sea. In *Arapahoe's* crew we were fortunate in having several members with remarkably good voices; outstanding among these was Brodie. He had a natural talent for singing, and was gifted with a tenor voice. As all people who love to sing they were soon getting together.

During evening watches the group would practice by the hour and before long were entertaining the ship's company with songs.

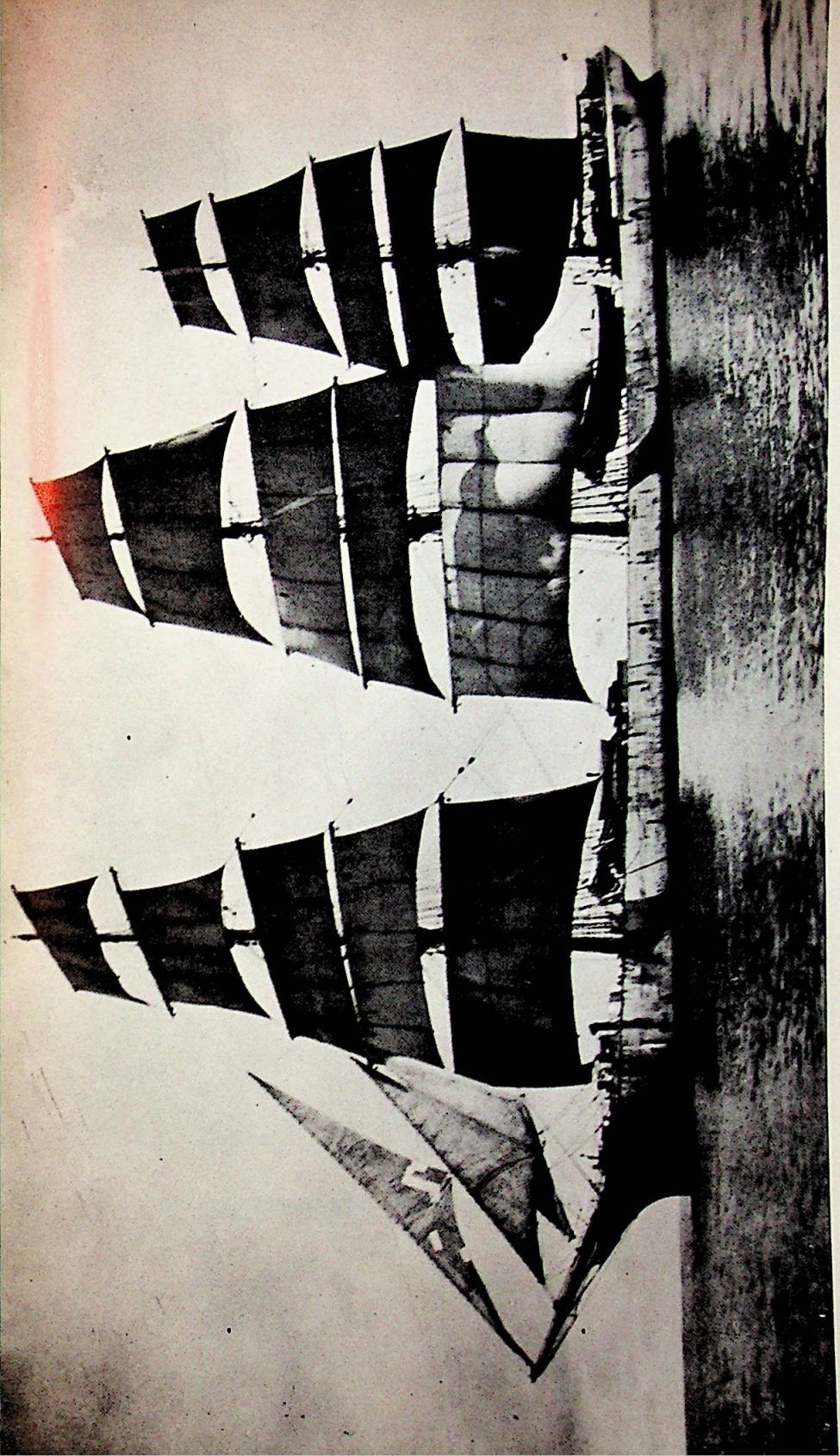
Many a night as we glided onward through moonlit waters, they would gather at the main hatch. While the watches sat quietly around them they would raise their voices in harmony. Even the Captain and mates would come forward to the top of the aft fo'c'sle where they would sit and listen. Forward on the fo'c'slehead the lookout would strike the bell softly as though in fear of disturbing the scene amidships.

Of all the songs sung aboard ship the most popular were the "Chanties." Spelled "chanty," but pronounced "shanty," this was the name of the work song of the sailors and frequently sung when hauling on lines or walking around the capstans. Sung to rollicking tunes, the first part was always sung by the leader or chantyman, with the crew singing the chorus. Many times these parts were improvised and changed at will by the leader; often they were in the nature of parodies, obscene and coarse; whatever the solo part might be, however, the chorus was always the same and was joined in lustily by the crew.

The singing of chanties by seafaring men is a custom that is as old as sailing ships themselves. They served a two-fold purpose; they furnished a measure of amusement to men who led hard lives, beset with danger, discomfort and privation. Still more important was their value in lightening the work in ships that were often undermanned. Many times an almost impossible task was made easier because the inspiration furnished by the chantyman gave ten men the strength of twenty.

Many and varied were the themes, titles and types of these old sea songs and ballads. Some were rough and boisterous, such as "Blow, Blow, Blow the Man Down," while others like "Rolling Home, Rolling Home Across the Sea," were beautiful and sentimental.

Chanties belong to the days of sail and manila hemp. Of little value to the sea-going mechanics of today, they are doomed to extinction like the great ships themselves. Even our most outstanding writers about this interesting era have devoted but slight space to this colorful and romantic side of the life of the deep-sea sailor.



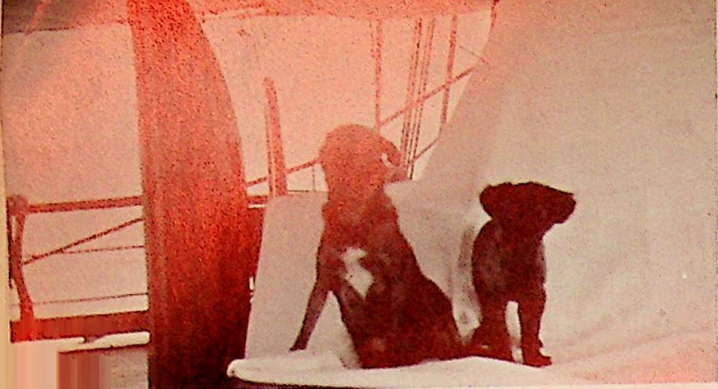
"Day begins with calm smooth sea . . ." *Albatross* becalmed, July 29, 1918.



Arapahoe, sails slatting against the mast, "going nowhere."



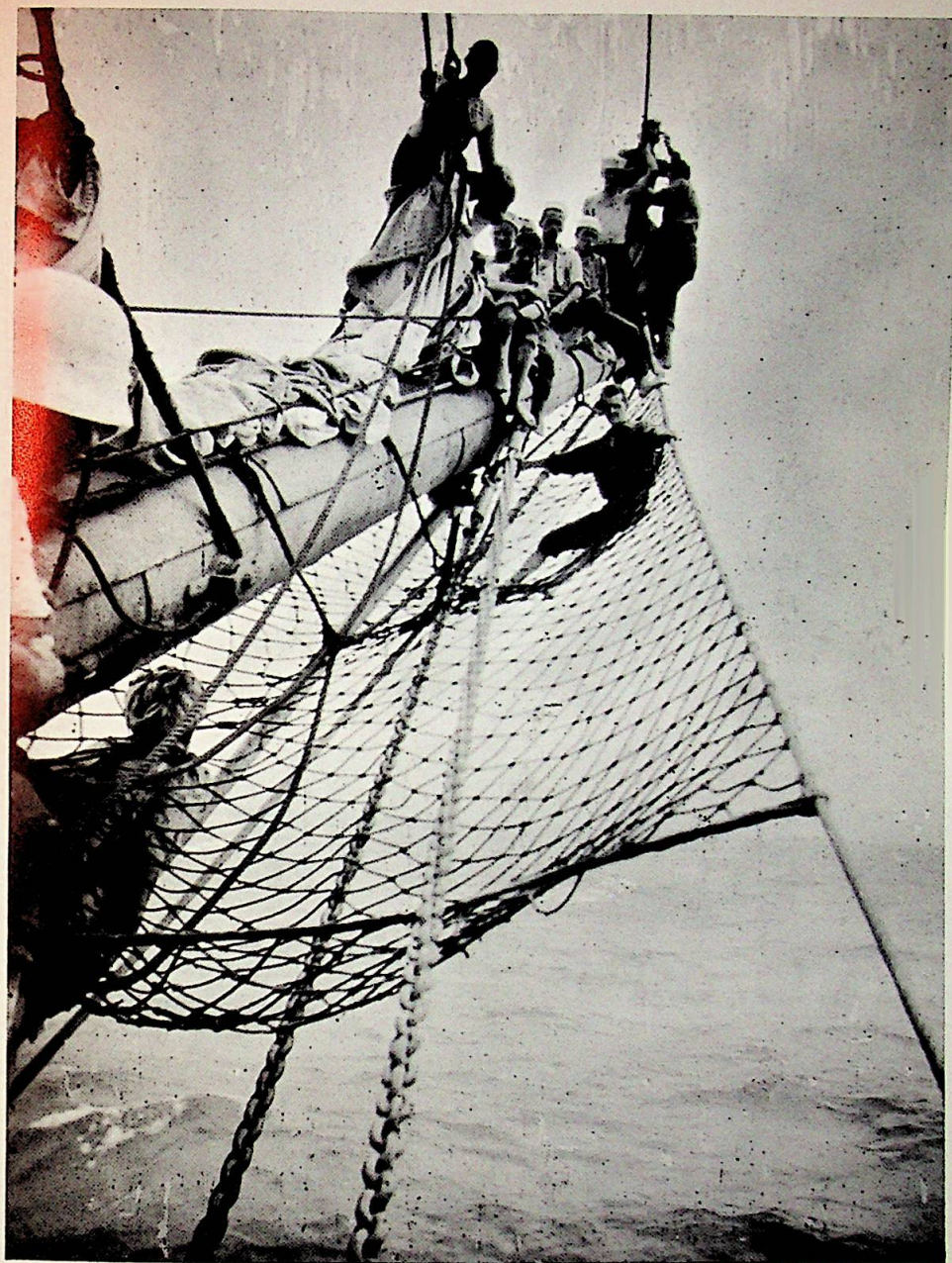
Captain Hans Wilhelmsen of *Arapahoe*.



The Captain's two
black spaniels.



Collecting for ship's pool on length of voyage to Manila. Seated
(top of picture) left to right: First Mate David Knudsen, Captain
Hans Wilhelmsen, Second Mate Charles Peterson.

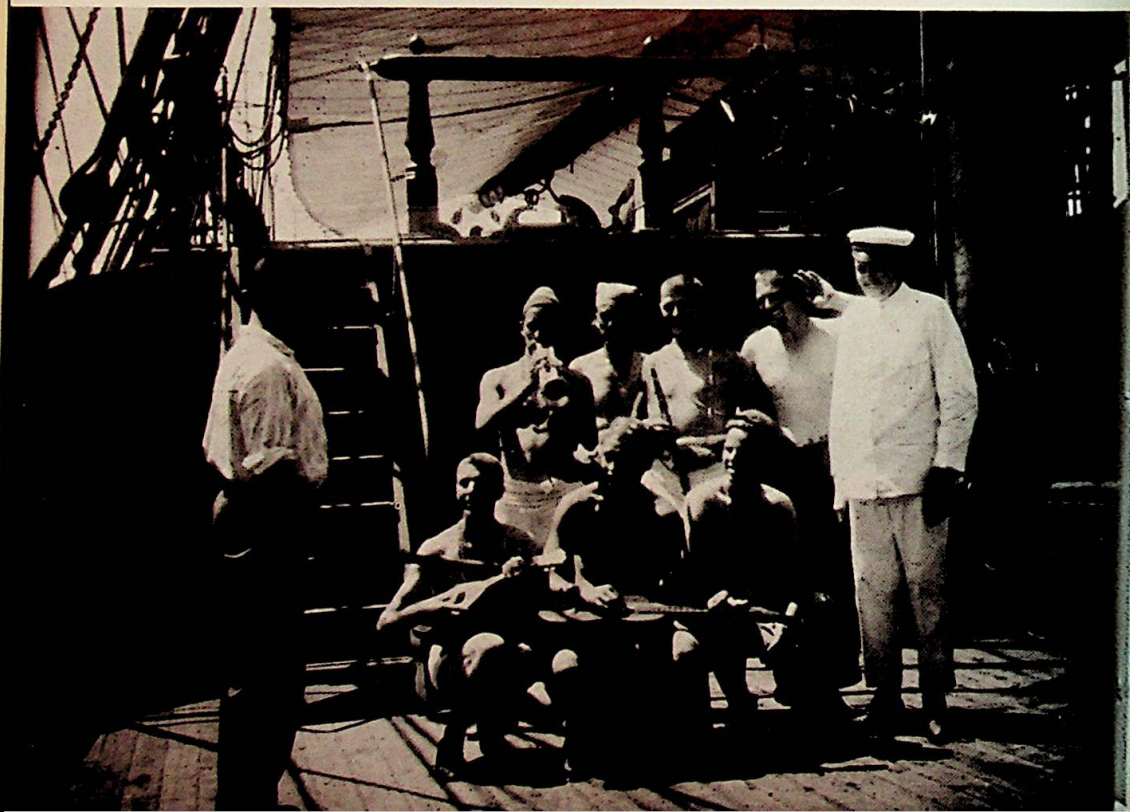


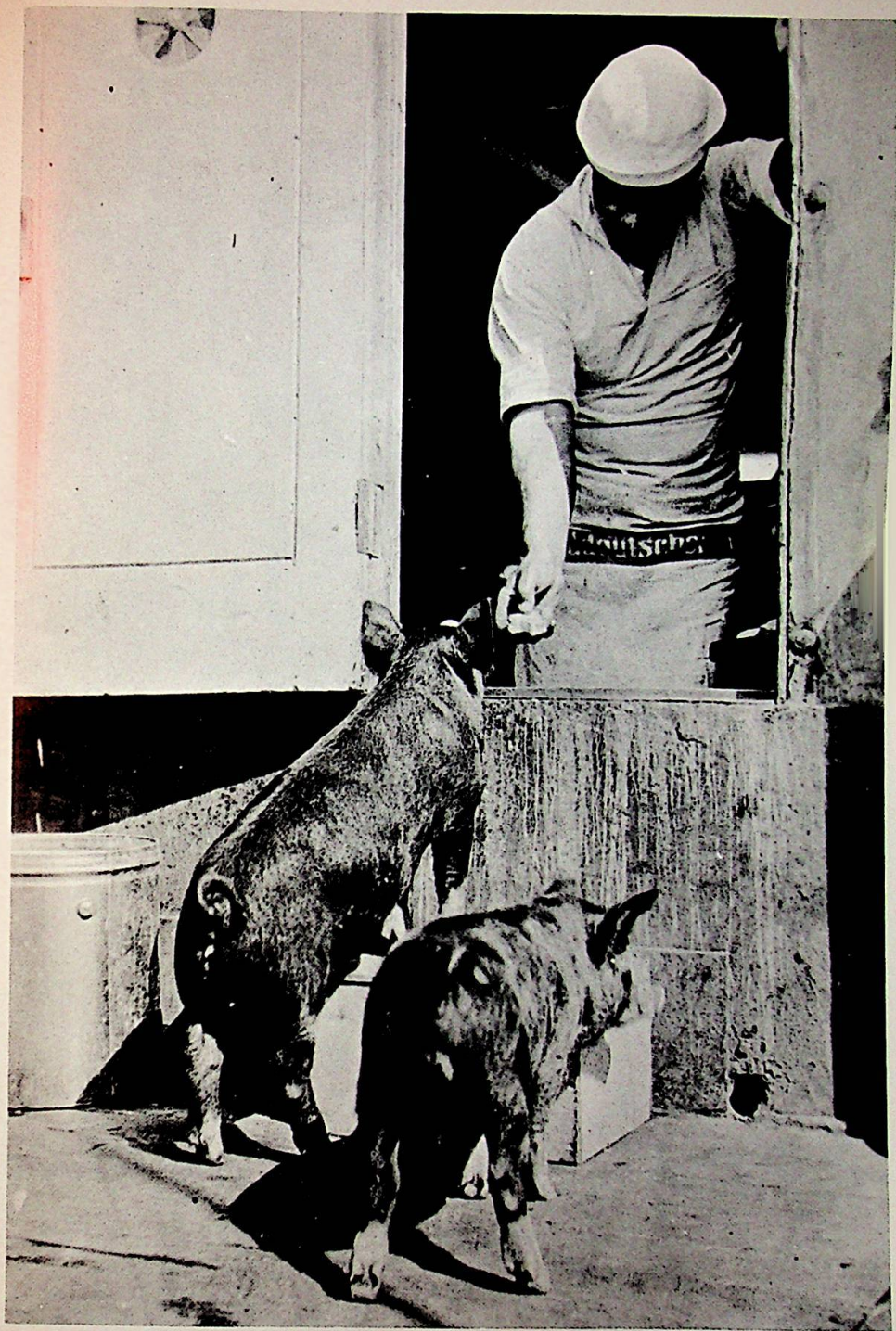
Loafing in the bowsprit netting. Note figurehead under bowsprit.



Sewing sail.

Mate Knudsen and *Arapahoe's* orchestra. Ryan with hand to Jimmie, the cabin boy, in whites. Starboard companionway leads up to the poop.

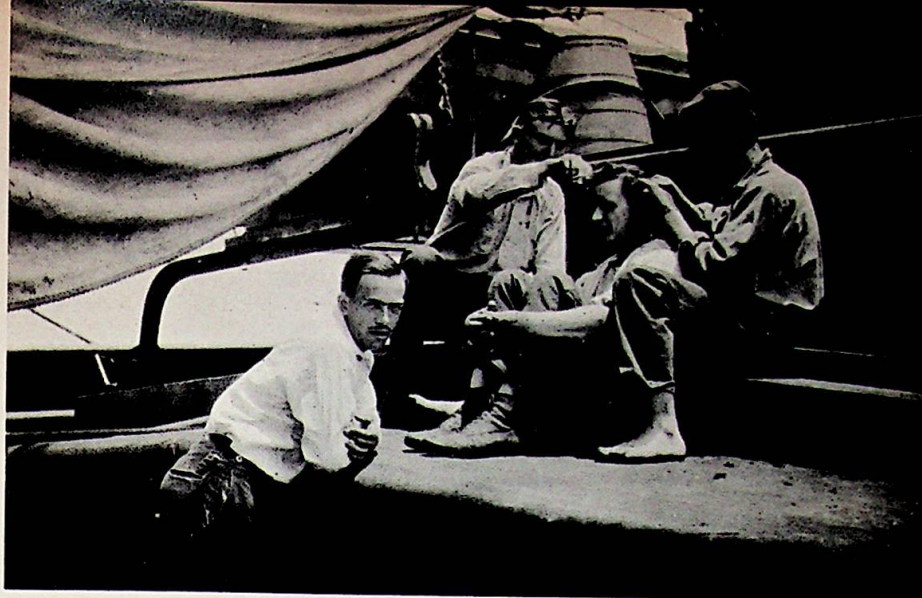




Marc and Cleo wait for their morning scraps. Due to seas that frequently swept the deck, all doors opened high above its surface.



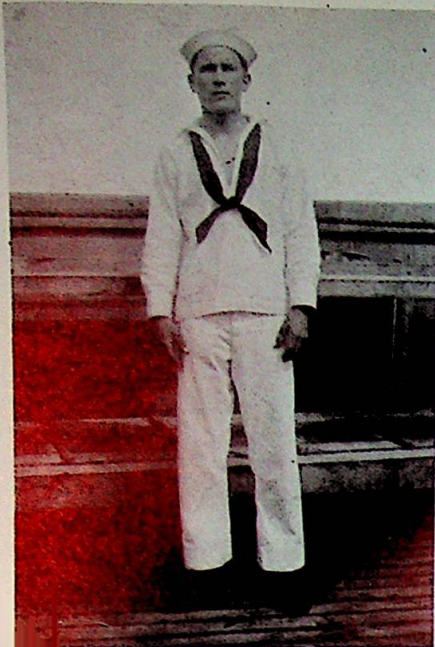
Left to right: Stavanger (in his usual filthy garb) and Pape pouring tar for the rigging. Object between their heads in background is spare anchor.



Haircut, ship's style. Round object next to starboard boat is scuttlebutt used for storing rainwater.

Wash day at the break of the fo'c'slehead. Wooden buckets with rope handles are used for washing.

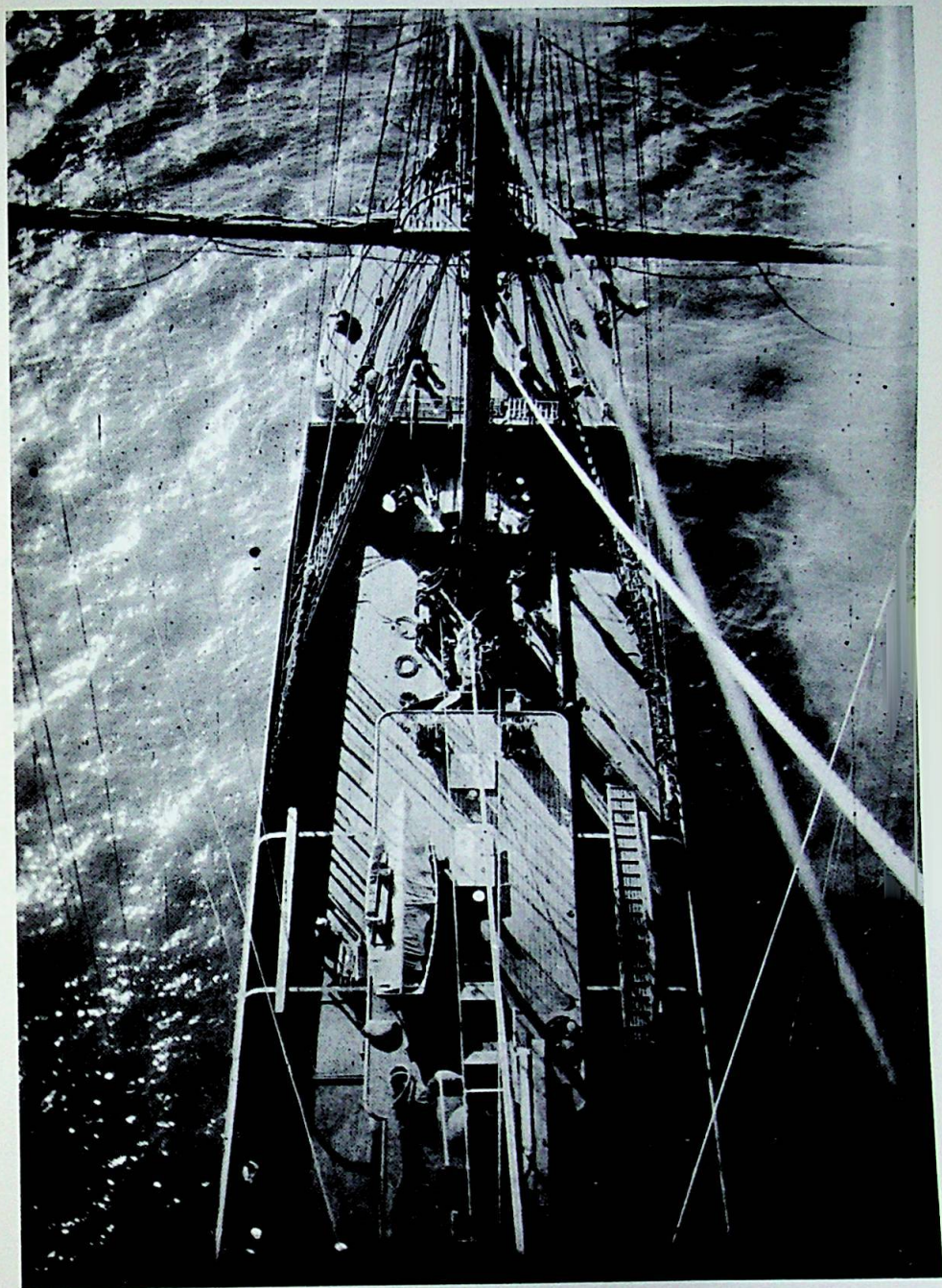




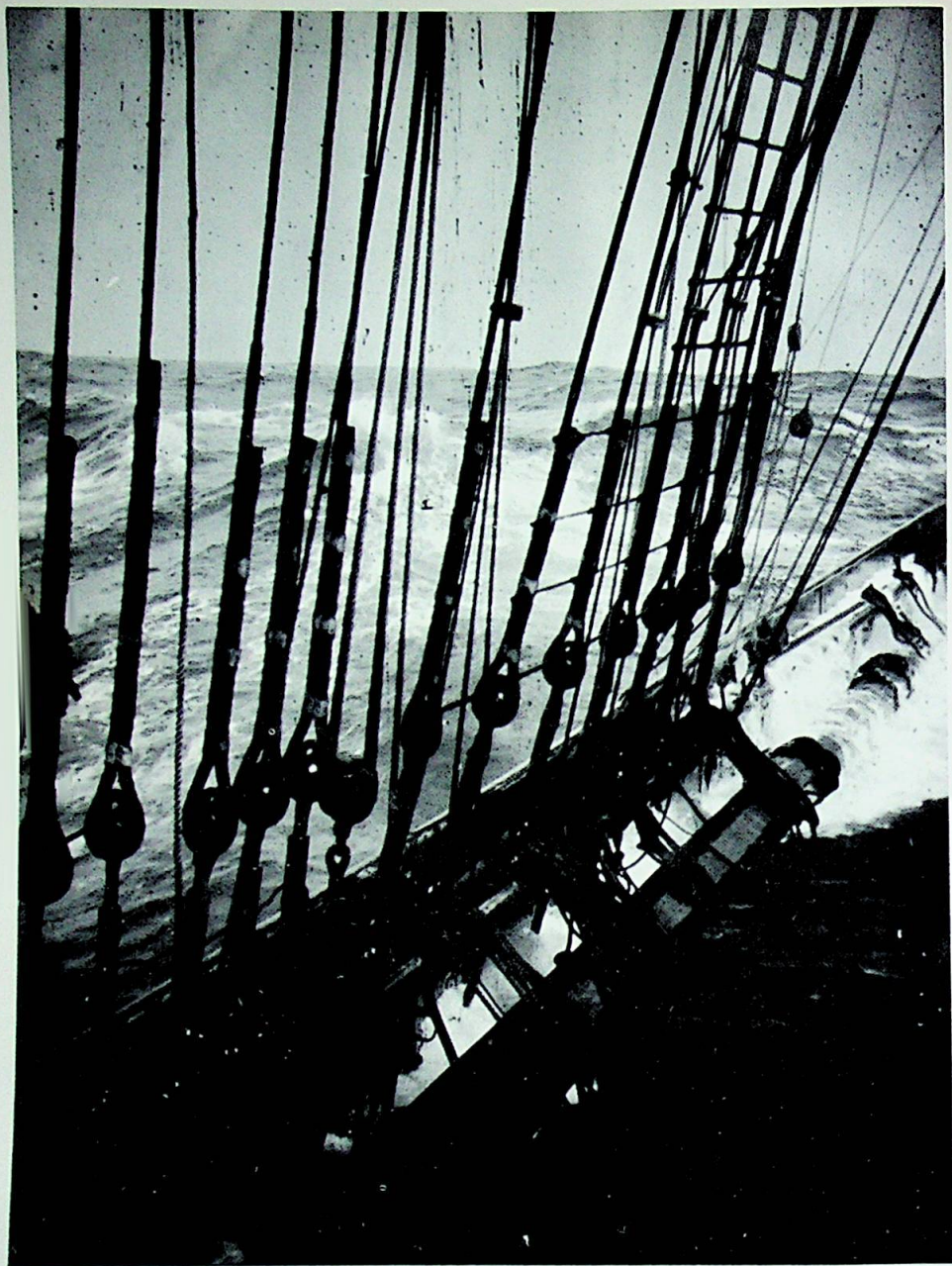
Johnny Hocolak, cadet,
Arapahoe, October 1918

Part of *Arapahoe's* crew taken during the voyage to Manila. Group around the mainmast, right to left: Sandy, the cook; Hank, "Ship's lawyer"; "Old Alford," cook's helper; Stavanger, A.B.; Author with back to mast behind Hank.

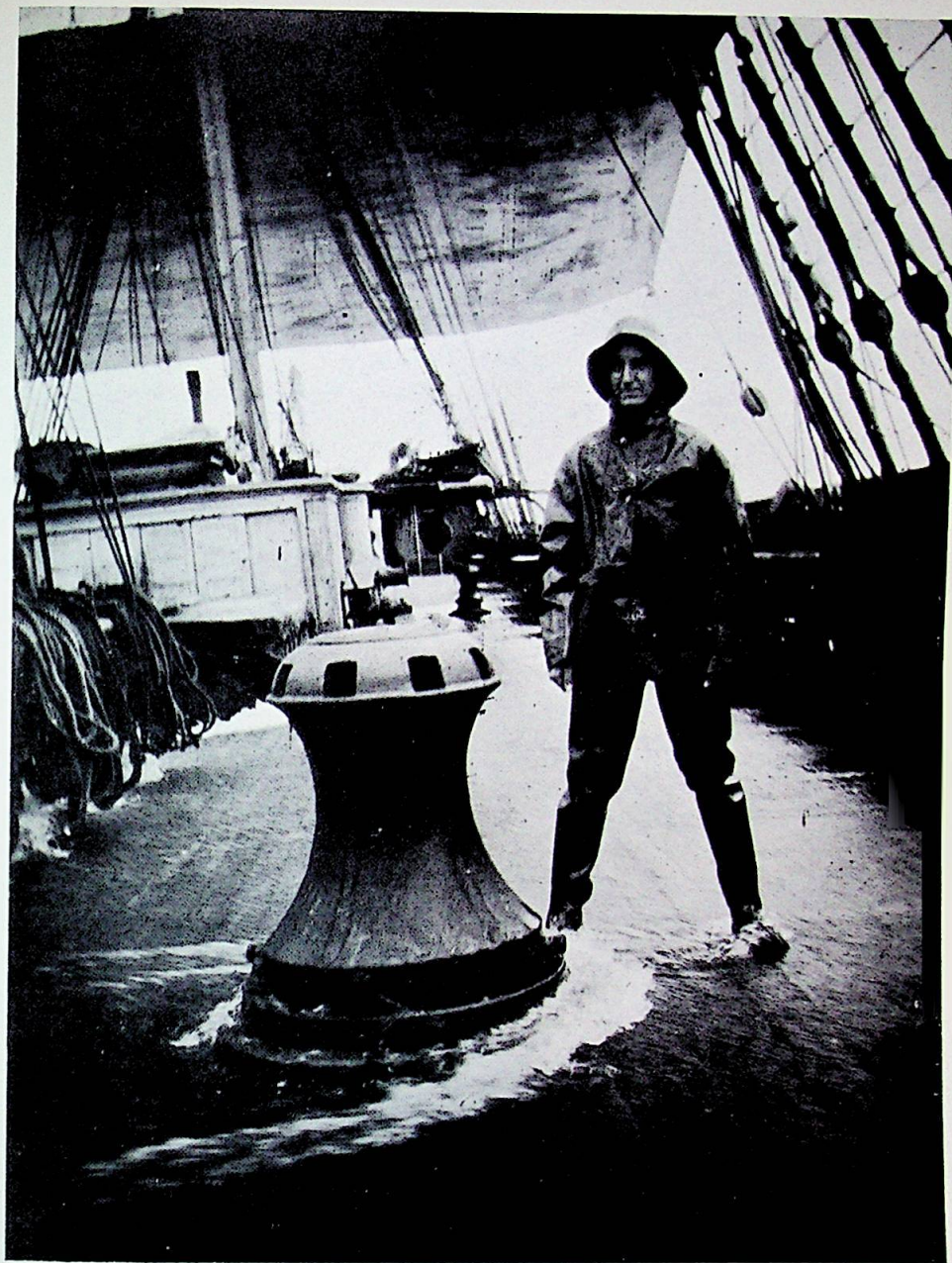




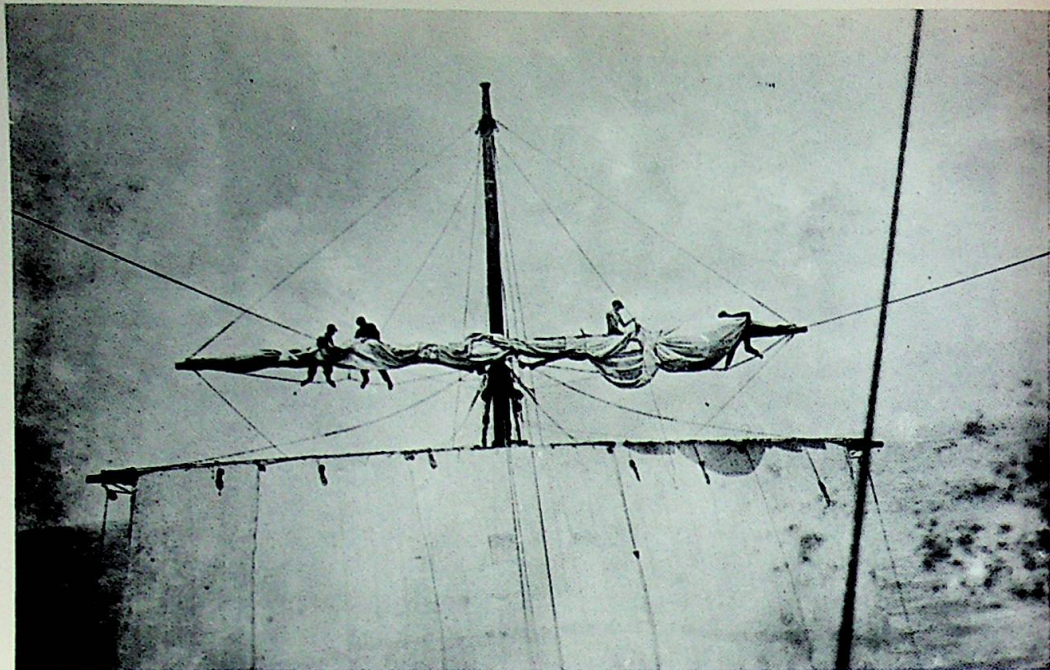
Arapahoe at anchor in Manila Bay. This photograph was taken from the mainmast looking toward the bow.



During the typhoon off Guam, *Arapahoe* takes seas over the gunwales, July 22, 1918.

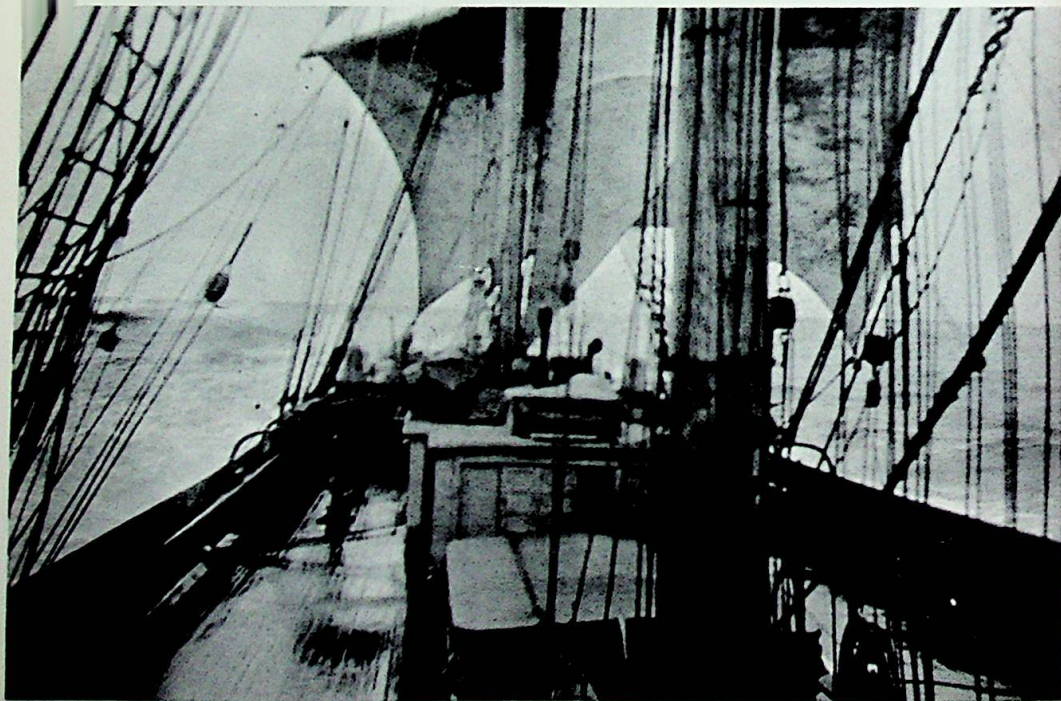


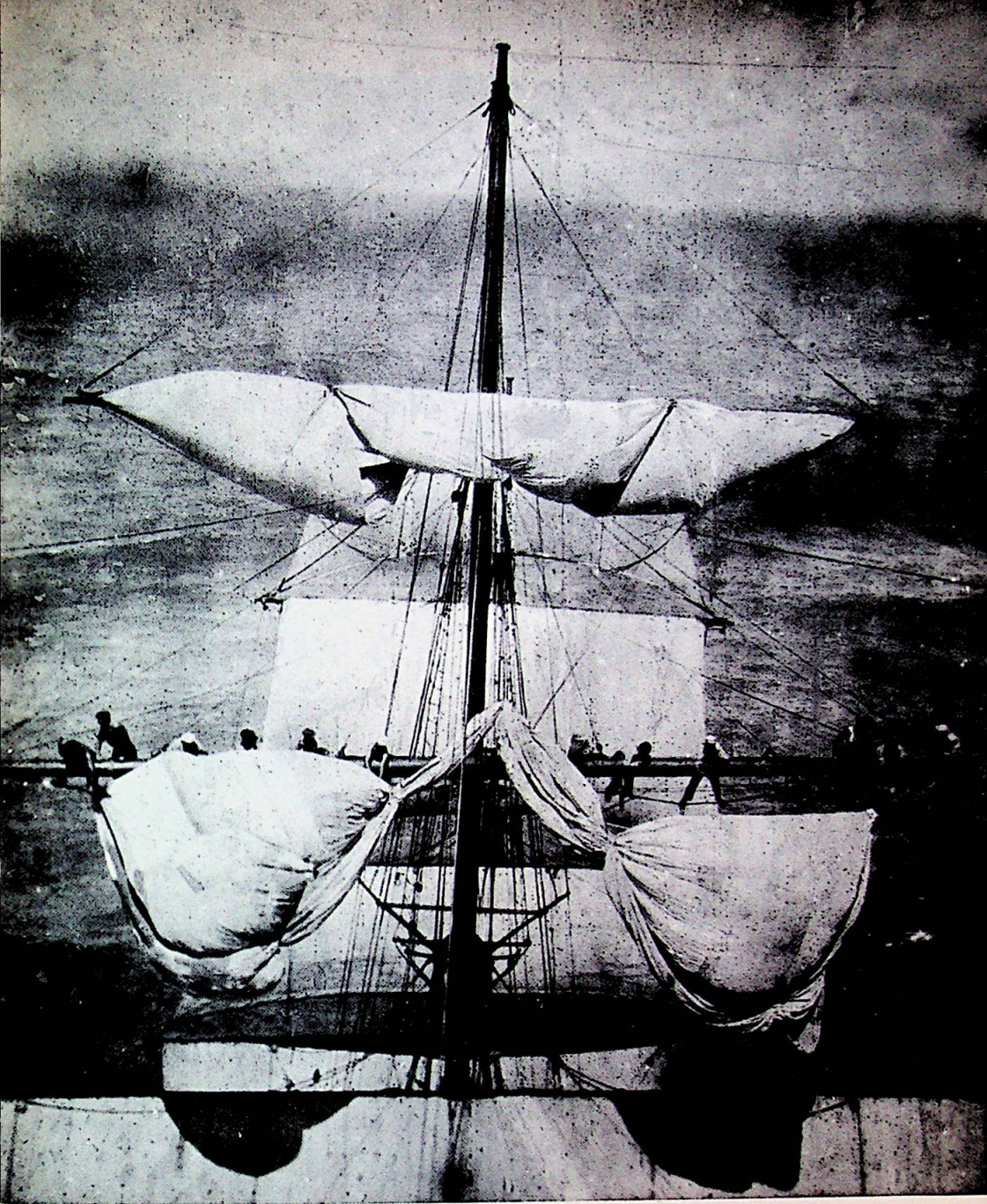
One of *Arapahoe's* four deck capstans. This one has been preserved and is now on display in the San Francisco Maritime Museum. After the Alaska Packers purchased the vessel, the poop was extended forward to furnish additional quarters for the fishermen. This necessitated removal of two aft capstans.



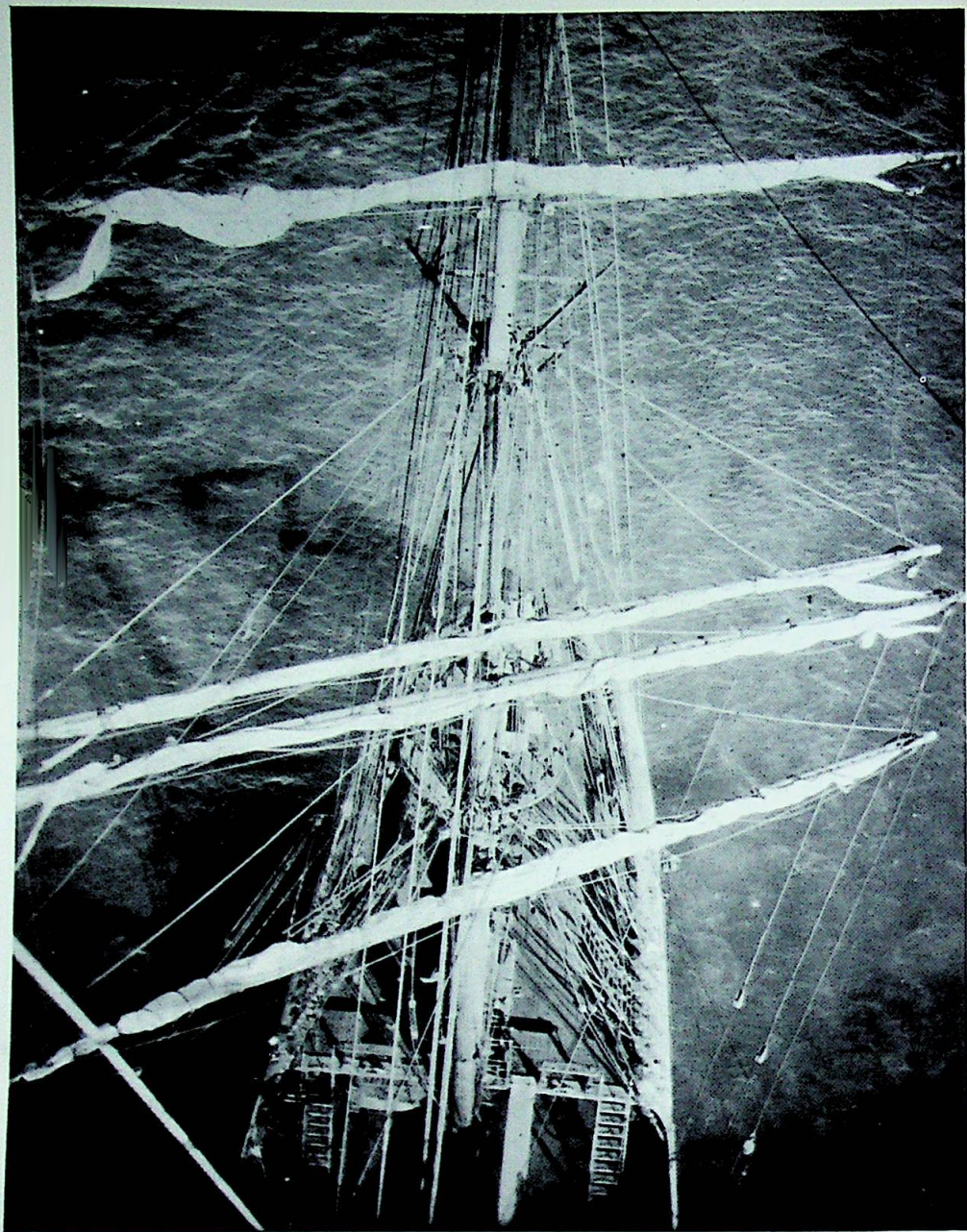
Men balance precariously on footropes while furling the mizzen royal. Yard is in lowered position.

On the port tack. Deckhouse forward contains donkey room (with sliding doors), galley and port watch fo'c'sle.





The starboard watch bends on a new t'gallant. Sail is being stretched along the yard after being hauled aloft with the gantline.



Picture of *Arapahoe* taken aft from the mainmast, showing furled sails on the mizzen.

Several of the crew had brought along musical instruments and as the weather turned fair, they were busy forming an orchestra. Among the instruments were a silver cornet, a clarinet or two, a mandolin and a steel guitar as well as a collection of harmonicas, usually referred to as mouth harps.

At first the tunes rendered by this impromptu orchestra were the stirring songs of World War I. But as we sailed slowly down into the warm semi-tropical climate of the islands, the music changed. Now the steel guitar came into its own as Hawaiian music filled the air and went drifting over the waters.

Arapahoe swept steadily forward. At four in the morning we were relieved and free to go below. I found I had little inclination to sleep and soon was perched at the foretop waiting for the first glimpse of dawn.

Slowly the stars paled and the light growing stronger in the east cast silver reflections on distant clouds. Then there came a hail from the mainmast, "Land off the starboard bow, Sir!" Peering into the lightening horizon I could see a bank of clouds far to the southwest. At first it was hard to realize that this was the land, but as the sun came up out of the sea, it cast streaks of sunlight and dark shadows on ridges and bold headlands.

Four hours later we were skirting the island. The sun was bright and the sky cloudless, while about us the dark blue water broke into waves of foamy white as our bows slid through the swells.

During the day we drew nearer; for a time, close enough to see tall cliffs with seas breaking at their feet. All through the morning it seemed I could smell the fragrant aroma of the land as the breeze bore us steadily along. Most of the time, with the mate out of sight, we stood gazing shoreward doing little if any work.

Apparently my enthusiasm for the island and its supposedly beautiful girls was not shared by the Finn who took a rather indifferent attitude toward it all.

"Yeah," he said, shrugging his shoulders and rubbing a pitted nose with a grimy forefinger, "Islands es all right, but dey're all yust de same. So's de vomans, vonce you turned de light out," he added with a knowing wink.

On the afternoon watch we were set to scraping the foredeck, assisting the A.B.s in tightening the rigging screws on the heavy shrouds and taking turns in the turnbuckles of the backstays. Gradually as the breeze freshened, *Arapahoe's* broad white wake stretched out astern, the land turned to a bluish haze, and as the sun dropped low over the western horizon, faded away in the distance. At four in the morning we came back on deck in time to help the starboard watch square and trim the yards. During the night we had cleared the island and were now steering a course west by south. Soon the glow of dawn was again visible in the east, but as the sun came up over the edge of the world, nothing was in sight but a wide desert of water.

On Thursday, July 4th, 1918, the following entry was made in *Arapahoe's* log:

Day begins with smuth sea and light east wind. No work today. At 8 kl A.M. the ensing was set and all the boys toke their hats off and saluted the flag—6 kl Ampl was taken and Deviation found to be none. At one kl P.M. Drilling the Boys in meking fast sails, a race toke place between the two watches meking fast the royls kwich was credited to second mates watch, after ways the mainsail was forld one watch each side kwich was a draw.

Course WxS lat. 19° N. long 162°30' W.

Fourth of July was a memorable day on *Arapahoe*. It began at eight in the morning when colors was sounded on the cook's bugle and the flag run up the signal halyards. During this ceremony the entire ship's company doffed hats and stood at salute until the last note died away.

A free day on board, no work was performed other than a trick at the wheel, a haul on a brace or something of a like nature. At noon we gathered around the table for a dinner that was considerably less than a banquet. Naturally, there was no ice cream or cold lemonade, but Sandy had prepared a concoction of shredded salt beef served on thick slices of toast. During World War II, I was to recognize a similar dish served in an army mess hall in Texas; there it was given a crude name—something having to do with a shingle.

Most of the cadets had the lusty appetites that go with growing boys. We were always hungry, and seemed never to get enough to eat. Even Ryan, since he had recovered from seasickness seemed to have an insatiable appetite and was often first at the table.

The usual custom was for Sandy to bang on the bulkhead, a signal the food was ready. The sliding window would be shoved back and the pots and pans pushed through to the mess boy; the window was then slammed shut. Sometimes there would be seconds, more often there were not.

On coming aboard each man had occupied a certain place at the table for the first meal. There was no particular order for this seating arrangement, it was just on a "happen-so" basis. At subsequent meals it became the custom for everyone to return to the same position. Until now, each had his place. Mine was on the port side at the very end of the table and farthest from the galley. I was soon to learn that in selecting this spot I had made a serious mistake.

As the pan of food was pushed through the window, Slim would place it on the table next to the galley. The first man to grab it filled his plate, then started passing it down the line, each man taking his share, or "whack," as it was commonly called. Usually, by the time the pan reached me, all choice portions would be picked out and the food sadly depleted.

During my first days aboard, I had been amazed and disgusted by Stavanger's eating habits. Now, I began to realize that, perhaps, there was a reason for his eating in this manner. Apparently, his system was to wolf down his first helping before the others had a chance to finish theirs. He would then shout for seconds. When the pans were passed to him he again filled his plate, often taking all the food remaining.

As the appetites of the crew increased, and the quality of the food grew worse, this led to a serious problem, one that caused frequent bickering. It was surprising how fast our manners and behavior were changing—even an extra piece of bread or a second helping of prunes might be enough to start an argument.

We were out on deck at two bells ready to begin the contests in sail handling. The first event was to be a race in taking in the royals, the port watch taking in the fore, and the starboard the main. The rules had all been worked out beforehand; both sails were to be clewed up to the yards. At a whistle two teams, each consisting of two men, would go aloft, furl and make fast the sails and return to the deck. The first team down, the winner. The teams were cadets—Skinner and I represented the port watch, Bond and Sullivan, the starboard.

The sky was clear and sunny with a light breeze from the east. The ship running easily before the fair wind was steady with but little roll.

Competition was keen, and good-natured sarcasm bandied about as money was dug out and bets were made on the race. Skinner and I had taken in the foreroyal together many times; we were both fast in getting aloft and confident we easily could defeat the slower team from the starboard watch. Aft at the mainmast, Sullivan and Bond were equally confident as they slipped on light shoes and made ready to climb the rigging.

The halyards were slacked off and as the yards slid down clew and buntlines were hauled until both sails hung flapping under the yards. At the whistle, Skinner and I leaped into the weather shrouds and started to race aloft. As we reached the foretop we swung out over the futtock shrouds and in an instant were making our way up the long stretch of shaky ratlines toward the crosstrees. From there on up it was only a short distance to the royal and soon we were out on the footropes, one on each side of the mast and letting go the gaskets. We experienced some difficulty and lost a few valuable seconds as we fumbled with the knots of gaskets where some overzealous cadet had drawn them too tight. Leaning over the yard, we brought the sail up quickly and in minutes were making it fast. From below we could hear the shouts of our watch, unintelligible above the noise of the wind in the rigging, but urging us to greater effort. Making fast the last knot I stole a quick glance toward the main royal and was highly elated to see Sullivan and Bond still on the footropes. As Skinner and I started to hurry down the ratlines in what apparently was an easy victory, there was an increased

tumult from the deck. Above the noise and confusion I could hear the bull-like voice of Stavanger but could make out only the one word, "Slide!" Casting another quick glance aft I was horrified to see two figures shooting downward with bullet-like speed. Even as Skinner and I stared in amazement these two figures reached the deck and stood grinning up at us, still high in the rigging. Sullivan and Bond had slid down the royal backstays nearly 130 feet to the deck; Skinner and I had been ignominiously defeated.

The next event was a contest in making fast the mainsail. In this both watches were to participate, each taking in half the sail. The mainsail, nearly 100 feet in width and around 35 in depth, of coarse canvas and extremely heavy, was a job for all hands. So far, our drills had been confined entirely to the royals and topgallants, relatively small in comparison to the mainsail. With both watches heaving at clew and buntlines, the great mass of canvas slowly came up to hang below the yard.

Now it was ready to be furled and each watch rushed aloft to spread out along the yard, port to port and starboard to starboard. Furling the center, we were soon to find, called for the concerted efforts of both watches and allowed but small opportunity for competition. It was a tremendous task, and sweat ran down our faces as we heaved and tugged to the shouts of Stavanger and the Finn.

It took nearly an hour to get the mainsail furled; back on deck with it secured on the yard, we were all happy enough to call the contest a draw. As I looked at its smooth folds and thought of the terrific job it had been to get it there, it seemed we had done very well. The mate, however, was one of the old school who shared the belief that only Scandinavians made good sailors, and was heard to remark, "Vun hour to vurl dat mains'l in gud vedder? On vun ship ve hedt crew of Norvegian boys who done it in vorty-vive minutes." This was a remark he must have regretted a few weeks later when we furled the same sail in less than thirty minutes.

In the boxing that followed the sail events, the starboard watch again won a signal victory. The outstanding performer was a young cadet called Eddie. He had been matched with

our "Captain" Barker, but displayed such a devastating punch that Barker practically had been ruined by the first blow.

At sundown, the bugle sounded retreat and the ship's company stood in salute as the flag was slowly hauled down, bringing an end to the day's festivities. There was a wild scramble as the mainsail and royals were reset, the wheel relieved, and the starboard watch went below until midnight.

The next few days passed quickly. They were uneventful but never monotonous. Each change of watch seemed to bring with it something of interest to the small world we lived in. Although the deck scraping that had occupied so much of our time had at last been completed, there never was a scarcity of work. We were immediately turned to at the tiresome task of chipping rust. We had been twenty days at sea and already patches of rust showed through the grey paint causing it to blister and peel. To remove the rust we were furnished chipping hammers by the bos'n, and soon we were busy pecking away at the bulwarks, the deckhouse, or anything else made of metal. After the rust and paint had been removed by chipping and scraping, the spots were steel brushed and given two coats of red lead. This was followed by coats of grey.

Chipping rust and scraping paint were endless jobs at sea, jobs that were never finished. The work had its good points, though, inasmuch as it required an absolute minimum of thought. In fact, it required no thought at all; one had only to keep up a steady tap-tap although his mind might be a thousand miles away, or even a complete blank.

During the week following the Fourth of July we enjoyed the best weather of the entire voyage. Day after day we sailed slowly westward on a compass course just south of the 20th parallel. The wind held fair and steady through days in which we hardly touched the braces. From forward came the regular thrash of *Arapahoe's* bows as she plowed into gentle swells. Each morning the sun came up a golden ball to turn the blue water into a sea of glittering whitecaps; in the evening, its journey completed, it dropped back into the sea ahead of our bowsprit to paint the western sky a vivid red. This was called "flying fish weather" by the older men. The warm water teemed with these

finny creatures that, startled by our approach, would rise from the sea like silver arrows. During the night the ship seemed to have an odd attraction for them, and often daylight would find the scuppers dotted with their slender forms.

We were not the only ones enjoying the flying fish weather. Marc Anthony and Cleopatra, the two black pigs quartered under the fo'c'slehead, were given the run of the main deck. Considered a nuisance by most of the crew, and especially by the cadets who had to clean up after them, nevertheless they were the particular pets of old Alford. He would allow no one else to feed them, and would talk to them softly as they followed him about the deck. Often they would stand outside the galley door waiting impatiently and scolding loudly if the old man were late with their morning scraps.

Marc and Cleo were quick to learn about the flying fish and early each morning would make the rounds, shouldering each other out of the way to reach the delicious morsels.

Pigs were carried aboard for only one reason, so the crew might have a bit of fresh meat. Noting old Alford's attachment for the little animals, we wondered what would happen when it came time to butcher them. Asked when this was likely to occur, he fixed his questioner with a pair of watery, old blue eyes and replied, "Butcher 'em? Well, I'll tell ye, whenever Cohen gits hungry enough to eat fresh pork, that'll be time enough."

During the good weather we were again formed into classes to learn what was termed marlinespike seamanship. This was easy work and a welcome break from the dull, monotonous job of chipping and scraping rust. Mainly, it consisted of learning to tie the many knots, bends and hitches used aboard ship, the care of ropes and lines and how they were served and spliced.

To most of us it came as a surprise to learn there were less than a dozen ropes used aboard. Although there were miles of running rigging made of hemp, these were designated as lines; only the rankest landlubber would have referred to a clewline or buntline as a rope.

The finest lines, and the kind used throughout the running rigging, were known as Manila. Made from the fiber of the abaca

plant grown extensively in the Philippines, its hemp was famous for its strength and resistance to the effects of salt water.

Back home, if we had occasion to cut a rope, we simply tied a knot in each end to keep it from unraveling. Aboard ship this was strictly taboo; in order to prevent those frayed, untidy ends known as "cows' tails," we used a process called whipping. To whip the end of a line, a small light cordage was seized around its butt in an ingenious operation. When completed, both ends of the seizing were drawn in out of sight making a smooth, neat job that could be rove through a block if needed.

The first lesson in splicing was how to make an eye splice, taught by the Finn and Stavanger, both experts. We were also taught how to make the short and long splices used where two ropes were to be joined together.

When properly made, these were said to be equally as strong as any other part of the rope, and when made neatly, difficult to tell where they began and ended. On my first attempt, however, the splice was painfully apparent; so much so, in fact, that Stavanger was prone to comment, "Yeesus Chris! That splice looks yust lak a snake that svaallowed a litter of rabbits!"

One of the worst hazards to rope was chafing. To prevent this, chafing gear was usually rigged, or if the danger was only temporary, the rope simply might be wrapped in a length of old canvas. If, however, the area was in a place where the wear was more or less constant, the rope would be wormed, parcelled and served.

Worming was filling in the lay of the rope with small, tarred yarn until the surface was smooth and round. It was parcelled by wrapping with long strips of canvas. In serving we used a wooden mallet having a head grooved to fit the contour of the rope. After a few preliminary turns the yarn was wrapped about the handle of the mallet and, as a helper passed the ball, the mallet was turned around the rope, winding the yarn on tight.

Men like Stavanger and the Finn knew how to tie dozens of knots, bends and hitches. For the present, at least, our efforts would be confined to learning a few of the more commonly used. Probably the most useful of all was the square or reef knot. This was similar to the "Granny" knot, used by women to secure

bundles, and by small boys to tie their shoes. This was the first one learned when coming aboard.

Another of equal importance was the bowline, used when a loop or secure noose was needed in the end of a line or when making fast to a piling. The bowline had a particular advantage over the square knot in that it would not slip or pull tight; always easy to untie, even when placed under heavy stress, it could be used to connect two hawsers by passing the loop of one through the loop of the other.

Tying knots, or "nuts," as the mate very comically called it, was not our only fair-weather occupation. A good part of each watch during the daytime was spent in an extremely disagreeable task—tarring down the rigging.

Hemp will last a long time when properly cared for, but sun and dampness will cause it to deteriorate unless given a coat of tar at regular intervals. Tarring down was a dirty job. The tar was taken aloft in buckets and applied with rags; all ratlines, seizing and hemp parts of standing rigging were given a thick coat. After an hour or two at this work, our faces, hands and clothing would be smeared and for days we would curse the black sticky tar each time we went aloft.

The work was soon enlivened by the birth of a new song. At least the lyrics were new, "Tarring Down the Rigging on the Ship *Arapahoe*." The melody, however, was quite old. It was sung to the tune of "Glory, Glory, Hallelujah."

On Wednesday, July 10th, 1918, *Arapahoe's* log read as follows:

frish Breece E N E Smuth sea

Crew emplod sething up fore main and mizzen raggin
and tarring down, Wariosly emplod Giving coke suply
of wather

Course WxN lat 19°16' long 179°50' W.



Lime Juice and Tongues and Sounds

On Wednesday, July 10th we crossed the 180th meridian and Thursday the 11th automatically became Friday, the 12th. From now on our position would be shown using east longitude instead of west, or to use the second mate's terminology, "Tursday vas jumped."

It had become a custom that shortly before noon and evening meals one of us would prowl about in the vicinity of the galley and attempt to find out what we were having for chow. This was done in various subtle ways, using first one trick and then another as an excuse to stick our heads into the galley. After the area had been properly scouted and all available information gathered, the snooper would report back to the watch.

Occasionally the news would be gratifying, more often it was not. During the last week it had been worse than usual, so bad that Hank, the ship's "lawyer," had suggested we form a delegation and take our troubles aft. At first this seemed like a good idea, one in which we all were heartily in accord.

Brodie, learning of our plans said airily, "Sure, why don't you do that? The Old Man's on the poop right now. Why don't you go before you change your minds?"

"Don't worry, we're going to," said Hank.

"Oh, I promise you I won't worry," answered the bos'n in his most sarcastic tone.

"Well, we got some rights on this ship. Listen to this," insisted Hank. He opened his dog-eared copy of the seaman's act

and while we stood around in injured silence, started to read Section 40:

That every ship belonging to a citizen or citizens of the United States, shall be provided with a chest of medicines; and every sailing ship bound on a voyage across the Atlantic or Pacific ocean, or around Cape Horn, or the Cape of Good Hope, shall be provided with, and caused to be kept, a sufficient quantity of lime or lemon juice, and also sugar and vinegar, or other anti-scorbutics, as congress may sanction to be served out to every seaman as follows: that is to say, the master of every ship shall serve the lime or lemon juice, and sugar and vinegar, to the crew, within 10 days after salt provisions mainly have been served out to the crew, and so long afterward as such consumption of salt provisions continues, the lime or lemon juice and sugar daily at the rate of one half ounce per day, and the vinegar weekly at the rate of one half pint per week for each member of the crew.

"Yeah, I know all about that," said Brodie as Hank finished reading and slammed the book shut with an air of finality, "but you damn well better take a look at the fine print before you venture aft."

"I've already read the fine print," answered Hank. "Section 36 says a complaint that water or provisions are unfit for use or deficient in quantity must be made to the Captain by three or more members of the crew. Now, who wants to go with me?"

Apparently the watch looked upon Hank's contemplated invasion of the poop with the same enthusiasm displayed by mice in putting the bell on the cat; at any rate, there were no volunteers.

The Finn offered a possible solution when he came up with a suggestion said to have been used on sailing ships in the old days. This plan was to write out the grievance and have everyone sign in a manner known as the round robin. The signatures were placed in a circle like the spokes of a wheel, the theory being that since it had neither beginning nor ending, the Captain would be unable to pick the ringleaders out of the group.

At first this, too, was seized upon as a wonderful idea, but when asked if he would be willing to affix his signature to such

a paper, the Finn was quick to reply, "Who, me? Oh, no, I don't know how to write."

As for me, I had no desire to add to my present uncertain status with the Captain and mates, a feeling that seemed to be shared by most of the watch. Like other ideas that sprung up from time to time, it soon died a natural death and was forgotten.

Although the deputation to present our complaint to the Captain never reached the poop, word of the discontent must have gotten to him. That evening at supper a large black bottle of lime juice occupied a prominent place on the table.

In the olden days of sailing ships, the dread sickness known as scurvy, a disease marked by swollen and bleeding gums due to lack of proper vitamins, was common among sailors living for long periods on a diet of salt foods. Somehow, the British had discovered that a ration of lime juice would prevent this malady, one that frequently incapacitated many a ship's crew, and occasionally resulted in death.

This discovery caused laws to be passed requiring the serving of lime juice each day aboard British ships. Thus the term "Lime-juicer," came to denote a British ship and her crew to be referred to as "Limeys"—names that have adhered throughout the years and by which they are still known today.

The British sailors and their American cousins, quick to grasp any situation or occurrence likely to inject a bit of humor or gaiety into their otherwise drab and lonely lives, soon were singing a rollicking parody on the new law. As usual, there were many verses and variations.

They're all along the main deck, grumbling as they go,
Wishing Johnny would strike eight bells, so they could go
below,
But what's the use of worrying, you know you'll get your
whack,
Of lime juice and vinegar, according to the Act.

The lime juice served on *Arapahoe* was far from being a pleasant drink. It was sour and bitter and tasted like turpentine. Whether or not it had any preventative power for warding off disease, we never were able to determine. Now and then, some of us would come down with the usual headaches, pains or fevers,

and would go back to see the Captain. Ordinarily the patient would be given a stiff dose of salts, or maybe a couple of capsules of quinine, and the next day would be back on deck feeling as good as new.

Among men at sea for long periods, drinking lime juice was said to have uses other than the prevention of scurvy. Considered a joke by most cadets, nevertheless Laurence and a few of the older sailors refused to touch it. It was reported to have a tendency to dampen sexual ardor and to be a deterring agent against thoughts having nothing to do with seamanship. This caused one cadet to remark, "If that's true, that damn Stavanger should be given a double dose. He's worse than Oscar Wilde."

A section of the seaman's act also provided:

That every vessel engaged in deep water sailing shall be provided with a slop chest, which shall contain a complement of clothing for the intended voyage for every seaman employed, including boots or shoes, hats or caps, underclothing or outer clothing, oiled clothing, and everything necessary for the wear of seamen. Also a full supply of tobacco and blankets. Any of the contents of the slop chest shall be sold from time to time, to any or every seaman applying therefore, for his own use, at a profit not exceeding 10% of the wholesale value at the port at which the voyage commenced.

Saturday was slop chest day on *Arapahoe*, a custom prevalent on most ships. The stock was kept in an unoccupied stateroom off the main saloon. It consisted of clothing of various kinds, such as dungarees and rough work shirts, heavy leather shoes and rubber boots, all of the same cheap type found in dingy shops along the waterfront or in dirty show windows of skid row stores.

In addition to clothing it contained an ample stock of smoking tobacco, several of the more common brands being carried in cans. There were plenty of papers for rolling your own, but no ready-made cigarettes, a condition that caused no end of griping. It also included a quantity of chewing tobacco in long black plugs, and a store of snuff in small flat containers, called "Snus" by the Scandinavians. These items along with boxes of matches and bars of salt water soap were the extent of the ship's supplies.

With a crew of boys aboard, one would have thought that the slop chest might have contained a few candy bars or some such confection, but when this was mentioned to the Captain, he barked gruffly, "Vat? Candy bars? You t'ink maybe dis is girl's school? Here, tak' a plug of tobacco, make hair grow on your chest."

Making purchases from the slop chest was somewhat different from shopping in a department store. Only one or two were allowed to go below into the main cabin at the same time. The choice of merchandise was limited. There was no quibbling over the price; as a matter of fact, none of us knew what the prices were. Cash was not accepted, all purchases were debited against our pay, entered in an account book and deducted at the end of the voyage.

The weather between July 10th and 15th remained fair with clear skies and blue seas. In spite of our grouching about the food, the days passed quickly and we were making good time. There had been plenty of work and all hands were kept busy. The log written in Peterson's homely style contained such quaint entries as "men wariously emplod—giving the coke suply of wather" or "taring down the mizzen raggin."

During watch below we took the opportunity to drag our belongings out of the fo'c'sle and spread them over the hatches. I was horrified to find that my blue serge suit which I had so carefully wrapped and hung away was mildewed, and my shiny low shoes covered with green mold. Around me, others were brushing vigorously as forgotten suits were hung out to air. Bedding and mattresses were also put out to dry and the fo'c'sle given a thorough cleaning.

The water ration was tight, but somehow we managed to wash our clothes and eke out enough for the occasional sponging that passed for a bath. We had one advantage, the weather was warm and but scant clothing was needed; usually this was nothing more than shorts, and often when lounging about in the sun, the bolder ones wore nothing at all. "Captain" Barker seemed the least modest, and clad in nothing more than a towel draped around his skinny neck, he would parade the deck with all the dignity of a Julius Caesar in complete disdain of us lesser mortals.

Barker's effect on Stavanger at such times was amusing; awe stricken, the big fellow would shake his head and, as he moved away, mutter to himself, "Yeesus Chris'."

Among the more intellectual members of the crew there were spirited arguments as to what was responsible for Barker's unusual development. Sanbert, a college man, went into great detail, most of which was far over my head. According to his theory it had resulted from an excessive activity of the pituitary, a small gland which, he said, was situated near the base of the brain.

Ryan, both hands deep in his hip pockets, a half grin on his face, scoffed at this idea and offered a much simpler approach. "It's just like farming," he said, "you have to be careful and not plant your crops in the dark of the moon."

"Yeah? Vot happen if you do?" asked the Finn.

"They all turn to root," replied the farmer.

Breakfast on Monday the 15th had been worse than usual. It consisted of black coffee, liver pads that were tough and served without syrup, and bacon that smelled like overripe fish. Our allowance of canned milk and sugar had all been used for the week, and we would have no more until Wednesday. The watch was in a foul mood as we gathered around the table to sip at the coffee, nibble at the liver pads, and curse the cook, the Captain, the Shipping Board, and eventually get around to the federal government.

The bacon was impossible. Obviously spoiled and smelling to high heaven, it was shunned by all but Stavanger, who seemed to enjoy it. When asked how he could eat such a stinking mess, he rolled his small eyes upward and answered in an injured tone, "Yeesus Chris', a man's got to eat some t'ing, don' he?"

The end of the bacon came suddenly when Hank grabbed up the pan and threw the entire lot over the side. In such a small world as a ship at sea, news travels fast and minutes later the watch was lined up at the break of the poop being given a stiff going over by an irate Captain. Among the threats he mentioned if the offense were ever repeated, were double watches, demotion and cuts in pay. I wondered how a cadet,

already on the bottom rung of the ladder, and making only \$30 per month, could possibly be rated any lower.

At eleven o'clock, after sleeping fitfully and dreaming of food, I came back on deck to hang around the galley hoping to get a clue to what we were having for dinner. Slim was in his usual position, stretched on his bunk, his long legs crossed as he read from a well-worn magazine. An odd person, Slim seldom spoke unless it was absolutely necessary, and today was no exception. No one wanted his job and he knew it; at the slightest provocation he would threaten to quit, a threat that continually hung over the cadets of both watches.

His work was not hard—it was easy when compared to our tasks aloft in bad weather. At mealtime he put the heavy plates and coffee mugs around the table, and followed this with the knives, forks and spoons. The salt and peppers were slid down the table to be followed by the container for the sugar and the two cans of milk when we had any. As all these articles were kept in a cupboard at the end of the table, it required but little effort.

The bread was handed in from the galley to be cut in thick slices and stacked on two plates which were also slid down the table. With the watch at the table and the food passed in, his duties were over and he returned to his bunk to read or smoke until we were finished. No one waited on the table; if we wanted something out of reach we shouted for it. If no one paid any attention, we jumped up and got it.

When we finished eating, we left the table and Slim again stirred to life. The dirty dishes were stacked in the wooden tub and clean ones put in their place. The table was never wiped off after the first watch had eaten, and was often wet from spilled coffee and littered with particles of food.

After the second watch had been fed, the remaining dishes were gathered up and also stacked in the tub. Slim was allowed to heat a three-gallon bucket of salt water on the galley stove for washing dishes, this water being obtained from a tank in the galley and refilled each morning by the wash-down crew. Heating the water sometimes created quite a problem, especially during rough weather, or when Sandy, the cook, was in a bad humor.

If the weather was foul and the ship rolling, it was difficult to keep anything on the stove. If the cook was in an irritable mood, which he frequently was, it might be thrown out the door.

The dishes were washed on the fo'c'sle table using a suds of salt water soap. Often, long before they were finished, the water would be lukewarm or even cold, its top a layer of greasy scum. After being washed they were dried with dishcloths that once had been white, but were now a dingy brown. Occasionally they would be rinsed out by Slim and hung out to dry. As the voyage progressed they became darker and darker—we never seemed to mind. Slim's duties ended at the fo'c'sle table. With the dishes done and the table scrubbed, he was through until time for the next meal. The deck in the fo'c'sle was out of his jurisdiction, and regardless of how dirty it might be, he refused to scrub it while we, mindful of the club he held over our heads, were happy to do it on Saturday afternoons and say nothing.

Today as I stepped out onto the deck I noticed that the sky which had been blue and clear now had an overcast of greyish haze, while the sea was no longer smooth but looked dark and ominous as it rolled about us in oily swells.

Beside the galley door, old Alford, looking greasier than ever in a long, dirty apron, and wearing his usual skull cap, was prying the lid off a wooden tub. He was unshaven and his long, grey mustache stained with tobacco juice hung down from his face giving him an odd walrus-like appearance. He wore a grimy yellow undershirt tucked into a pair of khaki pants held up by a length of cordage. Below the apron protruded a pair of rough work shoes, spattered with grease and one missing a shoelace.

The old fellow must have found life on *Arapahoe* a hard berth. Called at four in the morning to hobble forward and start the fire, his day was spent in an endless succession of toiling in the galley, bringing stores from aft and scrubbing pots and pans. Many times I had attempted to draw him into conversation without success. A lonely old man, his only pleasure seemed to be derived from taking fond care of Marc and Cleo, his friends from the pig sty forward.

Wondering what the tub might contain, I stood by as he finished prying and removing the cover. Stepping to the bul-

wark, he threw the lid over the side, spitting a long stream of tobacco juice into the scuppers. As he did so, I leaned over and peered into the tub.

Inside, embalmed in a foul smelling liquid, was a collection of small slimy objects that, at first glance, looked like tiny unborn mice.

"What in the world is that?" I asked, stooping for a closer look.

"Tongues and sounds," replied the old man.

"What do you do with them?"

"Eat 'em if you're hungry enough," grunted the old fellow as he picked up the tub and stepped over the high threshold into the galley.

Back in the fo'c'sle I found the watch lounging in their bunks waiting for the cook to sound the noon chow call. "Guess what we're having for supper tonight," I opened, proud to be the first to bear important tidings.

"I don't know, but I'll bet it's not steak," mused Ryan from his corner bunk.

"Nope, tongues and sounds," I answered cheerfully.

"Tongues and sounds! For Christ's sake! Is that the best you can do?" growled Laurence.

"Why, aren't they good to eat?"

"Good to eat! I'd just as leave eat a mess of stewed --- ----" answered Laurence, mentioning the slang name for a part of the human anatomy not generally put in print.

"What are they?" I insisted, my curiosity aroused.

"Fish guts! That's what," he answered.

Cut off from the world and cooped up within the narrow confines of the ship, any piece of news or bit of gossip, however trivial, was immediately seized upon, carefully taken apart, and argued over for days. Soon the fo'c'sles buzzed with the report of the tongues and sounds and supper was eagerly awaited. Considerable difference of opinion had arisen as to the merits of the new dish. The Finn insisted, and was backed by Stavanger, that it "vas ver' gud." The rest of the A.B.s claimed only squareheads would eat such carrion, and that it wasn't fit for Marc and Cleo.

During the morning the second mate's watch had been busy moving spare lumber from atop the fo'c'sle and lashing it down on the skids. At eight bells, as we relieved them, it was evident a change of weather was in the offing and a nervous tension ran throughout the ship.

It was my wheel and as I took over from Craig, the sky was darkening. From the east big swells rolled toward us, lifting the stern high and allowing it to fall away as they passed below the keel. The wind was light, at times seeming to die away entirely, the ship rolled heavily, the sails slatting against the masts. At one bell the Captain and both mates came up from below to stand at the weather rail. Now and then, as they gazed around at the threatening horizon, I could overhear snatches of their conversation, "—glass falling—typhoon—big swell from—tomorrow—"

At two bells I was relieved by Sanbert and went forward to find the watch laying heavy planking lengthwise over the hatches. These in turn were crossed by timbers laid crosswise and lashed down with wire rope. By three o'clock it started to rain and we donned oilskins and sea boots. The work grew more difficult as the rain increased to a downpour and ran down our necks as we sweated and tugged at the heavy timbers.

The timbers and planking had been stored forward and, as we reeled along the heaving deck, one man on each end of a plank, it was difficult to keep our footing. Once, as she took a particularly steep roll, the Finn, carrying the front end of a four by four, slipped and went sprawling into the scuppers. Regaining his feet, he cursed loudly in a strange tongue, the only words I was able to understand being, "God dam' peegs!"

Throughout the afternoon the sky continued to look forbidding with heavy rain and big seas. At four bells we were held on deck to finish covering the hatches which brought the usual round of griping. In addition, life lines were being strung along both sides of the deck from the fo'c'slehead to the poop. All this seemed like unnecessary precaution in view of the light wind, but a rumor had been filtering through from aft that the barometer was falling steadily; the strange unsettled symptoms

were apparently sufficiently ominous to warn the Captain that a severe storm was brewing.

Late in the afternoon the overcast suddenly broke away allowing the sun to shine briefly before plunging into the sea under an unusually crimson sky. Soon we stormed noisily into the fo'c'sle, kicking out of boots and oilskins and yelling for Slim to bring on the food.

Eventually there came the familiar banging on the bulkhead followed by a rush to the table. Slowly coming to life, Slim pushed open the sliding window to receive two large pans heaped with boiled potatoes. Next came a great earthenware bowl which he sat gingerly on the table, making a wry face as he said, "O.K. Dig in."

Inside the bowl was a gooey mixture of something that gave off an odor of fish. Slowly and cautiously the nearest man ladled out a helping to be followed on down the line. When it came to Laurence, he held his nose and motioned it past, but both the Finn and Stavanger filled their plates.

Lofty, reaching in with his fork, held up a small skin-like particle that could have been anything, as he shouted to Cohen.

"Hey, Rabbi! Come here!"

After due examination by the Jewish boy and by being assured that it was not what it appeared to be, the watch settled down to supper. Later the matter was more or less clarified by Hank, the owner of the only dictionary aboard. In it, Mr. Webster gave the definition of the word "sound," as the air bladder of a fish. Even so, we were inclined to look upon them with misgivings each time they appeared on the table—an appearance which became more and more frequent as the weeks turned into months.

CHAPTER 8



Typhoon

That night the wind blew off and on and the swells built up rapidly. Several times during our watch rain came sweeping over the sea to pour down in torrential cloudbursts. The sky was inky black and at times, as the wind died away, the air felt close and muggy.

At lookout I was joined by the Finn and together we stood with our backs against the fo'c'slehead pipe rail, feet braced wide as *Arapahoe* rolled and wallowed. From overhead came the creak of rigging, the rattle of blocks and the flapping of canvas as the great masts swept the sky like pendulums of giant clocks.

Everyone seemed jumpy and nervous. It was as though we were waiting for something to happen, something frightening but which we had no power to avoid. Even the Finn was unusually quiet as we stared into the darkness and rain. Hoping to relieve the tension, I came up with a lame, "Sort of rough tonight, eh, bos'n?"

"Gon' blow hard."

"Oh, now! Wait a minute, how about that red sky this evening, don't that mean good weather?"

"Yeah, but he gon' blow lak hell firs'—typhoon, maybe."

"How can you tell when it's a typhoon?"

"Ho! Ho! Don' worry, you gon' know all right," he answered as he felt his way to the deck.

Breakfast on Tuesday morning was calamitous on the rolling ship. From the galley came the crash of pots and pans and the curses of the cook as things slid about in confusion. Inside the fo'c'sle conditions were but little better as we lay wedged in our bunks attempting to sleep. Eventually, hot coffee was handed

in, which we drank standing up with arms hooked around a stanchion. Cooking in the galley was impossible and we were lucky to have bread for the meal. On deck the starboard watch had worked since daylight snugging down the ship and making fast lines and gear. Apparently conditions had changed but little during their watch; the wind remained light with heavy squalls of rain.

The system of navigation used on *Arapahoe* was quite accurate even if a bit old-fashioned. The ship was equipped with a good chronometer and by taking morning and noon shots of the sun the Captain was able to determine fairly exact latitude and longitude.

During stormy weather with overcast skies, it became necessary to navigate by dead reckoning. This system was based on a calculation of the ship's speed and distance sailed over a certain course and from a certain fixed point. The speed and distance run were determined by an instrument known as the taffrail log. Secured to the rail at the stern of the ship, it resembled a speedometer with a dial indicating the speed and a meter showing miles traveled. Operated by a long line streaming out from the stern, one end was attached to the instrument and the other to a rotor device that caused the line to turn as it passed through the water. By keeping a careful record of the course sailed and the time we were on it, it was possible by knowing the distance run to have a pretty accurate idea of our position.

At eight bells, we came on deck to face a driving rain that made scraping or painting impossible. This was received with high glee by the cadets who figured we would be allowed to stand by in the fo'c'sle. Apparently, however, the rain presented no problem to the mate who, without doubt, had experienced like situations many times before. Soon the entire watch, except for the man at the wheel, was ordered forward to work under the fo'c'slehead.

The mate's order had aroused but slight enthusiasm, and there had been audible grumbling as we straggled forward through the downpour. Stavanger and Laurence were busily at work making a strop from a length of wire rope that had been secured from a huge roll in the 'tweendecks. Lofty and Sanbert had armed

themselves with scrapers, and started "scriping and shiping" rust on the anchor windlass, making a great fuss and noise as though to impress us lowly cadets with the importance of their task.

For a moment we stood around hoping we had been forgotten when suddenly, turning to the Finn, the mate asked, "How are dese men, bos'n, are dey gud at overhauling t'ings?"

"Yes, dey're ver' gud, Sir."

"Gud. Put dem to vork overhauling de potatoes."

Before leaving San Francisco, *Arapahoe* had taken on a supply of potatoes that looked ample for a voyage around the world. In spite of the fact that they had constituted the main item of food for thirty-two men three times a day for a month, we still had a formidable amount.

Apparently, the warm sub-tropical climate or the dampness under the fo'c'slehead had agreed with the potatoes or, maybe it was simply a desire to propagate their kind, at any rate they soon were throwing out long, green shoots.

Overhauling the potatoes consisted of removing the sprouts, cutting off any ends that had started to spoil, and picking out those that were beyond redemption. This was one job of overhauling that could be entrusted entirely to the cadets, and soon we were seated in a semi-circle like old ladies at a quilting bee as we plucked at shoots, whacked off ends and threw the finished product into empty bins. For the next several weeks it was to keep us occupied when the mate could find nothing else for us to do, and I am sure that during that time I personally became acquainted with most of the ship's potatoes. Evidently the mate recognized our contribution toward working the ship and wished to record our efforts because the log for July 16th contained the following entry:

"Scriping foreward windles and shiping rust under fore-castle head two mend puting strops on the yard remen-der overhauling the potatoes

Course W $\frac{1}{2}$ S lat 16°45' long 167°

According to the Finn it had been the custom on German ships to rig safety ropes from the masts out to the end of the

yards in such a manner that the ropes would be at one's back. Their purpose was to prevent a fall over backward in case a hand slipped while hauling on a stubborn sail. Another precaution taken during heavy weather was safety netting; nets of wide mesh strung above the bulwarks to prevent men being washed over the side when the ship was boarded by seas. *Arapahoe* was fitted with neither of these devices, and listening to his stories of men (even whole watches) lost overboard, did nothing to decrease our nervousness.

Throughout the day it rained continually; at times the sky seemed to close in, shutting out the daylight and causing us to glance aloft. Now and then, as she rolled farther than usual, a sea would break over the side and green water rush from bulwark to bulwark before running out freeing ports in a smother of foam.

The heavy rains had furnished us an opportunity to try out our oilskins, most of which had been bought from the slop chest and were of an inferior quality. After a few hours spent lying over the yards on our stomachs, the middle of the short jackets were worn to the consistency of cheesecloth, and of about the same value in dispelling water. To make them more resistant some of the crew painted them with linseed oil, a treatment that was not permanent but effective while it lasted. Regardless of what was worn or the precautions taken, it was an impossibility to keep dry and usually by the end of the watch we were soaked.

During our afternoon watch below most of the conversation had to do with typhoons and what probably would happen if we were caught in one. Both Stavanger and the Finn claimed to have been in them, or at least on their outer edges. Both knew they went around in a circle, the wind "she blow lak hell," and came from the south. That was about the extent of their knowledge.

Pape had entered the fo'c'sle to throw off a dripping sou'wester and wiped his face with a towel. He had been aft and checked the distance of our day's run by the patent log on the taffrail. After spreading his chart on the table, he was busily engrossed pricking off our position with a pair of pointed dividers. The position of the ship was always the most interesting bit of news on *Arapahoe*, and Pape soon was surrounded by an eager

group as he extended the penciled zigzag line three quarters of an inch to the west.

"Well, there you are, men," he said, snapping shut his dividers. "If we have any luck, by this time next week we may be sighting Guam."

Instantly a babble of voices broke out as questions were flung at him with regard to the extraordinary weather we were experiencing. His face became grave as he started to talk. Outside, the rain continued to come down heavily, while inside the air was hot and sticky like the interior of a Turkish bath. The fo'c'sle was hushed as he explained the phenomena of the giant waves.

"Probably," he said, they were caused by a violent storm somewhere to the south and we were catching only the swells it had kicked up. This was a welcome thought, and grasping at straws, we were all agreeing that undoubtedly this was what had occurred when his next words dashed our hopes. "Of course, that's what we'd like to think, but there's a few bad features we can't overlook. One's the time of year; late summer and fall is the typhoon season when they can happen anytime. The second is our location. This is the typhoon zone," he said, as he picked up his pencil and circled an area roughly the size of a dinner plate. Crowding closer, I noted that the circle took in the north half of the Philippines, the East China Sea, and both the Mariana and Caroline Islands. I also noted with a queasy feeling that our position only a few hundred miles east of Saipan put us well within this circle.

"Oh, well, why worry," said the easy-going Ryan, as waiting for an opportune moment between rolls he climbed onto his upper bunk, "you say it's somebody else's wind; it'll all be blown out time it gets up here."

"No, I didn't say that," answered Pape. "I said, 'probably,' it was the aftermath of a storm. What's got the Old Man worried is the glass. It's been dropping steadily for two days and still going down."

"Yeah! That damn cheap Shipping Board," began Hank, "why the hell don't we have a radio on this ship, then we'd know what's going on. Christ! Not even a storm warning. We could sink for all they give a damn! Nobody'd ever know what happened to us."

"Radio?" said Skinner with a nervous laugh. "You'd hardly expect a radio on a ship that feeds you on salt horse and tongues and sounds, and not even a place to take a bath or dry your clothes. Right now I'd settle for a can of peaches."

As a ripple of strained laughter went around the group, Pape continued in his calm voice. "I wouldn't attach too much importance to a radio if I were you. After all, what good would weather reports do? A sailing ship can't run away from a storm, we have to take it as it comes. Maybe it's better this way."

"Typhoon," a dread word filled with mysterious implications of danger, was one that many of us had never heard before shipping on *Arapahoe*. Now, as Pape went on to speak of this type of storm and its effect on a sailing ship, the full gravity of our situation slowly dawned upon us.

A typhoon, he explained, was a tropical cyclone occurring most frequently in the Indian Ocean and China Sea. A peculiar feature of these storms was the direction the wind revolved around the center, or eye, as he called it. In the Southern Hemisphere this direction was clockwise, but counter clockwise in the Northern.

The wind was said to reach terrific force as it circled around this center, often blowing from 100 to 150 miles per hour. According to Pape, the forward speed was slow and fortunately its path narrow, usually not more than ten to fifteen miles in width. This path, however, was marked by destruction of the worst kind; houses blown down, trees uprooted, and crops ruined. Originating at sea, typhoons sank small craft and damaged and destroyed shipping.

The usual method for a steamer caught in a typhoon, he said, was to head into the wind and use the power of her engines to ride out the storm. This might be easier said than done; with a ship attempting to turn in one direction and the wind pushing against her in the other, even her engines might be insufficient to bring her up into the wind and she would be caught broadside in the trough. This condition, known as broaching, was extremely dangerous, something to be avoided at all costs.

A sailing ship, with no engines, was strictly at the mercy of the elements. If caught in the fury of a typhoon, little more

could be done other than heave to under bare poles and hope for the best.

A quiet and sober group watched Pape as he buttoned the strap of his sou'wester and started for the door. Turning the knob he looked back over his shoulder and said with a half grin, "Hope I haven't said anything to disturb you boys. Just remember those guys over in the trenches probably are having their troubles, too."

All during the night the wind blew fitfully from east northeast with but little change in the size of the seas. On the morning watch we again worked under the fo'c'slehead and listened to the petulant complaints of Marc and Cleo who objected to being penned up in the tiny sty. The overhauling of the potatoes was progressing slowly; with the mate aft, it came to a complete stop to be resumed briskly when he again made his appearance. With the rain we again had an ample supply of water for washin' but now there was no place to dry anything, and the dark, threatening sky made sunshine seem remote.

At eleven o'clock, Cohen came from the wheel to report that he had overheard the Captain tell the mate to be ready to take in sail. The wind was still from east northeast, and although only moderate in intensity, there was that unmistakable moan in the rigging we had learned to associate with rising weather.

As we went below at eight bells, the rain had slackened but the sky seemed darker than ever. High above, black clouds went scudding along, and spray flew over our bows as *Arapahoe* dropped into deep valleys of water. At dinner we ate as if we were starved, bracing ourselves at the swaying table to wolf down white beans and great chunks of bread. Momentarily expecting to be called out, we were strangely silent as we stood by, clinging to stanchions or holding to the edge of bunks. Now and then, as muffled shouts were heard, we would listen, each man tense and nervous.

No one was ever prepared for the chilling shout of "All hands aloft!" even though it may have been expected for hours. Suddenly it came as the door burst open to be filled by the square figure of the mate. "O. K., boys, everybody out!"

The very tone of his voice and the grimness of his face left no doubt as to the urgency of the matter, and in a minute we

were rushing out on deck. Apparently, the Captain had no intention of being caught unprepared, for already the starboard watch was hauling at clew and buntlines of the fore and mizzen royals, while the halyard of the flying jib was let go allowing it to come screaming down the stay. Minutes later, Skinner, Lofty, Johnny and I were making our way aloft, pressing tightly against the fore weather shrouds as the ship rolled and pitched. It was not easy to climb to the royal yard and I experienced a few bad moments as we edged out along the footrope grasping the jackstay tightly. Up aloft we could feel the full fury of the rising wind, while about the ship the great seas surged, breaking over the deck in smothers of foaming water.

With the mizzen and foreroysals made fast, both watches were held on deck. During our watch below the wind had gradually swung around to the dangerous south and two men were at the wheel. As the afternoon waned, the word was passed that the barometer had fallen additional points and that more sail would be taken in shortly. With the wind at the new angle, *Arapahoe's* yards were braced around sharply to starboard and we were close hauled on the port tack. The ship rode better with the wind on the quarter and despite the shift to the south, some of us tried to make ourselves believe we had seen the worst of it. There were even a few jokes bantered back and forth among the two watches gathered under the shelter of the fo'c'slehead. This feeling, however, was not shared by the A.B.s and bos'ns, especially the Finn who stared at the black sky to the south and ominously shook his head.

That evening darkness came early, seeming to settle over the ship like a blanket as the sea took on the color of lead and an oppressive feeling filled the air. Suddenly the order came to take in the cro'jack, mizzen topgallant and the main royal. Now, we had plenty of work for all hands as these sails were clewed up to the yards. As usual, I fell heir to the royal and was soon up onto the yard, this time along with three members of the starboard watch. The wind had slowly increased in strength and the backstays were shrieking and howling as we bundled the sail up onto the yard and made it fast with the gaskets. Although the hour was early, the sky was black as we flattened against

the weather rigging and, feeling cautiously for the ratlines, made our way to the deck.

The mizzen topgallant was smaller than the same sails on the fore and main and, despite the darkness and the wind slowly increasing to gale strength, we finally got it furled. During this time it had again started to rain, first in sudden squalls that, blown with the wind, felt like the sting of needles; then as the wind slacked for a moment, it changed to a torrent that fell in a solid stream of water, blinding us so that we groped about feeling uncertainly for the lines at the pinrails.

The cro'jack, a big sail, wet and heavy, was a brute to handle. As usual, the two watches divided, each watch hauling on the bunt and clewlines on their own side of the yard. Slowly, after much shouting and heaving, the big canvas was hauled up to hang flapping and beating the air. At times the ship would stagger as great seas drove into her to break over the bulwark filling the deck knee deep with water. Up on the yard we strung out on each side of the mast hanging on tight as the ship rolled in the darkness. From the port end of the yard, the bos'n was shouting something, the words blown from his lips, unintelligible to any but those beside him. In close to the mast Stavanger worked like a demon, and under his urging the center of the sail was eventually brought up and fastened with a gasket.

At first most of us standing on the footropes in the rain-swept darkness could do but little more than hang on; slowly, as our fears subsided, the training we had received came to our aid, and moving out to the weather side, we were soon hauling the heavy canvas up under our stomachs and fighting for the bottom boltrope.

Once as the ship rolled heavily to port, the yard over which I was hanging, pointed downward at a sharp angle and my feet started to slide. For an instant I thought we were capsizing and as I looked down into the dark water, I held my breath, experiencing a panic so terrifying I wanted to scream from fright. Slowly, after what seemed like ages, she started rolling back to starboard and I found myself hanging on with both hands as I slid toward the mast. Weak and shaky, I thought of the Finn's warning about falling over the side; obviously, a fall into the

sea would have been a drop into eternity. With her lifeboats lashed down and covered with canvas, and the ship rushing through the black night in the mountainous seas, there could have been no possible way of effecting a rescue, even the thought of it would have been absurd.

It was nearly midnight when at last, tired, hungry and wet, we again sought shelter under the fo'c'slehead. By now it was blowing hard and the ship was laboring badly. Back in the darkness, cigarettes were lit, their ends glowing red as smokers sucked at them nervously.

At eight bells the wheel was relieved by two men from the starboard watch. In a sea such as this, the wheel was the most dangerous place on the ship. Both men were lashed to the wheel-box as a protection against the gigantic seas that came smoking up from astern. On some of the larger four-masted barks, the wheel had been placed atop a deckhouse amidships. In others, a half-circular device known as a whaleback was erected aft of the wheel. These different constructions were a protection from the great walls of green water that threatened to engulf the stern and wash the helmsman away. On *Arapahoe*, in spite of her having made numerous trips around the Horn, she had no such protection, the wheel was located on the open deck at the very end of the poop.

As the weather grew worse and the seas built up, the Captain seldom went below. Most of the time he was at the weather rail, bracing himself against the violent rolls as he watched the straining rigging. Frequently, he would look into the binnacle, staring long at the compass card as the lubber line swung wildly.

Steering in such a sea was a nightmare; it took the combined efforts of two men literally fighting the wheel to keep the big ship near her course. The freakish wind veering from southwest to south sent *Arapahoe* plunging into terrific seas. Often, great ragged combers came crashing aboard to race the length of the open deck, causing us to leap for the shrouds or hang to lifelines to keep from being bowled over by the force of the rushing water.

At four in the morning we were hit by a frightful squall, the worst we had experienced. For a time *Arapahoe* lay over with

her lee rail covered as the seas lifted her to the top of great crests before dropping her into canyons of water. Quickly, the howling of the wind turned to an uproar as waves came piling over the sides and the ship lurched and reeled.

Suddenly, the dark figure of the mate appeared, bawling orders in a foghorn voice. Both the fore and main topgallants and the great mainsail were to be taken in. Following the bos'ns out onto the wildly swinging deck we found buntlines off their pins and clewlines badly tangled. To me it seemed a hopeless mess, trying to untangle lines in the dark as great walls of water came over the bulwark to rush from side to side. Often, the hatches would be covered as battering combers exploded against them to send sheets of water flying. At such times I was thankful that the hatch covers had been reinforced with planking. Nothing could have saved the ship had their coverings torn loose in that maelstrom of wind and waves.

Many times as we struggled to get the sails clewed up we were swept off our feet by the force of the water. Once, I was knocked down to go rolling over and over into the scuppers, hanging desperately to the end of a buntline as I fought to regain my footing. Sea boots and oilskins were of but little value in this kind of weather; boots filled with water were only a hindrance, while oilskins could do little more than keep out the wind.

Finally, with the topgallants clewed up we were ready to go aloft. With all hands on deck our watch would furl the fore, and the starboard the main. Climbing up the shrouds we came to the foretop; it was no time for false bravado, and I was glad to crawl through the hole in the platform instead of the dangerous route out over the futtock shrouds. As we reached the yardarm and spread out along its length we felt the force of the gale as the ship heeled over and the yard swung like a thing possessed.

The topgallant was of heavy storm canvas and felt stiff as cast iron as it defied our efforts to furl it. In the darkness we could see very little; on one side of me was a black lump of oilskins that was Sanbert, on the other, I thought I recognized Hank. Now and then I heard a hoarse shout; above everything was the roar and shriek of the wind forcing us against the yard and blowing oilskin jackets over our heads. Time seemed to stand still as

we battled the thrashing sail and hung on desperately to keep from being pitched headlong into the black void below us.

Although it certainly was no time for day dreaming, I thought of the folly that had caused me to leave a comfortable home and place myself in such a situation. Surely, the life of an infantryman in the trenches could be no more hazardous or terrifying than being in this perilous spot, standing on a thin rope in the darkness high above the deck with the ship yawing drunkenly. Below there was nothing but the raging sea.

Dawn was breaking over a dismal scene as we made our way to the deck. Seas still poured over the bulwarks; from deck level they looked more gigantic and frightening than ever. Although tired and half dead from our ordeal with the topgallants, not a minute was lost by the crew, even the cabin boy and cooks were on deck to help with the mighty mainsail in response to "All Hands Aloft!"

In the fading darkness of early morning, we stared at the tremendous seas as they came roaring by the ship. More than a thousand feet in length, they were sloping on the lee side, steep-walled on the other, pushed up by the mighty force of the south wind now reaching hurricane proportions. Time and again, as huge combers crashed over the sides, it seemed *Arapahoe* would never free herself of the great weight of water. Each time she rose shuddering as green seas surged along the deck and she plunged over into the next trough—troughs so deep it seemed a two-story building might easily have been lost in their depths.

By this time most of us knew what to expect in taking in the mainsail; even so, it was a heartbreaking task, as slowly, inch by inch, the heavy, wet canvas was hoisted up to the yard. The mates stood by to slack off the sheets as we hauled at clew and buntlines, apparently unwilling to trust this important task to anyone else. In a wind such as this, it would be easy to lose control of the sail; had this occurred, it would have been blown to pieces in an instant.

Up aloft, weary and stupid from fatigue, we put in another frightful two hours before the mainsail was furled. By now it was nearly noon, and we had gone almost twenty-four hours without food or sleep. The ship was stripped down to the upper

and lower topsails, the big foresail and the fore staysail. She was still overcanvased, and the word went around that the foresail and upper topsails also would have to come in.

The wind, awe inspiring, showed no indication of diminishing. Long ribbons of white streaked the tops of the swells to be blown off like smoke as we plunged into deepening valleys.

The galley was a flooded wreck and cooking was impossible, but somehow Sandy had managed to make coffee and we were allowed to go below for a much-needed break. The fo'c'sle again a shambles, had water sloshing about, its deck a jumble of broken crockery, ruined clothing and sodden books. Some of the steel lockers had broken open, spewing their contents onto the deck, adding to the mess of wreckage that washed from side to side.

Exhausted, we moved mechanically as if by instinct, dull-eyed, and with brains half functioning, rapidly reaching the stage where nothing seemed to matter. Gulping hot coffee and gnawing at sea biscuits like starving dogs, we stared at one another while some, dropping onto water-soaked bunks, immediately fell asleep. Hanging to a stanchion, I was dimly aware of a gurgling sound as water splashed around and under the bunks, and of the groan of the hull under terrific stress as the ship rolled to her extreme limits of stability.

After what seemed like only minutes, weary and half asleep, we were staggering out the lee door to be met by a wall of water. *Arapahoe*, running wild through seas so large they defied imagination, reeled like a drunken thing, at times heeling over so far it was impossible to keep our footing.

Eventually, as night settled down, dark and threatening, the big foresail and all three upper topsails were taken in and secured. We were now under three lower topsails and the small fore staysail; the next move could mean bare poles, a highly dangerous condition in these gigantic seas—an action to be taken only as a last resort.

Although dead tired, before either watch could go below it was necessary to bring some semblance of order out of the chaos of lines and ropes tangled and scattered about the decks. Following this, the starboard watch was dismissed but ordered to remain fully dressed and ready to turn out at a moment's notice.

With big seas breaking over the bows, the lookout's position was untenable. He was moved to the foretop and lashed to the shrouds. A man was stationed on each fo'c'sle to relay messages to and from the poop; the rest of the watch stood by, shivering under the fo'c'slehead.

By four o'clock the gale that had blown in ugly gusts throughout the night showed signs of abating, and Saturday morning, July 20th, found a faint tinge of yellow light above the eastern horizon. The seas were still mountainous, and the ship steered badly, but as the morning advanced, the sky seemed to lighten and we hoped the worst was over.

Relieved at eight bells, we were further encouraged by a breakfast of cornmeal mush, coffee, and hardtack, the first hot food we had eaten since the storm drove into us nearly two days before. Afterward, we threw ourselves onto our bunks and, as the water seeped in around the doors and splashed about in the fo'c'sle, fell into unconscious sleep.



The Rescue

During daylight, Saturday, we attempted to do something about the mass of tangled rigging. Although the wind had gone down somewhat, the seas were still titanic, breaking over the side to inundate the deck in an overwhelming millrace, a force that could bowl men over like tenpins.

By late afternoon it looked as though the weather might moderate still further; in the fo'c'sles blankets were wrung out, wreckage thrown over the side, and a half-hearted attempt made to bail out the water. The spirits of even the most optimistic were therefore dampened when, at the change of watch, we were suddenly ordered to take in the mizzen lower topsail.

Both watches were grumbling at this seemingly unnecessary precaution, especially those due to go below. Some of the crew coming on deck had managed to find dry clothes; their feelings were not improved when they were drenched immediately by a great wave as they leaped wildly for the life line.

The mizzen lower topsail was not one of the largest sails on *Arapahoe*, but with the ship racing ahead, straining at every shroud and backstay, taking it in was a mighty task. Our work was made extra difficult by buntlines being fouled in their blocks. On the starboard side, Brodie and Bergstrom sweated and cursed as they labored on this stubborn gear, while the rest of us, hanging on tight, braced against the gusts and waited for the lines to be freed.

With the lower topsail taken in, the mizzen was bare leaving only three sails on the entire ship, the lower topsails on the fore and main and the fore staysail on the big wire stay that ran from the foremast down to the fo'c'slehead.

Even as we reached the deck the mate was bellowing for us to get forward and take in the staysail. Waiting for a moment between rolls we rushed forward, floundering through water that surged over the deck and poured out freeing ports that banged shut as the ship rolled in the opposite direction.

Forward, the Finn let go the halyard and we hauled on the downhaul bringing the staysail down. I was thankful the jibs were in and made fast, for under the bowsprit the sea boiled upward as *Arapahoe* plunged into swells sending water cascading over the bows. We had a few bad minutes as the sheet block lashed about furiously, threatening to knock us overboard. Eventually it was secured, and throwing our weight onto the whipping canvas we furlled it and made it fast.

The wind was blowing strongly as we made our way below. It had started to rain again, and although the hour was still early, the sky had assumed a strange unnatural darkness. Worn out and rapidly nearing the breaking point, the watch looked tired and drawn as we entered the dreary fo'c'sle. Overhead, with the sails off the ship, the wind blowing through the naked rigging was setting up an unearthly din. Supper that night was little more than a name. Although the galley had been flooded and cooking impossible, somewhere Sandy had discovered a few cans of corned beef; hardly enough to go around, but by filling up with hardtack and hot coffee, we were able to get by. Most of us were too nearly exhausted to be hungry, and wanted only to lie down and sleep. Even standing erect on the slanting deck had been an exertion. This, coupled with the hard work, wet, hunger and loss of sleep, was rapidly taking its toll.

Little was said as sea boots were emptied and socks wrung out. Most of us were too tired to talk, or maybe, there just was nothing to say. There was none of the banter usually flung about the fo'c'sle. Everyone was quiet, grim; even Ryan, noted for making light of the toughest situation, was silent, his eyes hollow, his face clearly showing the strain. In his cross-ship bunk, Johnny Hoculak lay quietly, his dark eyes staring straight ahead, his face looking pinched and old.

The Finn sat in the gloom of his tiny quarters, his cigarette flaring up brightly as he took enormous drags which he inhaled

deeply and blew out in bluish clouds. He was a strange man from a strange land related neither to Sweden nor Norway. Finland lies between Sweden and Russia, part of it well beyond the Arctic Circle, its people of mysterious origin.

Hank, bracing himself on the edge of his bunk, suddenly shouted, his voice shrill and irritable rising above the roar of the wind and the creak and groan of the ship. "For Christ's sake, bos'n! How much longer is this going to last? Don't these damn storms ever blow over?"

"Yeah, he gon' blow over, but tonight, he gon' blow ver' bad."

"You mean to say it'll be worse tonight?"

"Shur."

"How the hell do you know?"

"I don' know how I know, but he come bad tonight. Why you t'ink all sail es in but lower tops'ls?"

"I don't know anything about that, but if anybody ever gets me on one of these damn windbags again—"

"Yeah, dat's O.K., but you're here now," interrupted the Finn, pointing to the deck with his forefinger. Right at that particular moment my own sentiments regarding sailing ships were most heartily in accord with Hank's.

At eight bells, wind and spray flew through the door as it opened to admit a dripping O'Connor, police on the starboard watch. After shaking each man into wakefulness, we were told that roll call at the break of the poop had been dispensed with, and that the watch would stand by under the fo'c'slehead.

It was my trick at the wheel with Stavanger, and as we stepped out the door the rain lashed at our faces with a hissing noise, while the wind whistled, roared and wailed as dark waves towered above us. For a moment we stood in the lee of the fo'c'sle, steadying ourselves against the roll and accustoming our eyes to the darkness. Grasping life lines, we edged our way aft, leaping to the mainmast fife rail to avoid seas that came sweeping the deck, and rushing to the poop companionway as the ship hesitated before heeling in the opposite direction.

As we took over the wheel from Jones and Maringo and were given the course, "West north-west," I noticed that both men were sweating freely. On the lee side from Stavanger I drew the

lashing tightly around my waist and watching him closely, heaved on the spokes when needed.

Although Stavanger probably was the best helmsman on *Arapahoe*, and I made every effort to help him, steering was extremely difficult. At times she rolled almost on her beam ends before careening back in a sickening motion that kept us fighting the wheel to keep her from coming into the wind. Often waves unbelievably big and black loomed above the stern, causing me to duck and grip the spokes. Occasionally water broke over the poop to pour off the half round in rushing torrents; usually at the last moment the stern would shoot upward to hang suspended before dropping dizzily into huge troughs.

At two bells our trick was over. Two black figures, Laurence and Cohen held on to the taffrail as they moved up to us in the darkness.

Going forward I spent a dismal hour at police, crouching low behind the scuttlebutts which afforded but scant shelter. Later I relieved Skinner at lookout and, lashed to the pipe rail, peered into the murky blackness, shielding my face from the rain.

The storm was mounting in fury as I joined a shadowy group huddled under the fo'c'slehead. From aloft came an indescribable noise as the wind increased to a full gale driving *Arapahoe* before it. By midnight it was reaching its peak with the ship pitching and burying her bows in the seas. Smashed by giant waves that came crashing aboard, the lookout could no longer maintain his position and as the water surged waist deep about the deck, both watches were forced to take refuge in the fo'c'sle.

During the next several hours we hovered in a group, clinging to stanchions or braced in bunks. The ship was fighting for her life and from outside came the scream and moans of a great wind as it tore through the rigging in a bloodcurdling din. Now and then the oil lamp would flicker and smoke as seas struck the fo'c'sle with such terrific force that its steel sides would shiver and shake. We looked from one to the other in silence.

In his dark corner the Finn was talking to himself in a low tone; occasionally, a match would flare, lighting his stubbled face as he held it to a cigarette.

Of all the men crowded into the narrow space, Stavanger seemed the least perturbed. Dressed in his torn oilskins and battered sou'wester, the big overgrown fellow sat bracing himself in his lower bunk. Once, as *Arapahoe* staggered and trembled from a sea that must have engulfed the entire ship, causing water to squirt in around the doors and come trickling down from the skylight, he gave me a broad wink, rolled his eyes upward, and said with a grin:

"Yeesus Chris! Mus' be rainin' out dere."

Stavanger was an odd character, ignorant, and frequently bragging of the most shocking acts, yet, as he talked we seemed to gain from him a sense of security and a renewed faith in our ship. Somehow, I felt less like a rat in a trap as I heard him say, "Don' worry, she'll mek it all right. Dis is a big steel ship—she's been t'rough all dis before."

This brought a "Thank God!" from Maringo, starboard watch cadet, who, crouched in a far corner, his fingers entwined by a small silver chain, had been muttering incoherently.

"Yeah, that's fine," came the thin, rasping voice of Brodie, "while you're at it, though, you might throw in a few thanks for the Scotchmen who built her. Maybe they had something to do with it, too."

Other than this, there was but little conversation, the two watches crowding the close quarters waited quietly, the dim light of the fo'c'sle lamp shining feebly on faces deeply lined, and eyes that were tired and dull.

At last the long hours of darkness came to an end and we looked out on a world of weird half-light. Sheets of driving rain swept the ship, while overhead dark clouds raced through a sky still threatening and portentous. The seas, huge, black and formidable, seemed to be breaking in every direction, their tops blown off in spindriffs of blinding spray, to fly through the air like grey smoke.

During Sunday, the wind blew with undiminished strength, the sky had a heavy overcast, and late afternoon found dusk again settling over the ocean. At four in the afternoon we went below to eat a meager supper of boiled macaroni laced with an

insipid sauce. Finished, we fell onto soggy bunks and fully clothed, dropped off into exhausted slumber.

With darkness there came a respite from the gale that had blown at near hurricane force throughout the day. Although the seas were still enormous, they were not quite so vicious as they came rolling over our weather rail to fill the waist with water.

Just before eight bells we were awakened by Bond and stumbled about the fo'c'sle, eyes swollen and brains numb from lack of sleep. Outside, the wind still howled like a banshee, the ship rolled badly, and water could be heard sloshing about the deck. Buttoning oilskins and rubbing sleep from our eyes, we made our way aft to the muster. The wheel was relieved by Sanbert and Barker, the lookout by Ryan, and I had the wretched job of police.

Later, after replacing Ryan and lashing myself to the rail, I stood staring ahead, shutting my eyes as flying spray stung my face and solid water came over the bow. Cold, wet and hungry, I was barely conscious of the dark figure that suddenly loomed beside me. It was the Finn. Crowding close he shouted above the noise of the wind.

"Hey, Louie. You hear de news?"

"News? What news?"

"De peegs!"

"Pigs? What about them?"

"Dey bof gon'—vashed over side las' night!"

"No!"

"Shur, dey gon' all right. No pork chops now."

It was true. While we sweated out the storm in the fo'c'sle, Marc and Cleo had managed to get out of their pen to fall victims of the gale. As I thought of them following old Alford about the deck begging for scraps, I realized that somehow I had never associated them with pork chops.

At ten o'clock I was relieved at lookout by Barker. Soon, I was seated at the fo'c'sle table, my head on my arms, completely oblivious to the roar of the wind and the creak and groan of the ship. The rest of the watch were gathered about me, all still in

oilskins and sea boots. Some dozed as they sprawled on bunks; others sat at the table and stared into space.

Suddenly from forward came muffled shouts followed by the ringing of the bell. Instantly every man was on his feet, wide awake. The Finn, springing from his bunk, dashed out the door, bareheaded, his long hair flying in the wind as he shouted, "Qveek! Man overboard, maybe!"

Stumbling and falling in the darkness, we followed him to the fo'c'slehead to crowd around "Captain" Barker.

"What's the matter?" shouted a dozen voices.

"I saw a light over there!" he answered excitedly, pointing to the northwest.

"Over where?"

"Over there!" he repeated, continuing to point.

Every head turned in the direction indicated and stared long and hard into the darkness. By that time we were joined by both mates, while the watch below came running forward.

"Vot's de madder op haar?" shouted Mr. Knudsen.

"Oh, Barker saw a light," someone laughed.

"A light? Vare?"

"Right over there, Sir, about two points off the starboard bow."

"Are you shur? Vot did it luk lak?"

"It was a white light, Sir—burned bright for a minute and then went out."

For at least ten minutes we stood shivering, hanging onto the railing and gazing into the blackness as sheets of water came flying over the bows. Some of the watch had returned to the fo'c'sles, others were turning away with snide remarks suggesting that Barker try drinking more lime juice, or that he sleep with his hands outside the blankets, when someone shouted, "THERE IT IS, SIR!"

Turning, I saw it distinctly. Far off in the darkness, appearing no larger than the flame of a match, it burned brightly for an instant, then dimmed more and more until we found ourselves staring into empty blackness.

"What do you make of it, Sir?" someone asked.

"It's a distress signal. Bos'n, call all hands!"

In an instant *Arapahoe* became a scene of excited activity as all hands were called on deck. Suddenly from the poop a blue light illuminated the sky, outlining our rigging in a ghostly silhouette and casting an eerie glow over the water. For a full twenty seconds our answering flare burned with a luminous light, while every eye was glued to the dark in the direction we last had seen the signal.

After a long wait it came again, this time farther abeam—that same white light now appearing to be farther away, burning brightly for nearly a half minute before fading out in the distance.

Even as the signal disappeared, there came the order, "Stand by to set upper tops'ls fore and main!"

"Jesus Christ! In this wind and sea, what for?" asked someone.

"Ve gon' udder tack purty qveek an' Ol' Man vants planty sail so her head she com' op fast," answered the Finn.

"What the hell's he going on the other tack for, bos'n?"

"Got to go udder tack or heave to. If ve don' ve go off an' leave dem."

Nearly two o'clock, after a mighty battle in the heavy wind and breaking seas we got the topsails set and were ready to go about. With additional sail *Arapahoe* went tearing through the water at an increased speed, plunging into great troughs to ship seas that came rushing down the deck to where we stood waiting at the winches.

Bringing the ship about in the darkness in high wind and heavy seas was a maneuver that called for a high degree of skill on the part of the Captain. It had to be executed with split-second timing and left no margin for error. We had tacked ship many times in fair weather, and in our training had gone through simulated drills. This was our first attempt in the teeth of a gale.

Pape, cool-headed and experienced was at the weather helm with Bond standing at the lee. Everything was in readiness and each man at his position. At a sharp command from the Captain, Pape spun the wheel to port, bringing *Arapahoe's* head up into the wind. For a minute there was a tremendous tumult in the rigging, a whipping of canvas and banging of blocks as lee braces

were cast off, and we wound furiously at winches swinging the yards around to the other tack. The topgallant and royal yards were hauled around by hand, following this, the heavy yards were trimmed by hauling at the hand braces. We were now on the starboard tack with the yards braced around against the port backstays.

Though this may seem a simple maneuver, it was actually one calling for violent physical exertion on the part of the crew and was extremely dangerous to both the men and the ship. Had she failed to come about or missed stays in the heavy gale and monstrous seas, the results could easily have been disastrous. We were unable to leave our positions at the winches, as the ship, rolling heavily, swung around into the wind and we were buffeted by great seas that came slamming over the side threatening to wash us overboard. Many times the winches were covered by foaming water, while men grimly hung on or were knocked flat, to regain their feet, sputtering, choking and cursing.

With the ship on the starboard tack, we again scanned the darkness. There was no sleep on *Arapahoe*, as every available man climbed into the lower rigging to search for the mysterious signal.

By four in the morning, although a constant watch had been kept, nothing further was seen. Sober-faced, we gathered in the fo'c'sle to discuss why there had been no further signals. The consensus was that a ship had foundered and sunk while we waited for daylight, helpless to aid them in the darkness, gigantic seas and heavy gale. Ryan, always optimistic, came up with a remark to which little heed was given when he suggested, "Maybe, they're out of matches."

The Captain, who had taken bearings on the signal, knew we were in the immediate vicinity of whatever had occurred, and wishing to remain close to the scene, ordered the ship hove to.

To stop a big square-rigger or to heave to on the ragged edge of a typhoon, required considerably more doing than reversing the engines or closing the throttle on a steamer. It was done by a complicated action known as "backing the main yards" in which the foreyards were braced in one direction and the main yards

in the other. In this manner the sails on the two yards were forced to work against each other, those on the foreyards pulling ahead, while those on the main, with the wind against their front surface, pushed her back. Since the opposing forces were almost equal, the result was that the ship lay nearly broadside to the wind, wallowing in the seas, stationary except for the drift to leeward.

Additional flares were burned from off the stern during the long hours before daylight but brought no response. Silently, one after the other, men shook their heads and turned away. Apparently the mate had a similar feeling, for *Arapahoe's* log, dated Sunday, July 21, contained only this laconic entry:

day begins with havy gale of South wind and tremendus
sea running
11 kl (P.M.) sighted Distress signal on the starboard quar-
ter 1120 called all hands and went on the other tack still
seeing signals burning untill 2 kl A.M.
Course W½S. Wind South Lat 17°27 Long 153°14

During the night the weather worsened, the wind blew out of the south to send waves crashing against the ship as she rolled with the mighty combers. Long before the first grey streaks of dawn we were back in the rigging and as the darkness slowly paled and turned to the gloom of a bleak Monday morning, we searched the sea with anxious eyes.

Johnny and I had established ourselves at the fore crosstree and from this high perch gazed out over the ocean. A faint haze limited visibility but now and then we would think we saw something in the distance that only turned out to be the shoulder of a ragged sea or a whitecap on the crest of a wave.

For the next two hours we searched the area while the driving wind drifted us steadily northward. Nothing was seen, not even a bit of wreckage in the boiling cauldron of water. From a position high on the mainmast, armed with a folding telescope, the mate swept the horizon long and carefully before climbing down to the deck.

It was Lofty who sighted the wreck. Clinging to the slender main topmast, and seated in a precarious position on the top-gallant yard, his eagle eyes caught the movement of a dark

object as it rose to the top of a swell. His hail, heard indistinctly above the roar of the wind brought the mate rushing back up the rigging. On deck we could see white faces upturned. The Captain, who stood by the starboard lifeboat with hands cupped around his mouth was shouting, but his words were snatched away by the gale.

As the mate reached the crosstree we could hear him calling up to Lofty who, extending his arm, pointed off to port. Looking in the direction he had indicated, we scanned the sea closely, at first seeing nothing but the great waste of water.

Suddenly I saw it. Far away, much farther than we had been concentrating our gaze, something that looked like tiny match sticks pointing upward. It appeared only for an instant and even as I grasped Johnny's arm it was gone,

Our attention was diverted to the deck where Brodie and the Finn were beckoning all hands down from aloft. Eight bells was striking as we hurried down to find both watches gathered at the break of the poop.

Throughout the ship excitement prevailed as the order was given to square the main yards and get the ship under way. With the main topsails filled, *Arapahoe*, close hauled, began to rush through the water, the gale heeling her over to port and mountainous seas smashing into the weather bulwark.

The mate had returned to the poop and was talking to the Captain; at times he gestured toward the south and soon the Captain climbed to the mizzen top. For some time he remained in the rigging, steadying himself against the roll as he pointed his glass southward.

Lofty had also returned to the deck and was quickly surrounded and eagerly questioned about what he had seen.

"Looked like a dismasted ship," he said in answer to our queries.

"See any signs of life?"

"Nope, too far away."

At eight-thirty the mate's shrill whistle sounded and as the morning murk gave way to the sullen light of a stormy day, we went back on the port tack. With the yards braced around hard against the starboard backstays, the port was the weather side

over which green seas came pouring aboard. At the first opportunity, as the ship plunged ahead through the morning gloom, we climbed into the rigging. In a minute someone again spotted the wreck, now off our starboard bow but too far away to be seen clearly.

Bearing down rapidly, *Arapahoe* gradually closed the distance and by nine o'clock we could make out broken stumps of masts with several small dark objects in the rigging. At first what was left of the masts appeared to protrude right out of the water. As we drew closer and the wreck was lifted to the top of a swell, we saw a dark hull, which except for the stern, was flush with the sea and covered by breaking combers. Often it would drop out of sight as the hulk slid down into great valleys, each time to reappear.

When first sighted, the figures in the rigging had been nothing more than mere specks against a background of raging water. Suddenly, horrified, I realized they were men. We attempted to count them as the fury of the gale pressed us hard against the shrouds and *Arapahoe* reeled and pitched. Unable to agree on the number, some said there were four, some said six. Most of us just hung on and stared, wondering what was going to happen.

The Finn, climbing up beside me, gazed toward the tragic scene, his long hair whipping in the wind. Suddenly nudging my arm, he pointed aft. Turning, I saw the carpenter and Brodie removing the cover from the starboard lifeboat. In spite of the heavy wind and wild sea, it was evident the Captain was going to attempt a rescue.

At the mate's whistle we fell aft to assemble at the break of the poop where we stood by gravely and looked up at the Captain. For a moment he stood gazing down, his hands resting on the teak railing, before he started to speak.

"Dot wreck you see out dere vas a four-masted schooner. She's been dismasted an' is a vater logged hulk. She may break op any minute. Dere's men on her an' ve're going to tak' dem off. All right, Mr. Peterson, you hev' de vatch, pick your boat crew."

The second mate's face had a half grin as he turned to the assembled crew. "Enybody don' hev' to go if dey don' vant to. Pape—Bergstrom—Craig—" for an instant his eyes traveled over the silent group before centering on the husky figure of the carpenter. "Chips, how about you?" He turned to the Captain. "Boat crew's ready, Sir."

The Captain's voice was brisk and sharp as he said, "Mr. Knudsen, heave de ship to an' launch de starboard boat!"

With the main yards backed, *Arapahoe* again lay in the terrific seas, her decks awash with snarling water.

Launching a boat in the angry foam-streaked waves was an undertaking fraught with the greatest danger. There were no smiles on any faces as the grim-featured seamen, each wearing a cork-block life jacket, stood by as the boat was hoisted at the davits. Like watching a drama unfold on the screen, thrilling and unreal, these five brave men climbed into the swinging boat: first, Peterson, the second mate, middle-aged, bony and angular with high cheek bones and a bristly mustache; Pape, able-seaman, young, husky, a giant of a man; Bergstrom, also an A.B., around thirty, short, thick-set, and good-natured; Joe Craig, ordinary seaman, an ex-coast guardsman, about twenty-two, tall, slender, and of quiet demeanor; and, lastly Bauma, the ship's carpenter, a Dutchman, sturdy as an oak, a man with a cheerful disposition, a round face, and eyes that twinkled when he laughed.

The handling of lifeboats in heavy seas calls for a particular brand of seamanship but little appreciated by those who have never experienced it. Getting a boat over the side successfully and effecting a rescue, was indeed, the ultimate test in bravery and skill.

Arapahoe lay hove to, nearly broadside, rolling heavily in tremendous seas. The starboard boat was on the lee side; in order to understand the difficulties of launching, one must visualize the great seas, towering high above our decks one moment and dropping away to form deep chasms of dark, yawning water the next.

The boat was lowered from davits by tackle hooked into rings at the bow and stern. The hooks had to be released at the proper

moment; failure to disengage one hook, or the slightest error in judgment could have resulted in the boat's occupants being thrown to their deaths in the sea. As the boat was lowered slowly under the direction of the mate, an attempt was made to hold it steady by lines at bow and stern. At the same time it was fended off from being smashed against our steel sides by boat hooks in the hands of Bauma and Craig.

There came a breath-taking moment as the wooden craft was raised high by a sea and, at a shout from the mate, cast off. Seconds later, with men pulling desperately on the oars, it cleared the ship and was lost to our view as a wave came aboard in a smother of flying water.

The sharp whistle of the mate again rang out as the command was given to square the yards and get the ship under way. This procedure aroused the curiosity of both watches and, as the ship gathered speed and drew away from the scene, we clustered together and discussed its meaning. By this time our boat could no longer be seen in the haze and heavy seas.

The action was made clear when the Finn was asked, "Hey, bos'n, does the Old Man know what the Christ he's doing? What's he running away for?"

"He no run away," answered the Finn. "Our boat no can row against vind an' sea, so ve gon' tack to lee of wreck and wait for dem dere."

Any misgivings we might have had as to the Captain's running away were dispelled during the next couple of hours; during that period we worked furiously, tacking ship several times. To me it all became a blurred confusion as we cranked on winches and hauled at braces, ducking and hanging on tight as seas came roaring aboard to cover the deck and slosh around hatches in knee-deep foaming water.

Presently, as we beat up into the wind close hauled, I was called aft by the mate. As I reached the poop, Stavanger at the weather wheel with Sanbert at the lee gave me a quick wink as they battled to hold the plunging ship as close to the wind as possible.

The mate, visibly nervous, was standing at the starboard rail talking rapidly to the Captain. Turning, he ordered me to stand

by atop the aft fo'c'sle to act as police and carry messages forward.

Taking my position I gazed long and carefully for some sign of our boat but could see nothing other than the heaving ocean. Remembering the mate's obvious concern, I experienced a sickening sensation as I wondered if the boat had capsized.

Suddenly I saw the wreck again off our port bow. It was still some distance away and the stubs of its masts rocked dizzily as they rose with the giant waves. Plunging her bows into the seas, *Arapahoe* was rapidly drawing nearer.

I watched the Captain as calm, cool, apparently not the slightest bit flustered, he gave his orders to the mate. Standing at the standard compass and occasionally glancing aloft, he held up his hand and, without turning his head, motioned gently to Stavanger. Something about him reminded me of a maestro standing on a podium conducting an unseen orchestra. The music was the high thin whine of the wind blowing through miles of taut rigging in counterpoint to the booming crash of seas breaking over our bows.

In another thirty minutes we had drawn abeam of the wreck on the lee side. At a command from the Captain the main yards were backed and the ship again hove to. We now lay with our port side to the weather so as to give the boat the benefit of our lee when she came alongside to be taken aboard.

The Captain's strategy was now apparent. Originally, we had hove to on the weather side of the wreck; the boat had been launched at nine o'clock, the Captain depending on the wind and seas to carry it down to the hulk. After getting the boat over the side, he had, by a masterpiece of seamanship in the teeth of a howling gale and gigantic seas, tacked the ship around until now, at eleven o'clock, we were hove to about two miles to the lee of the wreck, waiting for our boat to arrive.

Minutes were like hours as men peered out over the churning ocean from perches in the rigging. At first nothing could be seen but great waves, their tops blown off into flying scud, their very size beaten down and flattened by the force of the wind. Occasionally we would catch glimpses of the wreck as stumps of

masts appeared momentarily before being lost in the deep troughs.

Finally there came a hail from aloft and I looked up to see an arm pointing excitedly. Soon I saw it, too; at first, far away, an object that bobbed on the crest of a huge swell and disappeared only to appear again, each time drawing closer.

Gradually the distance lessened. Often the boat would disappear for long, agonizing moments while we held our breaths in suspense. After what seemed like an eternity, it was sweeping around our stern, and I had a fleeting glimpse of a scene that was to be fixed in my memory forever. Four stalwart men, their faces pale and drawn, were straining at the oars; in the stern, one hand grasping the tiller, the other resting on the gunwale, his eyes gazing stolidly ahead, sat the second mate; near him, bareheaded, sitting erect and straight, was an old man; he had snow-white hair and a long grey beard that blew in the wind. Huddled in the bottom of the boat were several dark figures, their eyes hollow and vacant as they stared at the plunging ship.

Moments later they were off our lee with death at their elbows as the monstrous waves threatened to dash the frail craft against *Arapahoe's* side. As the lunging boat sank far below the level of our bulwark, I hurriedly counted its occupants—fourteen in all.

To get the survivors and our crew safely aboard was a tremendous task which at first seemed almost impossible. Cargo netting and a boarding ladder were already hung over the side, while ropes were coiled down nearby and heaving lines placed in handy positions.

As the boat surged dangerously close, the second mate shouted up through cupped hands, the only word intelligible above the gale was "line." At the same time, he gestured in pantomime by holding his hands under his armpits.

Quickly a large loop was formed in a rope end and tied with a bowline knot. This was bent to a heaving line which was thrown to the boat. Minutes later, with the loop under his armpits, we were hauling a limp, palid figure aboard who babbled incoher-

ently as he fell into the mate's powerful arms before being carried aft.

Next came the old man with the white beard who staggered as he reached the deck and was held up by two of our men. In spite of his weakened condition and being on the verge of collapse, he introduced himself to our skipper as Captain Charles Backus of the schooner *Ethel Zane*, and asked that aid be given his crew.

"Vas your men all saved?" asked our Captain.

"Yes, thank God! They were all taken off by your boat," replied the old man as, swaying unsteadily, he also was helped aft.

We worked rapidly, seriously hampered by seas that continued to come crashing aboard, threatening the lifeboat, flooding the deck, and causing the ship to roll badly. One by one, however, the dazed men were hauled aboard until all nine were accounted for. Only then did Peterson and Bauma come scrambling up the ladder, leaving Bergstrom, Craig and Pape to fend off the boat and hook on the tackle.

Bringing the lifeboat back on board was an operation equally as difficult and dangerous as launching it. It called for extreme cool headedness on the part of both the men in the boat and those on *Arapahoe's* deck. In such a sea it was essential that both falls be hooked on at precisely the right moment and the boat hauled clear of the water. After a mighty struggle with the raging seas it was back on the skids and made fast. Twelve o'clock noon, eight bells were striking as Pape, Bergstrom, and Craig crawled wearily out of the boat to be surrounded by an admiring crew. Questions were flung at them from all sides but the questioners were quickly dispersed by the mate's whistle calling the watches to square the main yards and get the ship under way.

With nine additional men on board the Captain was immediately faced with a question of quarters. Although it was some time before we learned the particulars of the wreck and rescue, we did find out that *Ethel Zane's* crew had consisted of her captain, two mates, a cook, a donkeyman, and four able-bodied seamen, all safely aboard.

The captain and two mates were to be quartered aft in the spare staterooms off the main cabin. Of these three, the second mate, who had been the first man hauled aboard, was suffering from shock and exposure and was in a critical condition. The remainder were taken to the port watch fo'c'sle where six of us gave up our bunks to these exhausted men who were in a state of semi-shock from their terrible experience with the sea. With the ship under way, the Captain lost no time in preparing quarters and providing clothing for these unfortunate seamen. They had been brought aboard with no possessions other than the water-soaked clothes they had on their backs. Soon they were fitted out with odds and ends of nondescript clothing contributed by members of the watches.

Their quarters were to be the donkey room, made over into an improvised fo'c'sle. The ship was barely back on her course when both watches were set to work under the inexhaustible Chips, bringing lumber from forward. All afternoon as the rain poured down and the wind blew in mighty gusts, we labored carrying lumber on the reeling deck, sawing and hammering in the damp, dismal donkey room until the six bunks were completed.

Far from being luxurious quarters, the room smelled of oil and rancid grease, was dark and gloomy, and with the doors closed, had little or no ventilation. The donkey engine and coal-bin took up nearly all the space leaving but scant room for the narrow bunks built along its walls. It was finished at last, fitted with extra mattresses and blankets. An oil lantern was hung from the wall, and the room was ready for its new occupants.

When first brought aboard, the shipwrecked men had been fed sandwiches and strong, hot coffee; afterward they had fallen on the bunks and were covered over with blankets. At two bells they were aroused and called to the table for a hot meal. Apparently, Sandy had outdone himself, for as the supper hour advanced, we could smell food cooking and the aroma of fresh baked rolls.

During their supper we had an opportunity to observe these six men closely for the first time. Still badly shaken and stupified with fatigue, they sat at the table and ate in silence. While they

were eating, we crowded into the fo'c'sle and stood in the doors peering at them as though they were men from another world. All of us were filled with curiosity, but aware of the condition of the half-starved men, no one felt like asking questions. Once I heard one of them mutter to himself, "Damn! I never thought I'd live to eat another meal!"

Arapahoe's boat crew were also singularly quiet. Little was said by any of them; they seemed to consider it merely a part of a day's work, typical of sailing ship men, inured to danger, toil and hardship. My thoughts went back to that terrible morning when, hove to in the howling gale and crashing seas, they had, without the slightest hesitation, volunteered their services. They didn't have to go, and certainly no one would have criticized them had they refused. With nothing to gain and everything to lose, they were risking their very lives that other men might live.

I thought, too, of those heart-rending hours that seemed like a lifetime, when the tiny boat laden with its cargo of half-drowned men, fought its way foot by foot back to *Arapahoe*. Often it had disappeared in the great troughs of water while we held our breaths and wondered whether it would rise. Back on board they had quietly returned to their duties, unsung heroes who did not expect their bravery to be recorded. They were just plain men of the sea, merchant seamen manning their country's ships in time of war, undecorated, living and oftentimes dying, unnamed, unknown, and forgotten.

I recalled the grin on the face of the second mate as he said, "Enybudy don' hev' to go if dey don' vant to," and then proceeded to name his "volunteers." Knudsen, his face heavy with anxiety as he worked the ship, launched the boat in the wild seas and, somehow, got the survivors aboard with a green untried crew of boys.

Just another day in their lives, an incident of the voyage, recorded in one brief paragraph in the log:

Monday, July 22, 1918

8 A.M. sighted schooner to leeward, squared away getting life boat red dy to put over.

9 A.M. hove to $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles to windward of sch. put St. life boat over maned by 2nd mate Charles Peterson S.F.

Paul Bergstrom Joe Craig O.S. Pape A.B.

Bauma carpenter. squared away dropped vessel to leeward of wreck name found to be *Ethel Zane* and waited for life boat. 1130 A.M. life boat along side with Capt. and 8 men during this time there was a gale blowing and a tremendous high sea running which mad rescuing of the men verry hasardioues. 12' noon lifeboat on skidts lashed and vessel proceeding on her way. The posetion of the wreck Lat $17^{\circ}27'$ Long $152^{\circ}31'$

HANS WILHELMOSEN (master)

That was all. In his comment, "dropped vessel to leeward of wreck," there was little to indicate the decision he had been called upon to make, or the seamanship involved, as he skillfully maneuvered the big square-rigger into position and made the rescue possible. Neither was mention made in the log that little or no food was served in the cabin, and according to the cabin boy, the "Old Man" never removed his clothes, and his pillow was never rumped.



Smoke on the Horizon

That night the wind blew itself out, howling as though in anger at being cheated of its prey. After midnight the sea had gone down and the report came from aft that the glass was rising rapidly. At four in the morning we went aloft to set the mainsail and foresail. Soon *Arapahoe* was rushing through the water, heeling with the light south wind as she plunged into diminishing seas.

Daylight found a bank of dark clouds along the south horizon but soon the sky became lighter. At eight bells we went below, leaving the starboard watch the job of unbending a badly torn main topgallant and bending on a new one. It seemed good to be back on the familiar routine of watches, to feel the ship sway with the swells and to hear the music of the wind blowing through shrouds and backstays.

By noon the seas had gone down still further, the wind continued light, while overhead the sky was blue through breaks in scattered clouds. The sun was, without doubt, a welcome sight to the Captain. For days he had been unable to take an observation, and had depended entirely on dead reckoning to figure his position. According to Pape, we were about 300 miles due east of the island of Sarigan, located in the middle of the Marianas group, and we had been carried far north of our course.

Much of *Arapahoe's* rigging and many of her sails had been damaged during the typhoon, and there was work enough to keep everyone busy for days. The work was made especially difficult by the condition of our hands which had suffered from the salt water, the continual heaving on wet ropes and clawing at stiff canvas. These had caused the skin to break at finger joints and palms, opening into deep red cuts, exceedingly painful and

given a vulgar name by the older salts. After suffering with our cracked hands for some time, Skinner prevailed upon me to accompany him to the poop. Very reluctantly, we approached the mate and asked permission to see the Captain.

"Vot for?" he demanded.

"Look at our hands," we answered, holding them palms up.

"You vant to see de Captain for dat?" he asked as if shocked at the very thought.

"Yes, Sir."

"O.K., den."

Timidly, we descended the cabin companionway with its polished brass rail and knocked on the cabin door.

"Yah?" came a gruff voice from inside.

Skinner looked at me and I looked at him. After all, no one had asked us to enter. Shrugging his shoulders, Skinner opened the door and we stepped inside, both removing our hats.

The Captain was sitting at the big mahogany table wearing a white shirt, open at the neck, a pair of wrinkled pants, bedroom slippers and no socks. Spread on the table was a large-scale chart of the Philippine Islands, showing Luzon and a smaller group of islands to the north. On the chart was a pair of pointed dividers, a pencil and an old-fashioned pair of parallel rulers. For an instant he looked at us in silence.

"Vell?"

"Excuse us, Sir, but we wanted to see you about our hands."

"Your hands?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Vat's de madder vit dem? Looks lak you bot' got two."

"Yes, Sir, but they're sore."

"Sore? Let's see dem."

We extended our hands. He examined them briefly.

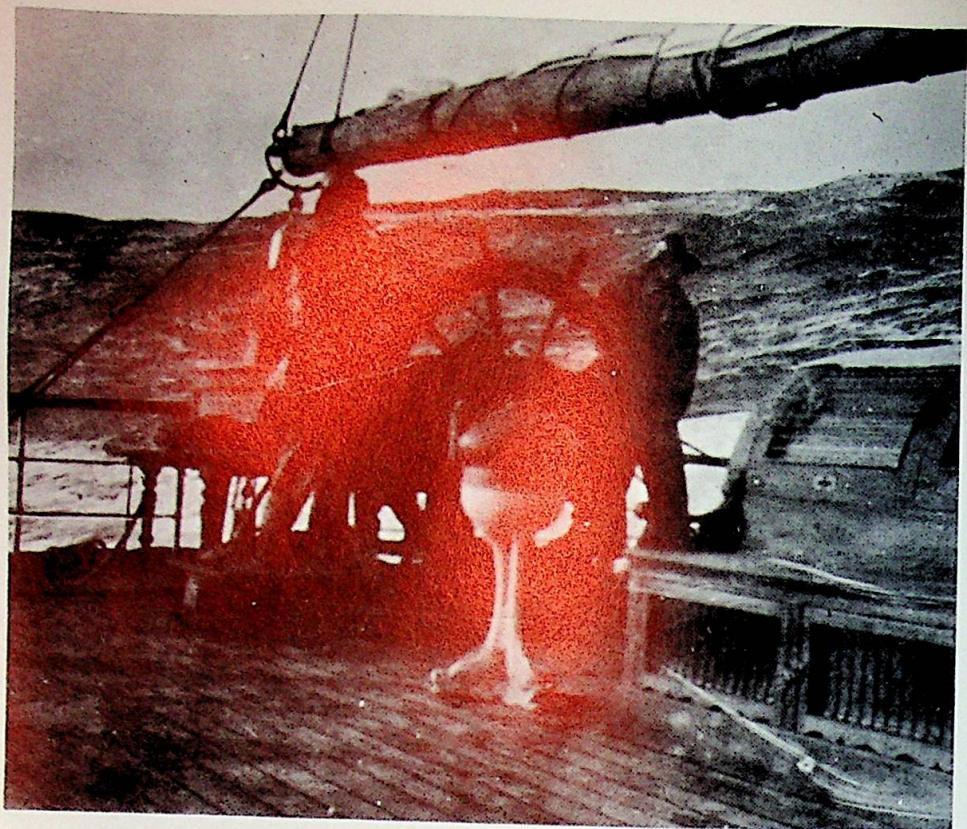
"Hmmm. Too bad ve los' de pigs, or I could hav' tol' you yust vat to put on dem. Oh, vell, hav' to tak' secon' best. Go get some cup grease an' rub on dem."

We did, and strangely enough three days later they were healed.

During Tuesday we bowled along at a steady rate with *Arapahoe* under full sail. With late afternoon the sun came out from



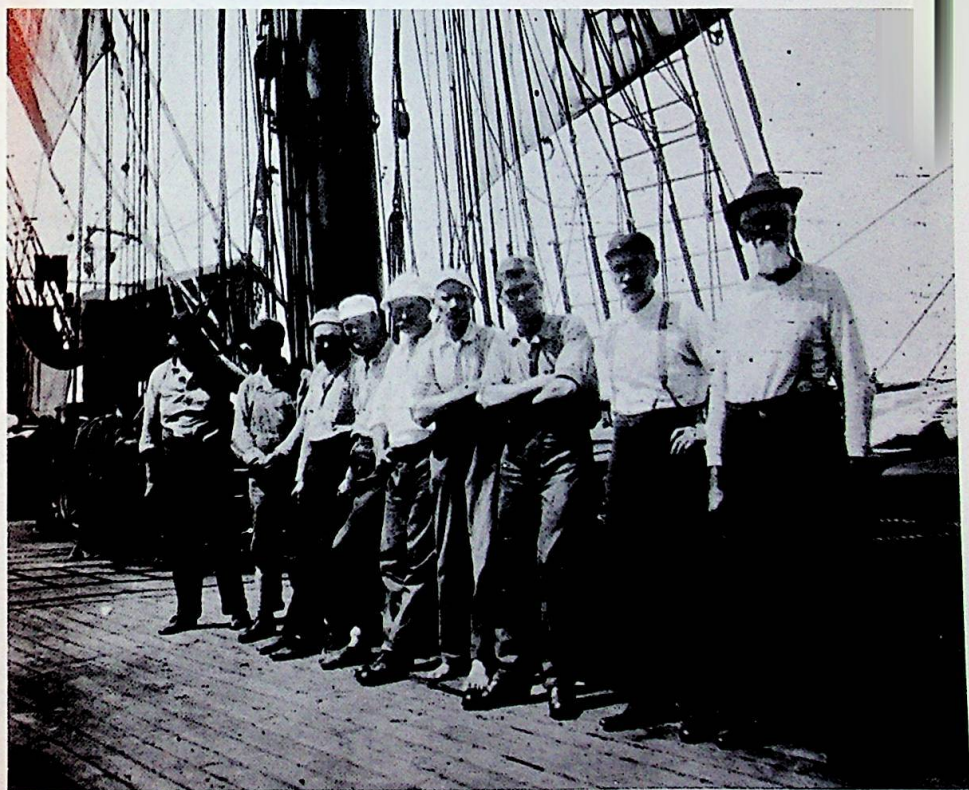
Near disaster in the South China Sea. Lightning cuts *Arapahoe's* main topmast, allowing royal and t'gallant yards to come crashing down on deck, August 30, 1918.

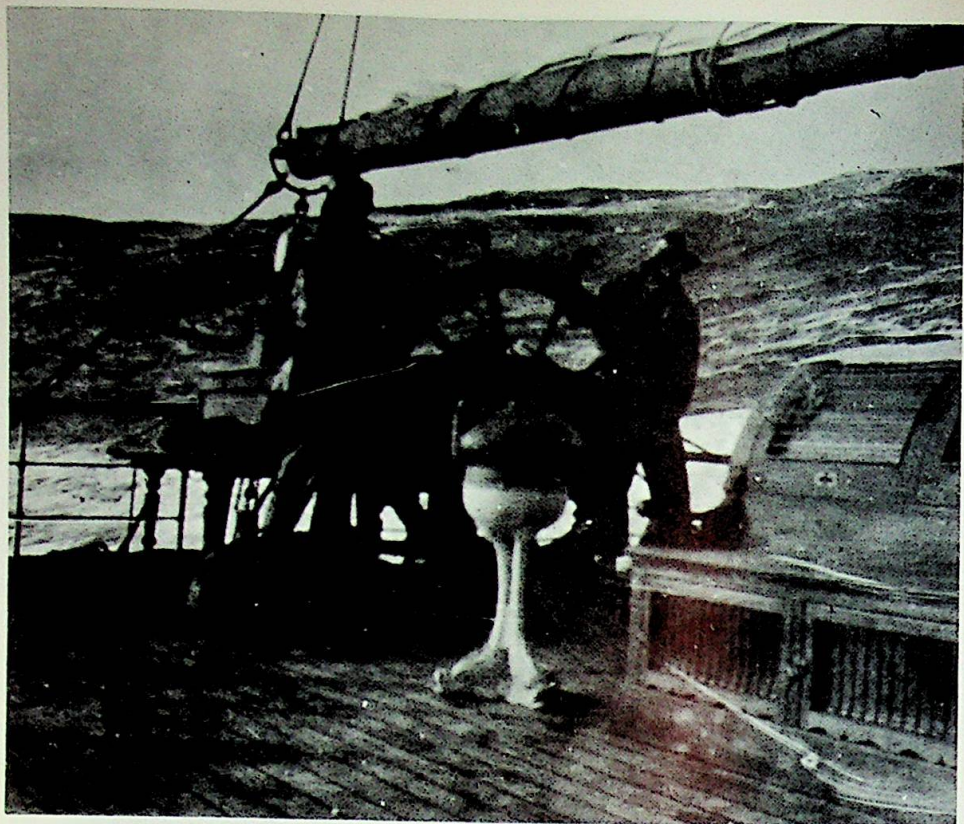


"Darkness faded to a weird half-light. . . ."

Page opposite: Arapahoe's lifeboat with rescued crew of Ethel Zane, July 22, 1918.

Ethel Zane's crew line up on deck following rescue. Right to left: Charles Backus, Captain; Charles W. Nelson, First Mate; John Ericksen, Donkeyman; Rudolf Walberg, Second Mate; Malkus Blomgren, A.B.; Joseph Ward, A.B.; T. Hammond, A.B.; Cornelius Larson, A.B.; Andrew Omundsen (Old Andy), cook. Scene is starboard side, forward of the mainmast.

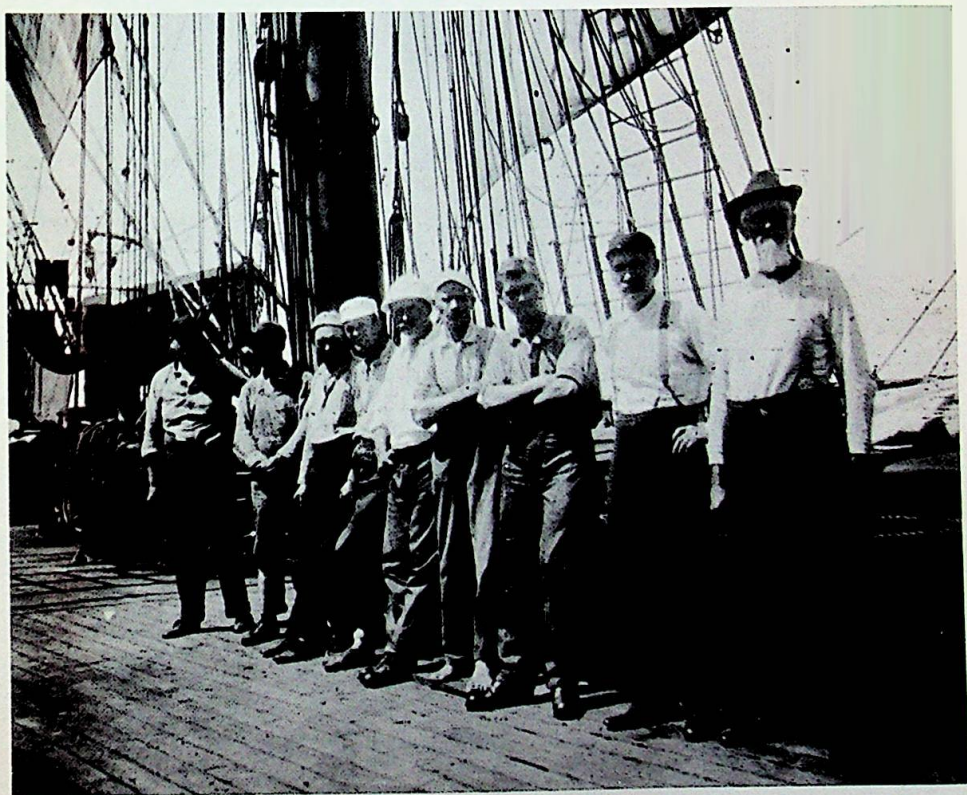


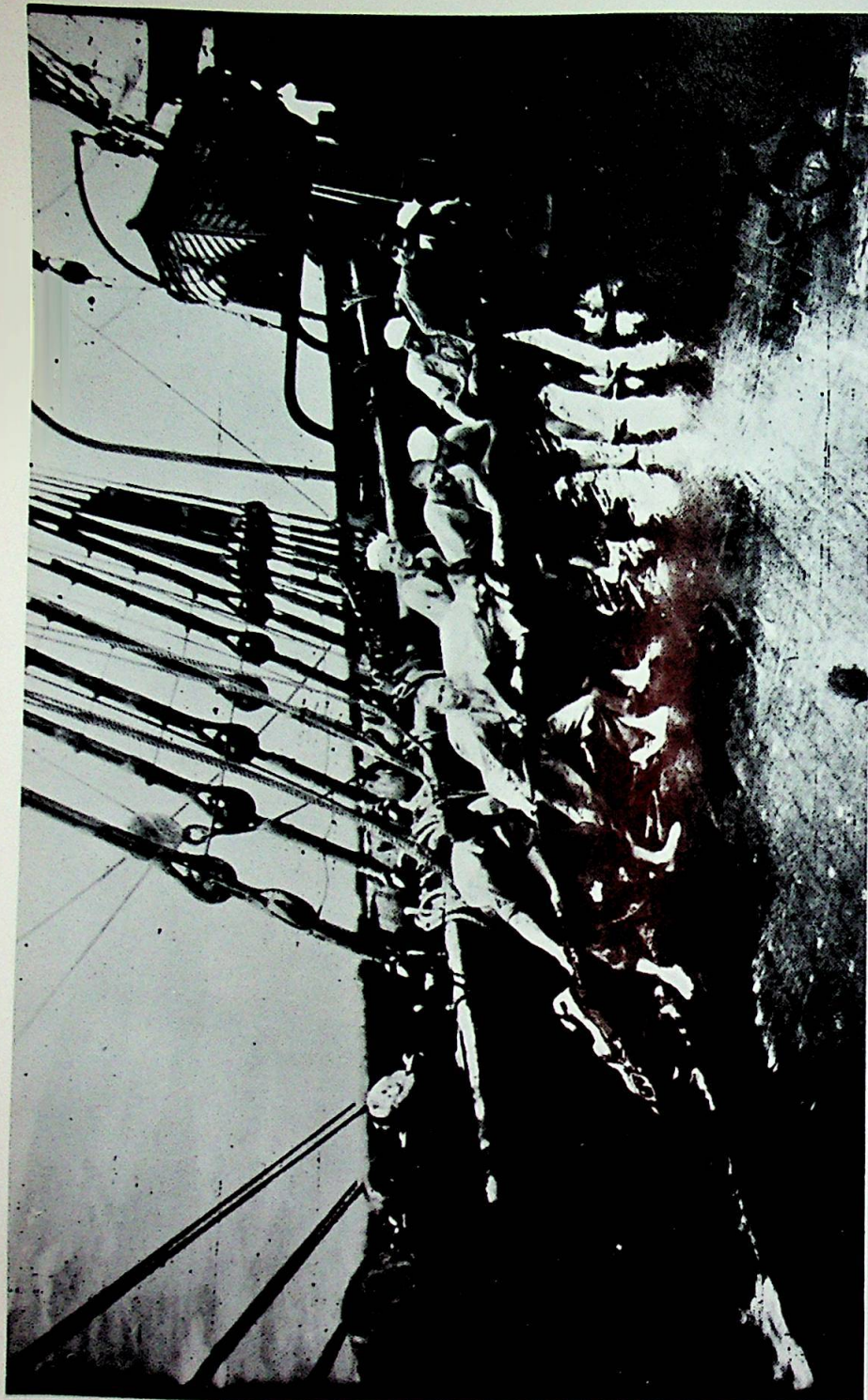


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"Haul away!" Left to right: Lawrence, A.B.; Cadets Johnny Hoculak, Francis Skinner, Lou Schmitt, Louis Ryan; Joe Craig, ordinary seaman (second from end); other three unidentified. Starboard boat shown here was used in the rescue of the *Ethel Zane's* crew.

behind the clouds and shone brightly for the rest of the day. As the light faded away in the west the wind fell steadily until by midnight we were barely making headway. By morning the wind had failed completely and we lay in a flat calm. It seemed incredible after the terrific winds encountered during the typhoon, how quickly they could change. Where three days before they had shrieked and howled through rigging and great seas swept our decks, now the sails hung lifeless as the ship rose and fell on long smooth swells suddenly calm and peaceful.

Day after day it was to be like this. Each morning the sun came up like a great red ball to pass through a cloudless sky in which there was not a puff of wind. By nine in the morning the heat was intense, the pitch melted and bubbled in the deck seams as the ship rocked and wallowed, the sails flopped limply and blocks banged aloft.

The log line had been hauled in over the stern and now lay coiled at the taffrail. A trick at the wheel was a joke because the ship, with no steerageway, drifted idly about heading first in one direction, then the other, going nowhere.

Although we lay becalmed and made no progress we were kept busy from morning until night. Sails were unbent and sent down to the deck where they were stretched out and repaired, while others were dragged from the sail locker and sent aloft to be bent in their places. Standing rigging was gone over and set up, turnbuckles tightened in the rigging screws until shrouds and stays were rigid. Each day we labored and sweat while the food became poorer, drinking water warmer, the weather hotter, and the sea mirror smooth.

To men like Stavanger and the Finn, the calm didn't seem to matter. The longer the voyage, the more the pay, and as long as the food held out, they didn't care if we ever reached port.

With us cadets it was different, our only interest was to reach Manila. As long as the ship was moving we were happy, even when tacking off course; but laying in the calm, drifting around in circles day after day was slowly driving us crazy.

At the end of one particularly hot, windless day, someone sighted smoke on the horizon. It was the first steamer we had seen since leaving San Francisco, and there was a rush aloft for

a better view. She was still hull down in the distance, and too far away to be identified, but *Ethel Zane's* men gathered eagerly at the bulwark, hoping she might be a transport to which they could be transferred.

She overhauled us rapidly, her hull raised above the horizon and from her stack poured a streamer of smoke. As she drew closer we could see she was not a transport, also that her course was being altered to bring her close aboard. This caused moments of apprehension as the thoughts of German raiders flashed through our minds.

During 1917, in addition to reading of attacks on shipping by submarines, we also read of that strange and mysterious character referred to as the "Sea Devil," but whose true name was Count Von Luckner. According to the reports he was a colorful young German adventurer who had refitted a captured sailing vessel with diesel engines and hidden guns. Above decks she had the appearance of a poetic old sailing ship, but below, was an auxiliary cruiser, armed to the teeth. He had renamed the ship "*Seeadler*," and disguised as Norwegian with a deck load of lumber, had run the British blockade and was soon raiding up and down the Atlantic sinking allied ships. Later she rounded the Horn and was in the Pacific at the time we entered the war. Operating along the equator, she sank numerous American ships, many of them sailing vessels running between the United States and Australia. Luckner's ship eventually was wrecked and he was taken prisoner by the British. During the winter he and his crew escaped, captured another ship, and were again playing tag with the allied navy somewhere in the Pacific.

The Shipping Board had refused to consign any of the ships of the sailing fleet to voyages in Atlantic waters. Subject to the uncertainties of wind and weather, liable to be becalmed in submarine infested areas and totally unsuited for convoy, these vessels were sitting ducks for enemy raiders. Now, with the strange ship coming up fast, even the Captain and mates gathered at the taffrail and gazed upon her with worried faces.

An hour later our fears were dispelled as, drawing closer off our starboard beam, we could see men and women gathered along her rails pointing cameras and looking us over with binocu-

lars. She had a long, grey hull with a white superstructure that looked sleek and polished; from her stern floated the flag of Norway. Gliding by swiftly through glassy water, her stem cut the surface in a foaming bow wave, her propeller thrashed the water, while the long bubbly wake seemed to reach to infinity.

As she swept regally by, flags were run up our signal hal-yards. With her bridge abreast our poop, a short, squatty figure in brass buttons appeared on the port wing. Raising a megaphone, his hail came booming across the water: "ARAPAHOE! WE WILL REPORT YOU IN MANILA!" A tradition of the sea had been observed. Soon a message would go crackling out over the air telling our agents that somewhere out on the vast reaches of the lonely Pacific the battered and rusty old square-rigger was making her way toward port.

For a long time I stood at the bulwark watching the steamer until she was but a smudge on the distant horizon. Seeing her passengers standing at her rails, laughing and waving, had brought back memories of a world I had almost forgotten; a world of good food, clean sheets and pleasant surroundings. I thought of our miserable existence on *Arapahoe*; of the danger and hardships, the mean fare, dirty blankets, and smelly bodies—

"Pretty sight, eh?" It was Pape.

"It sure was. Wish I were on her."

"That's because this is your first trip."

"It's my last, too!"

"Yeah? Well, don't feel bad. There's many a man on that steamer who would give a lot to be here in your place."

"Are you crazy?"

"No, but let me tell you something. When blue water gets in your veins, you never get it out. Someday you'll wish you were back on *Arapahoe*, again."

"Oh, yeah? I know, 'once a sailor, always a sailor—'"

"O.K.," he said softly, as he turned away, "you can laugh now, but, just you wait and see."



Johan Ericksen

In every group of men there is one who seems to stand out above the others. One who through some unusual trait of character, outstanding ability or physical strength, rises above those of seemingly equal capacity. Oftentimes this vague quality is latent until awakened by some unexpected happening or hour of adversity. Maybe, it's that extra talent that causes one musician to become famous in a field of masters; that bit of something that makes one man a champion or motivates the strong man to become a leader overnight from the ranks of the previously unknown. Whatever it is, Johan Ericksen, erstwhile donkeyman on *Ethel Zane*, was such a man. He was one person among her crew who, after the others had given up all hope and resigned themselves to death, refused to die. By his will to live, stout heart and stubborn determination, he saved not only his own life, but those of his shipmates as well.

In appearance he was different from the rest of her crew. About 28 (considerably younger than their average age) he was of medium height with a stocky, well-knit figure. His face was broad with a wide, flat nose; blond hair hung down over a low forehead, while steely blue eyes and high cheekbones gave him an aggressive appearance, suggesting that his ancestors well could have sailed with Leif Ericson or have been warriors of King Canute.

Ethel Zane, a four-masted schooner, had left San Francisco on June 3rd, about two weeks ahead of *Arapahoe*. Like all schooners she carried a small crew, in her case but eight men and her elderly captain. The schooner was old and had been laid up for years, but the wartime need for ships of any kind had caused her to be refitted and placed back in service. In spite

of this, things had gone well aboard the little vessel, and she had had good sailing weather on her long voyage across the Pacific until struck by the typhoon on Thursday, July 18th.

In a matter of hours, battered by towering seas and the fury of the wind, her masts were broken and her rigging a mass of tangled wreckage. The seams of the wooden vessel opened under the terrific pounding and she began taking water rapidly. A gallant attempt was made to man the pumps and keep her afloat but all to no avail. With waves sweeping the lower deck, her crew were driven to the poop. Slowly, as they huddled in the darkness, the vessel settled deeper in the water; by now the main deck was completely covered, and great seas crashed over the poop where the men held on desperately. Once they attempted to get away in the small boat, only to be driven back by the force of wind and waves, so overwhelming that no small boat could survive. She was kept afloat temporarily by her wooden hull and cargo of lumber but all knew the schooner might break up at any minute.

Minutes turned to agonizing hours, and hours into days of horror as, without food or water, exhausted, cold and wet, their brains numbed, their eyes staring, they hung lashed in the rigging and awaited death. One by one, as the storm howled with unabated fury, and the ship sank deeper into the water, they gave up all hope.

Perhaps it no longer mattered, and death would have been welcome. The captain, old and tired, hung limply, his chin with its long grey whiskers resting on his chest. Nelson, the first mate was grim, quiet. Walberg, the second mate had broken under the strain and was delirious, laughing, babbling. About them were the four able-bodied seamen and the cook, blinded by salt spray, beaten and nearly drowned, who no longer winced as the savage waves tore at their lashings, trying to drag them away.

Among this group there was only one with the will to carry on; one man with the strength, determination and rugged courage to fight the very sea itself. This was *Ethel Zane's* donkeyman.

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Words would be inadequate to describe his terrible ordeal, as day and night, refusing to quit, he peered out over the dark

storm-swept waters, watching, waiting. In the pocket of his brine-soaked clothing he had a water-proof box with a dozen or so matches. Down on deck, over which great seas were breaking, was a barrel of kerosene lashed to the rail and near it, at the entrance to the flooded cabin, a fire axe. Draped over the shoulders of the gibbering second mate was a ragged, wet blanket. These were seemingly small items, but each was destined to become vitally important to the lives of the nine men.

All throughout the long hours, as the water-logged hulk rolled sickeningly, he maintained his perilous position, expecting each roll to be her last. Thursday night—Friday—Friday night—Saturday—Saturday night—Sunday. Famished and hollow-eyed from exhaustion, he kept doggedly peering into the darkness.

Even to such a stouthearted character, there must come a time when the human body can take no more. Johan Ericksen had reached that stage on Sunday night while, fighting off a black veil of unconsciousness he gazed dully into the murk. Suddenly, far away to the south he saw a green light. Blinking his eyes, he stared into a solid wall of black sea and sky. A hallucination? No! There it was again!

Croaking hoarsely through cracked lips, he made his way to the reeling, half-submerged deck. Calling upon his last remaining ounce of strength, and in immediate danger of being washed away by giant seas, he battered open the kerosene barrel. Quickly dipping the blanket into the barrel, he again crawled to his perch at the broken mast. For the next few minutes there was enacted a scene heart-rending and pathetic, as one after the other his matches, held in numb, wet fingers, were snuffed out by the gale.

Finally, one took hold and as the blanket roared into flames, Ericksen waved it aloft with what strength he could muster. In less than a minute he was again staring into the black night. With the knowledge that help might be near, the half-dead men took hope and offered their feeble assistance to the doughty Ericksen. Quickly stripping off an undershirt, he managed to soak it in kerosene, and after several vain attempts, got it to burn. Again they stared long and hard into the darkness. The green light

could be seen only occasionally, often for endless periods it disappeared entirely. Scarcely daring to hope, they wondered if they had failed to attract attention to their plight and had been passed by. Suddenly, the answer came. Far to the south a blue flare burned momentarily—their distress signal had been sighted.

They worked feverishly to get another shirt burning. Again they waited, but there was no further sight of the green light or answer to their signal. Sick at heart and desperate, they managed to prepare still another shirt. Minutes later, they were faced with the most heartbreaking incident of all—their last match had blown out. They were alone in the darkness surrounded by the raging sea.

It was hours later that Ericksen again spotted the light. This time it was red, but still several miles to the south. This told the experienced seamen, hanging to the wave-swept wreckage, that the ship had tacked, and probably was searching for them in the darkness. Several times during the long hours of early morning blackness, blue flares were seen burning in the distance but with their matches gone, they had no means of answering.

From then on, but little about their rescue was remembered by *Ethel Zane's* crew. Dazed and dull-eyed, they vaguely recalled being snatched from the sea by a lifeboat, hauled aboard *Arapahoe*, and being put to bed in dry bunks.

A strange chain of circumstances brought about the rescue of *Ethel Zane's* crew. We had been blown far to the north of our course by a gale so strong it defied our puny efforts. Many questions might be posed. In all the thousands of square miles of trackless ocean, how did we happen to be in that exact spot? What caused the courageous Ericksen to keep fighting after the others had given up hope? What if he hadn't seen that tiny green light far away across the dark wind-swept water? What if the match box in his water-soaked clothing hadn't been waterproof, or there had been no axe to break open the barrel? An act of providence? Luck? Who can say!

I remembered guiltily the many nights I had dozed while on lookout in fair weather and during the typhoon how I had closed my eyes against the driving rain and pulled my collar up over my ears to shut out the wind and spray.

"Captain" Barker, now a hero for having sighted the light had, without doubt, experienced those same unpleasant conditions on that memorable Sunday night. Yet, he turned his head at precisely the right moment to see a pinpoint of white light flicker for an instant, miles away, as *Arapahoe* drove through the storm.

CHAPTER 12



Old Andy

For over a week we lay becalmed. Day after day there was no wind and the ship swayed gently on the glassy sea with never a ripple to break the surface.

Stifling hot, the fo'c'sles were like furnaces and the food uneatable. Garbage thrown over the side in the morning would still be drifting around the ship in the evening. Tempers grew short, the mates cranky. We braced the yards for each puff of wind—hoping—our hopes dashed as the sails hung limp and the ship creaked and grumbled. During this time we cadets fell heir to the disagreeable job of scraping teakwood and washing paint. This traditionally calm-weather task certainly had been invented for the express purpose of making life miserable.

Arapahoe, far from being a fancy ship, at first glance appeared to have but little of the brass and varnish of the so-called beautiful vessels. With the scrubbing under way, we were astonished at the number of fixtures made of teak; the wheel and wheel-box, the railing around the poop, the cabin skylight and companionway, even the fife rails at the foot of the masts and the pinrails along the sides had to be scraped down and refinished.

Teak was scrubbed by first washing with a strong solution of caustic soda which was applied with a rag and caused fingernails to turn brown and become painful around the edges. Many of us were still suffering from cracked hands brought on by salt water and hauling on ropes. The strong caustic entering the open sores caused excruciating pain, making it torture to use them. Washing paint was a similar job, except the solution was not quite so strong. We were fortunate in this work that there was but little white, the battleship grey used throughout most of the ship being little inclined to show dirt.

And so it went, day after day, washing paint, scraping decks, chipping rust, painting, bending and repairing sails. Everyone had to be kept busy, even though we lay dead in the water, drifting around in circles.

Several incidents occurred during this time to help break the monotony and keep us from going berserk. Probably the most exciting happened during one hot, blistering afternoon, with the sun a glare on the water and pitch oozing from the decking. Some of the watch were aloft in bos'n's chairs, scraping and oiling the wooden topmasts; most of us, not so fortunate, were trying to keep out of sight of the mate, now and then pecking listlessly at rust along the bulwarks.

All at once there was a commotion on the poop, a growling and barking, punctuated with wild howls as the Captain's two dogs tangled in what at first appeared to be an old-fashioned dog fight. As we stared aft, both dogs came tumbling down the companionway and started running forward, veering from side to side, frothing at mouths and snapping at everything in sight.

Instantly, an alarm was raised and men leaped for the rigging. The dogs, mad from the heat and apparently blind, fell to the deck, struggling and howling pitifully. After a minute, the mate walked toward the writhing animals, a belaying pin in his hand. There was a couple of dull thuds and the whimpering ceased. As the watch gathered on the foredeck, talking excitedly, the mate picked up the belaying pin and walked slowly aft. That evening we had a burial from *Arapahoe's* deck as the bodies of the two little spaniels, wrapped in canvas and weighted with scrap, were gently slid over the side.

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For some time we had been highly indignant at not being allowed to go swimming. The crystal clear water, only a few feet below deck level, looked cool and inviting. When asked permission to hang a painting stage over the bulwark to be used as a diving platform, we had been curtly refused by the mate.

"Vat's de madder, you crazy or somet'ing? Dat vater's full of sharks."

"Where? We don't see any."

"Vel, don' madder, dey're dere, all right."

The following morning we saw one. It was during our watch below and most of us were idling about trying to keep out of the sun. Some were lazily washing clothes under the shelter of the fo'c'slehead, while a few lay stretched out in the sweltering heat of the fo'c'sle.

Alford, the cook's helper, spotted the first one. Dumping garbage over the side, he caught sight of the long, shadowy form lying quietly a few feet below the surface. Soon we were to discover there was not only one, but several of the ugly monsters scattered around the ship, swimming slowly and seeming to look upward with small malevolent eyes. They appeared to have no fear of the ship, and as they lay in her shadow, blending perfectly and almost invisible, I shuddered to think what might have happened to a swimmer foolhardy enough to have dived over the side.

Sighting the sharks was a victory for the mate. With a look of triumph in his eyes, he said, "Vell, you boys wanted to go swimming, vell, go ahead."

The blacksmith shop was well supplied with homemade shark hooks, which were overgrown fishhooks with giant barbs, each hook attached to a short length of chain bent to a stout line. The carpenter, using a piece of salt pork as bait, eased the hook over the side. I had always visualized sharks as swift creatures, darting through the water with bullet-like speed. I was rather disappointed, as we hung breathlessly over the bulwark, to see a big one drift slowly and nonchalantly up to the bait, hesitate briefly, then disappear in the shadow. Again he approached to swim suspiciously around the bait. This time, evidently satisfied everything was in order, he closed his mouth over the pork and started to swim leisurely and deliberately away. Setting the hook with a mighty jerk, the carpenter shouted for help as the line tightened, and nearly pulled him overboard. Three men rushed to his assistance and had all they could handle, as they hauled the thrashing giant aboard. Out of the water, he continued to flail the air with a long, pointed tail, his wide-open mouth revealing row after row of wicked saw-like teeth. On deck, he thundered about, rolling over and over, tangling

the rope and clashing his jaws on the chain. Needless to say, he was given a wide berth until we were sure he was dead.

Prying open its mouth with an iron bar, the carpenter gingerly propped it wide to remove the heavy hook. The horrible maw when opened to its fullest extent could easily have closed on a man's entire leg. The shark, measured from the tip of the ugly snout to the end of its long forked tail, was nearly ten feet in length.

Souvenir hunters were quickly at work on the carcass. The great jaws were removed, cleaned and hung up to dry in the sun. The backbone was taken out and the rings of bone strung on a wire. Later in Manila, this would be taken to a native shop where it would be polished, mounted with a silver head, and made into a beautiful cane.

Most old-time sailors were superstitious about sharks and would starve rather than eat their flesh. After smelling the nauseous stench of the butchered monster, I couldn't say that I blamed them. As it was being dissected, Brodie said to one of the cutters, "Don't forget to look in its belly, never can tell what you'll find there."

"Oh, yeah?"

"Sure. Once down in the Solomons we found a man's foot in one."

The only part of the shark valued by older sailors was the tail. This was cut off and nailed to the end of the bowsprit where it was supposed to insure a fair wind. Apparently this charm was slow in working, as it was to be several days before we had even a hint of a breeze. For a time shark fishing was a popular sport. They were easy to catch, and many souvenirs were hung in the sun. Everyone soon tired of it, however, and before long most of the smelly backbones were thrown back over the side.

• • •

Sunday started as just another miserable day. The sun blazed down from a cloudless sky upon a painted ocean. At nine in the morning our attention was attracted by a steamer heading northwest and about ten miles away. We watched her closely as the plume of smoke turned into a hull, to be seen briefly before

changing back to smoke and disappearing over a shimmering horizon.

Sighting a steamer making rapid passage through the mirror-like water while we lay becalmed never failed to bring a feeling of sadness. That, more than anything else, made us realize the day of the sailing ship was speedily drawing to an end.

For a long time we had been wanting to get pictures of *Arapahoe* under sail, obviously an impossibility when under way, but easy as she lay still in the water, her sails hanging limp and lifeless. With her long, low hull rising and falling it was almost as though she were asleep, breathing deeply, resting after her mighty struggle with the elements.

Something of this feeling must have been imparted to the Captain as he and the mate stood under the awning that covered the poop, leaning over the taffrail, gazing at the receding smoke. We were agreeably surprised when Pape, asking permission to put a boat over the side, had his request granted.

In addition to our lifeboats and cutter we also carried a flat-bottomed work boat, wide, heavily planked, and about ten feet overall. Over the side, and with Pape at the oars, it looked tired as he circled the ship, busily taking pictures. From *Arapahoe* deck the sea seemed smooth and flat. We were amazed as Pape pulled away in the distance, to see that he often disappeared as his boat rolled over the swells.

Supper that night was worse than usual. The fetid odor of the tongues and sounds reminded me of the sickening smell of the sharks, and I left the table in disgust.

Later, as the sun dropped into the sea, most of the two watches gathered at the forehatch for the daily game of "21," more commonly known as blackjack. This had been popular aboard ship, probably because it required but small stakes to participate. Lofty had evinced an unusual skill in playing this game which, along with the most extraordinary luck, had enabled him to win, until eventually, he had all the money there was in both watches.

Although I never played, I was nevertheless destined to become one of the losers. I had come aboard with sixteen carefully hoarded dollars that I had planned on spending in Manila.

Somehow word of my wealth got out; first I was approached by Joe Maringo. Upon his promise to pay me as soon as we reached Manila, I very reluctantly handed over \$10 which he promptly lost. He didn't get around to paying me in Manila, but promised he would do so as soon as we paid off at the end of the voyage. Back in San Francisco he blended quietly into the crowd and returned to his former job as a cab driver—he still owes me the \$10.

The Finn, like most deep-water sailors, never left port with any money; this cruise was no exception. Finally, upon his offering a half-worn-out pair of shoes as security, I let him have my remaining \$6, which also was promptly lost to Lofty. On arrival in Manila the Finn, too, was unable to repay my money, but due to circumstances of a sudden emergency, we were able to work out a satisfactory reciprocal deal.

That night we had a bright moon reflecting on the placid sea and turning the sails to silver. Inside, the fo'c'sles were hot and stuffy and all hands moved out onto the deck. *Arapahoe's* singers had gathered at the main hatch and soon the harmony of their voices was heard, accompanied by the tinkle of a mandolin and the tone of a steel guitar. The night was unusually beautiful; the moon, the silent ocean, the ship stirring gently with only an occasional flap of a sail, the rattle of a block, or the low murmur of water as it gurgled along the hull.

The deck was a pleasant place to sleep on moonlit nights but the Finn would have no part of it. I first experienced this odd whim one beautiful night when Johnny and I were sleeping in the netting under the bowsprit. Suddenly I was shaken into wakefulness.

"Louiel Vake op!"

"Huh?"

"Don' slip vit de moonlight on your face!"

"Don't what? Why not?"

"Dat moonlight, he tvist your face all out of shape."

"You're nuts!"

By this time Johnny was awake and together we questioned the Finn about this strange quirk of his imagination. He was

positively convinced that sleeping with the light of the moon on one's face would have the most drastic results.

"Shur, dat moon he draw your face all op, fonny like. Maybe go crazy and yump overboard!"

"Yeah? Ever see anyone this happened to?" asked Johnny.

"Shur."

"Where?"

"Oh, lots places."

"Is that what happened to your face, bos'n? If so, I'm sure going to keep mine covered up," said Johnny as he turned over and went back to sleep.

This was but one of the many superstitions entertained by these old-time sailors. Even the Captain and mates, so I was told, had a strong aversion to anyone whistling aboard; this, they believed, caused headwinds, calms or adverse weather.

. . .

For the first few days after their rescue little was seen of *Ethe Zane's* crew. Most of this time they spent in their donkey-room bunks, slowly recovering from their frightful experience. Occasionally during a trick at the wheel, or when working on the poop, we would see her grey-haired captain or Nelson, the stolid first mate. Walberg, her second mate, was still confined to his bunk, badly in need of medical care. Only once during the several weeks before we arrived in Manila, was he seen on deck; this was one sunny afternoon when, thin, pale and hollow-eyed, he appeared briefly to be photographed with his shipmates.

The donkey-room quarters in addition to being occupied by Johan Ericksen and the four able-bodied seamen, was also the abode of her cook, Andrew Omundsen. Andy, or "Old Andy," as he came to be known, was a most peculiar character. Even among sea cooks, noted for their eccentricities, he would have been termed decidedly odd. He had a face that was long and bony and a mouth that turned down at the corners. About sixty, he was tall with a rather angular frame and walked with a slight stoop. His furtive eyes had a habit of darting about as though he thought someone was looking over his shoulders which were narrow, unusually so for a man of his height. These, accentuated

by hips that were big and wide, plus the fact that his skin was smooth and he seldom shaved, caused him to be the target of many unkind remarks from some of *Arapahoe's* crew.

With nine extra men to cook for, it seemed that Sandy would have welcomed his help. For some strange reason, however, the big Jamaica Negro had taken an intense dislike to the man and even refused to let him enter the galley. Andy had been shipwrecked five times before sailing on *Ethel Zane* and was noted among seafaring men to have a wide reputation for being a hoo-doo; even the vessel he had served on previously to her had been lost. This was more than enough to cause the superstitious seamen to shun him like smallpox, so he wandered the deck like a lost sheep.

Probably because he was lonesome and wanted someone to talk with or maybe just because he liked youngsters, he soon took a liking to Johnny, Jerry and me. The older hands called him a windbag, and gave him a wide berth, but we three found him a friendly old man whose amazing stock of stories soon attracted us to him.

Andy loved to talk and would spend endless hours seated on the deck, his long legs stretched out before him, spinning yarns always interesting and full of humor, with never the same one twice. A sea cook all his life, he had visited many strange places and seen many things. No doubt most of his stories were highly seasoned with fiction, but he swore that every one was true.

We would often sit through an entire watch below, as he regaled us with fantastic yarns of shipwreck, cannibals in the Fiji Islands, cockfighting in Java, sea elephants, or a host of subjects that might include anything. Some of his surprising tales were bizarre and impossible and it was hard to keep from laughing. He never smiled as he related his strange adventures, his glance shifting from one to the other as though measuring their effect upon us. Strangely enough, his stories were never vulgar or crude, and he refused to listen to the obscenities so frequently tossed about in the fo'c'sles. Once, in telling of his adventures in Japan, he had hinted of a strange physical feature he said was found among Japanese women, making them startlingly different from their Caucasian sisters. Pressed for details,

he was somewhat vague. Finally, glancing aloft at *Arapahoe's* rigging, he mused, "Well, now, come to think of it, it's a bit like the rig of a ship."

"How's that?"

"Well, you see those jibs up there?" he asked, pointing to the three triangular fore-and-aft sails strung on stays running from the foremast to the bowsprit.

"Yeah."

"Well, they run lengthwise of the ship, don't they?"

"Sure."

"All right, now look up there on the foremast," he said, pointing to the yards from which hung the great square sails, "those yards are cross-rigged, ain't they?"

"Yeah, but—"

"Now, that's what I been trying to tell you—say, did I ever tell you kids about the time I went ashore in Singapore? It was back in 1911, and—"

Japan was forgotten as he launched into another of his wily yarns, but in spite of that we found him a source of entertainment and developed a sincere affection for the garrulous old man.

Ethel Zane's four A.B.s were quiet, ordinary men who seemed grateful merely to be alive. Malkus Blomgren, a typical Swede, was a big man with a ruddy complexion, blond hair and a straw-colored mustache. He loved to chew snuff, which he called Copenhagen. Before opening the thin, flat container, he would hold it in the palm of his left hand and tap on its metal lid with his right forefinger. Using the back of an enormous thumb, he would dip out a heaping amount and deposit it behind his lower lip, a ritual he never varied.

As the days passed and their strength returned, these men came out on deck and were soon helping with the ship's work. Experienced seamen, and a valuable addition to *Arapahoe's* crew, they were put to work under Nelson, their first mate, sewing and repairing the sails that had been torn and damaged in the typhoon.

During the calm, every day was just the same, yet every day was different. Now and then a puff of wind would send us run-

ning to the braces, all to no avail as it died away and left the sails limp and lifeless. We had no idea what was going on in the outer world, and we seldom gave it a thought. The war could have been over for all we knew, our country invaded or swept by plague. We only knew the drinking water was hot, the food awful and the wind refused to blow. In spite of this, every man aboard was kept busy, and I wondered if any ship ever ran out of work. A typical day was our log entry for Monday, July 29th:

day begins with calm and smooth sea. 7 A.M. sighted a steamer about 10 m off. Crew employed painting and chipping rust on fore breece winch 4 mend rapairing main top gallen sail

Ethel Zanes mend started 8 kl AM noked off 4 p m wari-ous work around deck anbending fore top gallen sail and bending new Gallensail which was repaired.
lat. 13°59' Long. 147°23'

Two days later the calm ended. It started with a squall sweeping out of the west bringing a deluge of rain. The day had been extremely hot, even more so than usual. The watch below sweltered, the cook cursed, and those on deck sweated profusely as they worked about the ship.

At first it was but a scattering of heavy drops that spattered the decks and cooled the air. Minutes later, it was a tropical torrent that came down in solid sheets, pouring off fo'c'sles, gushing out freeing ports and overrunning the scuppers. Most of us, including the watch below, threw off our few remaining clothes and ran naked about the decks, using buckets to catch the spouting water and fill our empty containers. For once we had all the fresh water we wanted, and soaping ourselves, we bathed as we worked. The watch below were soon doing overdue washing, the decks taking on the appearance of a laundry as ropes were stretched and clothes hung up in hopes that they would dry.

Throughout the day squalls continued to come drifting in, bringing heavy rain. At first, there was only a little breeze, but by midnight the sky darkened and again that faint moan was heard as *Arapahoe* heeled to port, the sails filled and the log line streamed out astern. With the head wind out of the west, we were making only slight progress toward our goal. Even this

wind was variable, aptly described in the second mate's log entry for Wednesday, July 31st:

Warious winds hauling from south to west.

By ten in the morning as we scudded along, heading southwest by south, the wind had increased in volume and the seas were building up. At eight bells, with the sky threatening and the glass falling, we were ordered aloft to furl the three royals, followed immediately by the fore and mizzen topgallants.

It seemed uncanny the wind could suddenly become so strong when only two days before we had lain in a calm with hardly a breath of air. Now the wind came whistling through backstays, sending *Arapahoe* plunging ahead with spray flying over her bow in sheets of grey-green water.

At six in the evening, as the wind backed around to west southwest, we furled the main topgallant. A feeling of uneasiness filled the fo'c'sles as darkness settled over the sea and we listened to the wind increasing to a steady roar. We were still in the typhoon belt, and with the long chain of the Marianas close off the north, a heavy storm from the south could easily have been disastrous.

Thursday, August 1st, began with a strong southwest wind, a moderate sea and heavy rain. At ten in the morning we wore ship from the starboard tack to port.

Wearing ship, an entirely different maneuver from tacking, required considerable sea room. Where, as in tacking, the bow was brought up into the wind, in wearing the helm was put down in the opposite direction, allowing the bow to fall off, the ship to turn her stern to the wind and swing around onto the opposite tack.

At last, we rounded the Marianas; Guam was to our northeast and we were entering the Philippine Sea. After dinner Pape spread his chart on the fo'c'sle table and we were overjoyed to see that our new course, northwest by west, was pointing us straight toward the north end of Luzon Island, around which we had to pass to get to Manila.

We looked at the chart and compared the short distance we had to go in relation to that we had already sailed and it seemed

we were practically there. Our spirits were somewhat dampened by Pape who pointed out that we still had over 1800 miles to go, and the most hazardous part of the voyage lay ahead.

That night there was a circle around the moon. Overhead dark clouds flew through the sky as the southwest wind blew steadily and the seas increased in size. At midnight that dread cry, "All hands aloft!" rang through the fo'c'sles and we tumbled out to be met by a wind that came roaring through the rigging, sending *Arapahoe* heeling over to starboard.

Apparently the Captain thought we were coming to grips with another typhoon, and was taking no chances in that dangerous area. Augmented by *Ethel Zane's* crew and our carpenter, we were soon working like demons in the driving rain and darkness, furling the big foresail and mainsail and the mizzen upper topsail.

Under topsails she seemed to ride easier, but still drove ahead, plunging into the seas. By four in the morning, the wind had gone down and the off watch and *Ethel Zane's* crew went below. On lookout I was approached by the Finn.

"Big wind, eh, bos'n?"

"Shur. Planty trouble, now."

"Trouble? What trouble?"

"Dat dam' hoodoo cook! He bring planty trouble, I bet."

"You mean old Andy?"

"Shur, dat dam' cook feller."

"Aw, bos'n, you're nuts!"

"O.K., but, yust you vait an' see."

Daylight came with leaden skies and a sea rolling in from the south. At eight bells we went below; as I dozed off I could hear the shouts of the starboard watch as they set the big fore and main and the three upper topsails.

The next nine days were uneventful as the seas went down and the wind held steady. We were again under full sail, tacking ship frequently at the change of watches. On the port tack our course was northwest by north, and we were elated at the knowledge that it was drawing us nearer the islands. This course, even though the ship was held into the wind as close as possible, was

taking us much too far to the north, making it necessary to go back on the starboard tack to make the proper westing.

Each day we staggered back and forth across the Philippine Sea doing the same monotonous ship's work, painting, chipping rust, washing paint. The log entries were equally monotonous:

Monday August 5.

Day begins with light S.W. wind.

7 A.M. tack ship course S.S.E.

Tuesday August 6.

Light W.S.W. wind smuth sea

Tacked ship at 6 A.M. course W.N.W.

Now and then a rain squall would strike the ship and for a few minutes come lashing down furiously. Occasionally, the ship would heel over and we would look aloft at the royals. Usually, these squalls passed quickly, and we would go sailing placidly on—happy when tacking northwest, sad when tacking southeast. On the morning of August 11th, when we were at latitude $13^{\circ}04'$ and longitude $134^{\circ}26'$ and only about 700 miles from the islands, the wind suddenly failed and we were in another flat calm. Again we lay dead on the water, rising and falling with the swells, canvas slatting, blocks banging, the log line coiled at the taffrail, the helmsman standing bored at the wheel. During watch below, we lay sweating on our bunks, now and then standing in the open doors to peer out over rain-swept water, nothing to read, nothing left to talk about, waiting for the wind to blow.

For the next two days the ship lay becalmed, the rain falling in a tropical downpour, the air close and stifling. Tempers were short, bickering common. Working in the rain outside the galley, the Finn cursed as sweat mixed with the warm water to drip from his forehead and run down his neck.

"Dam' hoodoo cook bastard."

"Oh, for Christ's sake, bos'n, lay off!"

"Es bedder you lay off."

"Well, poor old Andy can't help it."

"How hell you know? All dam' cooks es crazy!"

It probably would have been just another argument, senseless and soon forgotten, if Sandy hadn't been standing at the door of the steaming galley, mopping his face with a towel.

"Who says all cooks are crazy? You fish-eating son-of-a-bitch!"
 "Shot op, you black—"

The bos'n never had a chance to finish; the cook came charging out of the galley, a long, shiny butcher knife in his hand. As the knife missed his throat by inches, in a swipe that surely would have cut off his head, the Finn stumbled backward and fell, an accident that probably saved his life. Beside himself with anger, Sandy rushed forward to finish him off. Throwing ourselves upon him, it took the combined efforts of half the watch, wrestling and falling in the downpour of rain, to disarm the raging cook and push him back into the galley.

Several times as we drifted aimlessly, now and then rushing to the braces as a fleeting catspaw shook the sails, steamers would be seen in the distance, taunting us, passing us by to disappear over the horizon.

On Wednesday the wind started to blow, first out of the north, causing us to brace sharply on the starboard tack. Variable, shifting first from one direction and then the other, we hauled at the braces and cursed the sea. With darkness it suddenly increased, sending *Arapahoe* flying through the water and six of us aloft to take in the royals.

For the next seven days it was to be like this. We would take in sail, often down to upper topsails, then reset them as fickle winds died away to a whisper. We would tack ship sometimes twice during a watch, back-breaking work in which the elements played with the ship like a cat with a mouse. A typical day was illustrated by the log for Thursday, August 22nd:

4 A M Went about to Starboard tack 5 kl clewed up
 Mizzen topgallant. Crew wariously employed sceling and
 screping out lockers forward.

11 kl sething mizzen topgallant puting up a new clewlin
 block on starboard side fore yard

6 kl went a bout to port tack 9 kl back sails and went
 round warious winds from north to south course, S.S.W.

NxW S.W.xS NxW. NxE.

lat 14°11' long 125°28'

Saturday, August 24th, was our 68th day at sea. Morning arrived after a dark night in which the moon peeked eerily from

behind broken clouds. One by one the stars faded, the sky reddened and night turned to day. At six o'clock the three royals were set and we were again under full sail. The wind blew steadily, gradually shifting from southwest to south, and as the sun climbed swiftly above the horizon, the clouds seemed to melt away.

It was a free day, most of which was spent by both watches airing bedding and washing clothes. Now and then we would see a sign of land—perhaps a floating tree trunk, a coconut shell, or a string of birds in the distance. Everyone was in high good humor as we scanned the distant horizon, each one eager to be the first to sight the islands after two long months at sea.

Two bells had rung and the sun was low when someone sighted land. At first I could see nothing but a vast area of water. Then, far away and dimly seen, I could make out the dark outline of mountains like blue clouds against the sun. Slowly the island rose out of the sea and by sundown we could see it clearly. At seven in the evening we were about 25 miles off Point Escarpada near the northeast end of Luzon. Squaring the yards, the course was altered to N $\frac{1}{2}$ W as darkness settled over the ocean.

The Philippine Islands, about 500 miles east of the coast of southeast Asia, to the north and west are bounded by the South China Sea, on the east by the Pacific Ocean, and on the south by the Celebes Sea. Manila, the capital and principal city, is located on the west coast of Luzon and nearly 300 miles from the north end of the island. To reach this big seaport from the east it was customary for shipping to pass through the Babuyan Channel on the north end, into the China Sea, then down the coast to Manila.

That night we slept but little as we sailed slowly northward. Shortly after four in the morning we saw a light flashing to port. It was Cape Engaño at the north end of Palaui Island and marking the southeast entrance to Babuyan Channel.

At daylight we sighted Camuguin, one of a small group known as the Babuyan Islands which along with the island of Fuga formed the northern boundary of the Babuyan Channel.

These narrow waters were extremely dangerous for sailing ships in heavy weather; even in fair weather the variable winds

and treacherous currents made tacking risky. Seen on a small-scale chart, the channel looked too narrow to squeeze a ship through. I felt greatly relieved when Pape said it was actually nearly twenty miles in width. At six o'clock, with the wind from the south, we went around on the port tack and crept slowly toward the entrance. Drawing closer with the morning breeze, we could see several small islands to the north and to the south the dark green mass of Luzon.

At eleven-thirty we were in the channel. Close hauled on the port tack, our course "by the wind" was taking us closer and closer toward Fuga, about twenty miles to the west. By mid-afternoon we were close to the island. With all hands on deck, *Arapahoe's* bow was swung into the wind and we went back on the starboard tack.

Our new course was taking us back toward Cape Engaño, some twenty-five miles to the southeast. Looking about at the surrounding islands, I was glad the sea was friendly. Although the day was Sunday, and no work was performed other than working the ship, there was little thought of going below and all hands loitered about looking toward the land.

The Finn, still smarting over his run-in with Sandy, was sulking, muttering to himself, sure "dat dam' Jonah of a cook," would, somehow, bring us to grief before we reached Manila.

Looking about for the old fellow, I found him sprawled comfortably on the fo'c'slehead, surrounded by an interested group of listeners. He was in the middle of one of his long yarns of a shipwreck in the Bering Sea, in which he claimed to have lived all winter with the Eskimos. Just as he reached the most interesting part of his story, that having to do with their extraordinary sex life in community igloos, there came a whistle from the mate calling all hands to the braces; we were going back on the port tack.

All during Sunday night and the early hours of Monday, we beat back and forth, guided by the flashing light of Cape Engaño to the east, and Pata Point to the west. Often the contrary winds were light, barely affording steerageway. Daylight found us clearing the channel with Fuga Island in the distance. At seven

in the morning, Mayraira Point was off our port beam, and as eight bells sent the starboard watch below, we were swinging by Point Negra.

Hours later, as the red western sky turned dusky and stars peeked out from above, the faraway light on Cape Bojeador winked at us through the darkness as *Arapahoe* turned southward and bowed to the long, grey swells of the South China Sea.

The distance from the Babuyan Channel to Manila Bay is approximately 260 miles. It took us seven days and nights to get there, days and nights in which the wind blew from every direction and sometimes not at all. They were days of calm and gale, smooth seas and giant waves. We tacked back and forth, and fought for every mile, but gradually we drew closer.

On Wednesday, August 28th, the sky cleared and the sun came out brightly. The west wind was light, as close hauled on the starboard tack we drove slowly southward. In the afternoon we unbent the cro'jack and stored it away in the sail locker. With the big mizzen yard bare, a sure sign of nearing port, many of us began to look expectantly toward the east.

There's an old saying among seafaring men, "The voyage is never over 'til the anchor's down." The truth of this was brought to our attention in no uncertain terms during the early hours of Friday, August 30th. At four o'clock we were hit by a gale that blew the flying jib to shreds, covered the deck with foaming water and kept all hands busy for hours taking in royals and topgallants and tacking ship to port. By noon the wind had gone down and the weather appeared to moderate, allowing us to bend another jib and reset fore and main topgallants. All during the rest of the day rain squalls swept in over the water, bringing but little wind. That evening as the side lights were lit, the dark clouds parted and stars were twinkling as we reset the royals and again tacked ship to starboard.

Arapahoe was a lucky vessel. From the very day we left San Francisco things had gone well. Our voyage, until the time of the typhoon, had been fast, pleasant and comparatively uneventful. We'd had no sickness or injury, and in spite of the poor food and hardships of a sailing vessel, Dame Fortune seemed to have smiled upon us. Little did we realize as eight bells struck the

beginning of another day, that before morning she would be called upon to make another and even greater effort in our behalf.

Except for the wooden topmasts, *Arapahoe's* three masts were of steel, each stepped deep at the keelson at the very bottom of the ship. The cargo, but for a small quantity of miscellaneous items, consisted of several thousand cases of gasoline and a large shipment of explosives. This had all been stowed securely, the hatches battened down snugly and all necessary precautions taken to the extent that even smoking on deck was prohibited. At first there had been a few jokes as to the cargo's lethal nature, but as time passed and we settled down to the routine of the ship, its danger was soon forgotten.

It happened shortly before four o'clock on the morning of Saturday, August 31st. The fore part of the night had been quiet with but little rain and a light southwest breeze. *Arapahoe* was rolling along through the early morning darkness less than one hundred miles from Manila. After midnight the weather thickened and the air grew hot and stuffy. With little wind and no dangerous squalls, there was no indication of impending disaster as we were called at a quarter of four to relieve the starboard watch.

Following the regular custom, O'Connor had come stumbling into the fo'c'sle to turn up the lamp, shout, kick things about, and after being cursed roundly, disappear out the door. Then came the usual scene, enacted at every change of watch—sleepy men coming awake, groans, grunts, the flare of a match, the acrid smell of a cigarette. Ryan, sitting on the edge of his upper bunk, legs dangling, yawning, scratched himself under the armpit. The Finn, muttered to himself in the dark and Stavanger, breaking wind noisily—

Suddenly a blinding flash lit up the fo'c'sle, followed by an explosion so violent that its steel walls shuddered and shook. A crackling was followed by a dull boom, remindful of a great tree falling in the forest. A torpedo? Terrified, I grabbed for the life jacket hanging above my bunk. From outside came muffled shouts, a shrill whistle.

Half dressed and frightened, we rushed out into the darkness. In the babble and confusion someone was playing the beam of

a flashlight over a mass of tangled rigging, splintered spars, twisted yards, and torn canvas that covered the main hatch and filled the waist with wreckage.

"What happened?" No one knew.

"Were there any men—" I was afraid to look.

Suddenly another flash illuminated the ship, followed by a deafening crash—lightning! Flashlights glowing, the Captain and mates were inspecting the damage while the bos'ns counted noses. Our luck still held, everyone was still around. It was some time before we learned just what had occurred. A bolt of lightning had struck the wooden main topmast a scant three feet above where it connected onto the steel lower section, cutting it in two and causing it and the topgallant and royal yard to come crashing down to the deck. A chill ran up my back when I thought that only a few short hours before our watch had been strung out along those very same footropes.

In the murk and rain of early morning little could be done to clear the wreckage or estimate the damage. In answer to the anxious query of the mate, the Captain replied with a curt, "Let it go 'til morning," and walked aft. With daylight all hands were put to work under the carpenter, cutting loose and untangling the mass of rigging. Until this was done, it was impossible to move the yards, an embarrassing situation had it occurred while we were in the narrow Babuyan Channel. Throughout the day it rained heavily. By four o'clock the wreckage was cleared and lashed along the bulwarks. The ship again could be worked.

That night at supper the Finn fixed me with an exultant eye. "See, Louie? I tol' you dat dam' cook—"

The rest of us were thinking how lucky we were; had the lightning come down the steel mast, we would have been just another ship posted missing.

As usual, the mate's account was brief and to the point. The following entry appeared in the log for Saturday, August 31st.

Moderate wind with rainy & squally weather. Shortly before 4 A.M. a stroke of lightning struck the main top gall mast about three feet above the cap cutting the mast in two, the wreckage just toppling over forward to leeward, At daybreak commenced to send everything down on deck

which continued until 4 P.M. when everything was down nothing missing. Light wind with cloudy squally weather at 4 P.M. veer ship. Lights & lookout carefully attended to. The fore top gall sail also the two main topsails were more or less torn. 75 days out. Course S E by E
lat 14°57' long 118°58'

Sunday was a murky day with a dark overcast. It rained heavily as we worked to bring some order out of the tangled rigging. In spite of the weather, we were in high spirits and ran whooping about the decks like school kids on the last day of school. Visibility was poor; as we approached the land, the water turned to a greenish-grey. Occasionally we would catch glimpses of bold headlands shrouded in heavy mist.

Six bells had struck and midnight was approaching when we sighted a light flashing on and off far away to the southeast. Then another appeared, beckoning to us as we moved slowly and silently forward. Pape identified the second light as Corregidor. Thrilled, I wondered how Dewey had felt, when standing on *Olympia's* bridge he crept toward the same big island twenty years before.

Closer, a great many lights appeared; green—red—white lights twinkling in the distance. In the dark it seemed as if we were approaching a large city, but I remembered from Pape's chart that Manila lay farther to the east, and at a considerable distance from the entrance.

Daylight brought a rather desolate scene. We were still several miles off shore, rain spattered our decks and mist hung over the land. With the lights gone it was like entering a desert town in the nighttime, garish with light in the darkness, flat and drab in the light. By six o'clock the weather was clearing and rifts in the ceiling showed patches of greyish sky.

At seven I relieved Hoculak at the wheel. Obviously happy to get away, he gave me the course, repeated it to the mate, and was off the poop in an instant. I soon found out why. Another exhibition wheel, not only were our own Captain and mates standing about, but the Captain and mate of *Ethel Zane*, as well.

The wind was light and the sea smooth. *Arapahoe* seemed to steer herself as we approached the narrow entrance. To the right

Corregidor loomed dark and close, gentle waves breaking around its base, while in cleared areas near the top, were low buildings that appeared to be barracks.

Now and then my eyes strayed from the compass. The Captain, catching me, gave me a stern look.

"Vatch de course, Louiel!"

"Yes, Sir!"

Minutes later, this time the mate: "Louiel Vatch de veel!"

"Yes, Sir—"



Manila Bay

As though welcoming us, the sky cleared and the fair wind bore us slowly past Corregidor and into Manila Bay. From the wheel I stole hurried glimpses of the big island with its dark green vegetation that came down to the water's edge.

The Captain paced the poop, occasionally glancing at the compass. Several times he ordered the course altered a few degrees to port or starboard. As we sailed slowly onward the bay widened into a vast expanse of water. To the south were the radio towers of the Navy yard at Cavite and to the east, the haze and smoke of Manila still many miles away.

At the end of the watch Bond came up the lee side and took my place at the wheel. Reaching the main deck I joined both watches crowded along the rails. No one thought of going below and everyone seemed excited. Even the Finn and Sandy were laughing together near the entrance to the galley. I couldn't help thinking it was near this same spot hardly twenty days before that Sandy had attempted to murder the Finn with a butcher knife.

Soon our attention was directed to a Navy patrol boat overhauling us on the port beam. As she wallowed along in the choppy swells we could see a crew standing at the forward deck gun. On her bridge officers were looking us over with binoculars. In spite of our identification flags fluttering at the mizzen signal halyard, she seemed to regard us with suspicion. As the distance narrowed an officer stepped to her rail and raised a megaphone. His hail came across the water.

"ARAPAHOE! PROCEED TO YOUR ANCHORAGE OUTSIDE THE BREAKWATER! WE HAVE MAIL FOR YOU IN MANILA!"

That was all. A bell clanged, her propeller churned the water and she drew slowly away. A disappointed gang left the rails and gathered in little groups. Beside me, Lofty was swearing to himself. "God damn brass hat bastard! Not a word of news for two and a half months, and he don't even tell us if the war is over or not!"

Throughout the remainder of the morning *Arapahoe* drove steadily eastward. Forward on the fo'c'slehead a crew under the bos'n was busy hoisting the starboard anchor outboard with the crane tackle. Hung from the cathead by a short chain called the ring stopper, one end led to an iron trip. The anchor chain was then led out through the hawsepipe and shackled to the anchor. When this was done, it was ready to be let go.

At seven bells the off watch gathered noisily around the table for the noon meal. For once there was no grumbling over the food, and everyone was in high good humor. Even Slim was seen to grin and acted almost human. The talk around the table was loud and, if possible, more boisterous than ever. Across from me, Stavanger was cramming food into his mouth, his little eyes glistening as he listened to the obscenities. The Finn, seated beside him, after several vain attempts to make himself heard, gave up and shouted, "Yust lak God dam' Irish Parl'ment, everybody talkin', nobody lis'nin'!"

The meal was hardly finished when eight bells sounded, cutting short our revelry. We quickly assembled at the break of the poop, the wheel was relieved, and the watch on deck went below for chow. There being no duties to be performed at the moment, I had started forward when I was hailed by Johnny. Seated on one of the big bitts near the capstan was our talkative friend, Old Andy.

Andy claimed to have visited Manila on several previous occasions. He was giving Johnny one of his long-winded yarns about a tribe of natives on an island called Zamboanga, and whom he swore had tails. However, I remembered the story he had told us about Japanese women being cross-rigged. This he had vowed to be the solemn truth, and appeared much surprised at our ignorance in not already knowing it.

Andy was still in the middle of his long discourse when the voice of the mate rang out from atop the aft fo'c'sle.

"Stand by royal and t'gallant halyards, fore and mizzen!"

Instantly there was a rush forward and aft. Quickly the fore royal and topgallant halyards were slacked away, and as the yards slid down I could hear Laurence singing out as the crew hauled at clew and buntlines.

As Skinner and I raced up the rigging, I looked aft in time to see the mizzen royal and topgallant yards come down and heard Stavanger shouting as they clewed up those sails. Behind me Skinner was puffing and blowing as he followed me out over the foretop and up the steep topmast shrouds and on up to the royal. We had taken in this same sail many times during the voyage; today, it was like child's play. In short order we brought it up in neat folds, the gaskets were passed and secured. Finished, we were ready to climb down and give a hand to the two boys who had followed us up the rigging and were working on the topgallant.

I paused on the royal footrope looking down on the narrow deck. For an instant my thoughts went back to my first experience with the royal when, seasick and terror stricken, I had frozen to the jackstay and refused to come down.

My day dreaming was broken by Skinner shouting from the yard below. "For Christ's sake, Smith, what the hell you waiting for? Get down here and give us a hand!"

Quickly I dropped down where he and the other two boys were furling the fluttering sail. Below, I could see the upturned face of the mate, watching with a critical eye to see that we gave the sails a neat "harbor stow."

We hurried down the ratlines while the boys aft were finishing with the mizzen topgallant, and as we regained the deck the four came sliding down the stays only seconds behind us.

During this time we had been steadily drawing closer to the inner harbor of Manila. Behind a breakwater ships lay at anchor, smoke from their funnels rising in dark clouds and drifting toward the city. A slight haze over the land partially hid the view, but the afternoon sun, reflecting on some of the larger buildings, brought them out in bold relief.

Next came the order, "Take in jibs and stays'ls!" and as the halyards were let go, the crews rushed to the downhauls. As the fore-and-aft sails came screeching down the stays they were quickly furled and made fast. The watch again gathered on the foredeck and apprehensive glances were directed toward the giant foresail and mainsail. Our anxiety was cut short, however, by the mate who came forward followed by the second mate and soon the cry, "All hands on deck!" rang throughout the ship. As the crews of both watches swarmed to clew and buntlines, the two big sails were slowly raised to the yards. Aloft, I was pleasantly surprised to see five men from *Ethel Zane*, and Chips, our carpenter, strung out along the footropes. With this extra help the big course sails were soon furled, followed by mizzen topsails. Under reduced canvas *Arapahoe* glided toward the breakwater that now loomed close ahead. Forward, the mate was standing by the cathead from which dangled the starboard anchor. In his hand he held the top-maul, a heavy hammer used to strike the pin on the anchor release. Under the fo'c'slehead Brodie and Chips stood by the brakes on the windlass, ready to stay the run of the chain when sufficient scope was out. At a command from the Captain, "Helm hard a starb'dr!" the wheel was put over and slowly *Arapahoe's* bow came around into the wind. As she lost headway her topsails came aback, and gently and almost imperceptibly she began to creep astern.

At a shout, "Let go!" from the Captain, the mate struck the pin on the chain stop. There came a splash, followed by a clatter and roar as the anchor chain came out of the locker, over the guides and out through the hawsepipe. When forty-five fathoms had run out the mate gave a signal and the brakes were applied to the windlass to bring it to a stop. Swarming up the rigging we quickly furled the topsails and soon everything aloft was secured.

Back on deck I was conscious of an unnatural stillness. The ship felt lifeless and no longer rolled with the swells. It was almost with a feeling of regret that I realized the first half of the long voyage was over. Four bells rang out. It was two o'clock Monday, September 2nd. We were at anchor in Manila Bay after 77 days at sea.



The Port Doctor

Arapahoe lay quietly at her anchor. Above, her spars seemed naked and bare, where only a short time before sails billowed from yards and the wind sang through her rigging.

Hardly were the last sails furled when we were set to work clearing the decks and making things trim and shipshape. On the starboard side, men under the Finn were getting down the gangplank. Soon, it was over the side, secured and ready for use.

At first our arrival seemed to have attracted little attention except to the sea birds that began flying around the ship. Suddenly, through an opening in the breakwater, there appeared a strange-looking craft. As she came rolling and pitching close off our port beam, we rushed to the rails and had our first look at a steam launch. These launches, common throughout the islands, had an overall length of around forty feet, and a beam of ten to twelve. She had a wooden hull with flush decks, surrounded by a low railing. Power was furnished by a small steam engine which sat in the open, aft of amidships. Fuel for the firebox was coal, carried in a bunker on the open deck, and fresh water for the boiler in a small tank just forward of the engine. Overhead, and high enough for ample headroom, was stretched a canvas canopy. This provided shelter from the sun and rain, also from coal smoke which poured from her stack in black, sooty clouds.

Her crew consisted of four Filipinos, all barefooted. One standing at the wheel appeared to be her skipper. Near the boiler was a younger man, obviously her engineer. At bow and stern lines were two boys about twelve or thirteen years of age.

Standing on the starboard side slightly forward of amidships was a tall, slender American. He was dressed in a linen suit, wore white shoes, and on his head was a wide-brimmed Panama

hat. Puffing slowly on a slim cigar, a faint smile creased his features as his eyes ran over our crew lined up along the bulwark.

Near him stood a Filipino customs officer wearing a sun-tan uniform. Not much over five feet in height and barely coming to the American's shoulders, his appearance was in sharp contrast to that of the big-framed man beside him.

There came a sharp command from our Captain who had come forward, followed by the first and second mates.

"Fall in for Port Doctor and Customs Officer!"

There was a shuffling of feet as we formed a line facing the starboard bulwark. We heard a chatter of Spanish voices, then the tall figure of the American closely followed by the smaller man was at the head of the gangway. As they came down the steps onto the deck, the big man glanced aloft at our shattered mainmast, then back to us and said in a pleasant voice,

"Hello, boys, well I see you had a nice trip coming over."

Next came a quick round of introductions between the doctor and customs officer and our Captain and mates. They were then introduced to Captain Backus and first mate Nelson of *Ethel Zane*. Captain Wilhelmsen gave the port authorities a brief account of *Ethel Zane*, explaining the presence of her crew on board and told of the serious condition of her second mate confined to his bunk aft.

Turning to *Arapahoe's* crew, the Doctor walked slowly down the line. "I don't see any need for a doctor here," he said. "You look to be as healthy a gang as I've ever seen. Now, I suppose you are anxious to hear some news of the war."

There came a ripple of assenting voices and he proceeded to bring us up to date on the events that had occurred during our months at sea. He told of the fierce fighting at Château-Thierry and along the Marne; how the American forces had helped the French turn the tide of battle at the very gates of Paris and were driving the Germans back. Hearing this, a rousing cheer rang out. As it died away, a voice from somewhere along the line called out, "Hey, Doc, how about girls ashore?"

"Oh, yes," he replied, "I had almost forgotten. Well, there are lots of them and my advice is to stay away from them all. How-

ever, I know you won't, so remember this, the Japanese are the cleanest."

He had turned away when he again faced us and held up his hand for silence. As our laughter quieted down he said, "There's one thing more, and I know this will be of interest—the *Monongahela* which left San Francisco ahead of you, is overdue and presumed to have been lost in the typhoon."

A sudden hush came over the group during which I was dimly conscious of the order, "Dismissed!"

We slowly broke up into little groups and I made my way to the fo'c'sle. There several of the crew were gathered, some smoking, others just standing about. The stillness was broken by Skinner.

"Jesus Christ! Think of that! Lost in the typhoon!"

The reported loss of *Monongahela* hit the crew of *Arapahoe* with terrific impact. As we crowded into the fo'c'sle discussing this news our voices dropped to an undertone. There was none of the loud talk usually heard and a feeling of gloom settled over the ship.

It had never occurred to most of us that we, too, had undergone dangers. Although we had been cautioned many times about the hazards on a sailing ship, slight heed was ever taken. For the most part the advice was considered as coming from a bunch of senile, old women. Now, little was said by the older seamen; they went quietly about their work, their silence alone seeming to rebuke us for the cocky attitude we had assumed during the last weeks of the voyage.

Of the four training ships that had left San Francisco for the cruise to Manila, *Monongahela* was one of the finest. Well equipped, the big four-poster was a beautiful ship with long, graceful lines. She was commanded by Captain Rasmus P. Rasmussen, a veteran skipper, and had sailed from San Francisco during the last week of May manned by a crew of cadets. She was considered the flagship of the fleet, noted for her "spit and polish" and strict regulations.

On *Arapahoe* things were somewhat different. Not a pretty ship to begin with, there was little brass to polish and her months

as a coal barge had given her decks a dark, grimy color that even our daily scrubbing had failed to remove. As for our crew, little or no restrictions were imposed forward of the poop. The only occasions on which we were required to dress were during a trick at the wheel or when we had business aft; there, the Captain had an iron-clad rule that we must wear a shirt, pants and shoes.

Arapahoe was not without discipline. Such was far from the case. The Old Man was a strict disciplinarian, gruff and short-spoken, a captain who insisted on instant obedience to every command. Knudsen and Peterson were tolerant in their dealings with the crew, but to them the insistence of the cadets on making a game of everything and the intense competition between the watches was something they were never able to understand.

Many plans had been made for the contests that were to be held between the ships of the fleet when they arrived in Manila Bay. We had spent hours in drilling our sail crews; boys had been selected for their speed and agility in getting aloft and taking in sail. Our boat crews were trained in launching the lifeboats, while Eddie, our boxer, had worked out daily amidships. We had a basketball team chosen from boys who had played on school teams and were looking forward to games ashore. A suggestion was made by the Finn that caused much merriment when he said, "By dam' I t'ink ve should match dat "Captain" Barker vid dose odder guys; he shur as hell vin de money."

Although *Moshulu* and *Chillicothe* were frequently mentioned in the contests between the ships, the talk always veered around to *Monongahela*. She was the one ship we were determined to defeat at all costs. Perhaps it was because of the stories we had heard of her spotless decks and gleaming brass, her uniformed officers and snappy crew. Possibly, there may have been just a little envy mixed in with our outward show of contempt. Now, with the news of her loss, all that seemed unimportant.

At the sound of voices coming from aft, we looked out to see Walberg, the second mate of *Ethel Zane* on a stretcher being carried toward the gangway. He was seriously ill, suffering from the grueling ordeal experienced during the wreck. Under the

direction of the Doctor he was placed aboard the launch for transportation to the Philippine General Hospital.

As the launch with the Doctor pulled away, another came alongside. This one was crowded with a mixture of Filipinos and Americans, some in uniform and some in civilian clothes. As they came thronging up the gangplank, they were met by the mate. One, a short dark-complexioned American wearing a rumpled suit, wiped sweat from his face as he introduced himself as agent of the firm of Atkins and Kroll, San Francisco owners of *Ethel Zane*. Following him were two more Americans; these were the Manila representatives of the firm of Struthers and Dixon, to whom the sailing ships were consigned.

The rest were made up of customs officials, men from the stevedore concern who were to discharge *Arapahoe's* cargo, and reporters from two Manila newspapers—*The Cable-News American* and *Manila Times*. Soon, newsmen were interviewing our officers and the crew of *Ethel Zane*. Pictures were taken of our broken mainmast, of the rescued men and our Captain and mates. Seated on the forehatch was our old friend, Andy. For once he was in his element; surrounded by reporters, he gave them a thrilling version of the wreck, highly embellished with the part he had played in it. He also told them of his previous shipwrecks, going into great detail on each one. He was a happy old man the following day when in the story of *Ethel Zane* they devoted the larger part of a column to him and his experiences.

In the middle of the excitement we were called to the forehatch near the fo'c'slehead. Here, the anchor watch was selected for the first night in port, and the mate explained how the watch would be kept in the future. There were to be two men on duty each night, one from each of the watches. The hours were from six in the evening until six in the morning. The two men coming off watch were relieved from duty, and were free until six the following morning. The names were chosen alphabetically, the list for each week posted by the galley door. Stavanger, whose name was Arnisen, and Bond were called for the first night. It was with a feeling of envy that I realized these two would be free to spend the following day and night ashore. At the same time a mental calculation told me my name would appear on the

end of the list, and it would be a long time before I rated this soft touch.

There were to be no more watches in port. At six in the morning all hands were to turn to and wash down the decks. At seven the crew would go to breakfast, after which we were to be assigned work by the bos'ns, and would work until noon. In the afternoon we would work until five, with supper at six. On Saturday all hands with the exception of a small stand-by crew and the anchor watch would be off duty at noon and free until Monday morning. When the question of shore leave was brought up, I received an unexpected shock. I learned for the first time that this was not a matter of right, but was granted at the will and pleasure of the Captain.

Although it was a holiday, there was work that had to be done. The mate had barely finished his instructions when the starboard watch was ordered to the fo'c'slehead to get the port anchor over the side, the chain shackled to it and ready to be let go. At the same time our watch was sent to the gangway to bring aboard stores from a launch.

After the months of eating beans, salt meat, tongues and sounds and dried fruit, the sight of the food now brought aboard was enough to make us frantic. There were cases of eggs, packages of fresh meat, green vegetables of various kinds, bananas, crates of oranges, and several large cakes of ice. Needless to say, getting us to work required no urging, and we soon had the supplies on board.

For the rest of the afternoon we haunted the galley like a pack of wolves; it seemed that six would never come. At four bells we gathered around the table and the food was shoved through the galley window. First, a great steaming platter of lamb chops, then mashed potatoes and gravy, corn on the cob, sliced cucumbers, green onions and radishes, fresh bread and butter, and pitchers of lemonade. Little talking was heard and as soon as a platter or dish was empty, it was passed back for seconds.

After the meal we lay on our bunks feeling too stuffed to move. Captain Wilhelmsen had gone ashore with the Struthers and Dixon agents, leaving the first mate in command. Captain

Backus had also gone ashore to do what he could to bring some relief to his men who would have to give up their quarters in our donkey house the following morning. The last steam launch had left *Arapahoe's* side; the ship was quiet again.

In the west the sun setting through the bluish haze looked like an orange ball. As it sank below the horizon, evening shadows turned to darkness and lights began to twinkle ashore. The murmur of voices could be heard as a few dark figures moved about the deck. Most of the crew, however, gathered along the bulwarks looking toward the city as if fascinated by the lights and the thoughts of being again close to the land.

Although it was still early, I went forward to my bunk. Lying in the darkness, I was again aware of the unnatural stillness. Once, during the night, I thought I heard the deep tones of the ship's bell, but it seemed to be coming from far away.



The Coal Detail

It seemed to me I had been sleeping only minutes when I was awakened by loud shouts, "Rise and shine! All right, you guys, hit the deck!" Startled, I raised to a sitting position to find it daylight and to see Brodie disappearing out the door. Around me others of the watch were dressing. The Finn, coming out of his quarters looked bedraggled, his eyes swollen by sleep. He looked at Ryan sitting on a bench at the fo'c'sle table busily tying his shoes, "Hey, Ryan, how you lak dis life? Yust lak dan king! Slip all night, beats farm, eh?"

"It sure does," replied Ryan, "why, back on the farm I'd have twenty cows milked by this time."

"Twenty cows! Man, that's a lot of tits to pull," said Laurence, rubbing out his cigarette.

Morning brought heavy rain squalls. The southwest wind sweeping over the bay caused the choppy water to break into sheets of spray against the dark breakwater. Walking aft, I noticed steam was up on our donkey. The folding doors were rolled back, enabling the cables to be run out to the blocks of the cargo gear.

Inside the donkey room the six men who had slept there during the forty-one days since their rescue were tearing out bunks and carrying away mattresses and blankets. The poor fellows, in all probability, were glad to leave the crowded, uncomfortable quarters.

The starboard watch had had their breakfast and we were finishing ours when "Stand by for the towboat!" was heard. From the deck we could see her bearing down upon us. As she edged up to our side heaving lines were thrown to her deck and with

these we hauled aboard her towing hawsers and made them fast to our bitts.

At a signal from the mate there came a hissing of steam and the sharp bark of the donkey's exhaust as Chips opened the throttle. Gradually, the ship walked up to her anchor and the big iron hook came out of the mud to hang below the hawsepipe. Again the mate signaled. A deep-throated blast came from the tug, followed by the throb of engines as her propellers boiled the water and drove it far astern.

Little by little we started moving ahead. Soon a bell sounded and we were turned slowly and headed toward an opening in the breakwater. As we slipped quietly into the inner harbor, we lined the rails and gazed at the sprawling waterfront and the city that lay beyond. Presently, as the bell again sounded, we came about in a wide turn and found ourselves in the front row of ships behind the rock enclosure. At another blast from the whistle, our port anchor was let go and the tug's hawsers cast off. It was eight o'clock and as eight bells struck we were swinging to our permanent anchorage.

Barely had the ship settled to her anchor when we were turned to, rigging the cargo gear. Unloading was to begin at number one, two and three hatches, and part of the crew were removing the canvas covers.

Manila had few docks and these were occupied by transports, a passenger liner or two, and small inter-island steamers. The ships at anchor behind the breakwater unloaded their cargo onto lighters, huge flat-bottomed scows which carried great loads of freight.

We were busy getting up the various lines and blocks when I heard the startled exclamation of Peterson.

"Yumpin' yeesus! Luk'a dere!"

Looking up I followed his glance forward. There was Stavanger coming out of the port watch fo'c'sle, dressed in his shore-going clothes. He was wearing a wrinkled old suit about two sizes too small for him, the sleeves of the coat ended well above his wrists, while his pants, hanging so low around his hips that they seemed in danger of falling down, were held up by a length of rope. Bulging out over the rope was his enormous belly. He

never wore underwear, and one of the lower buttons missing from his shirt caused it to gap open, exposing a growth of thick, black hair. He wore a pair of heavy shoes, and on his head a dark wool cap.

His appearance certainly was in contrast to that of Bond, also waiting to go ashore. Bond, about twenty years old, slender and well groomed, was wearing a neat brown suit; his shoes were polished, he was freshly shaven, and he carried a camera in a leather case.

Also standing near the ladder, and ready to go ashore, were the mate and six men from *Ethel Zane*, dressed in odds and ends of borrowed clothing. They had slept their last night aboard. There had been many arguments throughout the fo'c'sle concerning their status as shipwrecked sailors. Hank, who claimed to have considerable knowledge of such things, had been sure they were entitled to wages until they were returned to San Francisco. However, the seaman's act was read and it was found this was not true. Section 33 of this antiquated law read:

—that in cases where the services of any seaman terminate before the period contemplated in the agreement, by reason of the loss or wreck of the ship, such seaman shall be entitled to wages prior to such termination, but not for any further period.

Soon through the mist and rain there appeared a steam launch heading toward us. Several men were on her deck and near the bow I could make out the tall figure of Captain Backus. Soon she was alongside and her passengers climbed aboard to be met by the first mate. One was a Filipino who introduced himself as an acting shipping agent for Manila who handed the mate a bundle of mail.

As we eagerly crowded around, he stepped up on the main hatch and called out the names on the letters.

"Ryan!"

"Here!"

"Sullivan!"

"Here!"

As each man answered, his letter would be tossed to him, something in the manner of a bone being thrown to a hungry

dog. The stack of mail was rapidly growing smaller; suddenly I saw the mate hesitate as he looked closely at a letter.

"Lou Albert Schmitt? Vell, dis vun musta been sent to de wrong ship," muttered the mate. "No vun haar by dat name."

"That's me, Sir!" The words seemed to have slipped out involuntarily.

"You, Louie? Vot de hell, I t'ought your name vas 'Smith'."

At last my secret was out. When I signed on in San Francisco as "Smith," the problem of receiving mail had never occurred to me.

Gathered around the table in the fo'c'sle we were reading and rereading our letters when the door opened and Brodie stuck in his head. Brodie had never liked me and I had a hearty dislike for him.

"Hey, Schmitt," he said emphasizing my name in a loud voice, "how come you signed on as 'Smith'? What's the idea?"

Any explanation I might have given was cut short by Pape. He turned and faced Brodie and, in a low, level tone, said, "Listen, fella, that's his business; maybe my name's not 'Pape' either. From now on, lay off the kid, understand?" The matter of my name was never mentioned again.

We were still gathered in the fo'c'sle when the door was again opened, this time by Ericksen, *Ethel Zane's* donkeyman.

"Well, boys, we're leaving you," he said.

We hurried out onto the deck and joined the rest of the crew standing in groups around the gangway. There were good-natured jokes passed back and forth; Joseph Ward, one of her able seamen, said, "Well, it was sure nice to have met you fellows."

"Yep," echoed Malkus Blomgren, "never enjoyed meeting anyone so much in my life."

As they filed down the gangplank and boarded the launch, old Andy turned and pointed to Johnny, Jerry and me. With that same sly smile he always wore when he told one of his big whoppers, he called back, "Hey, you kids, remember what I told you about them Jap girls. You see if I'm not right!"

The last we saw of Andy he was leaning over the launch's stern, waving as she drew away toward shore.

• • •

THE LOG: San Francisco to Manila.

Tuesday, Sept. 3, 1918

Light S.W. wind with rainy weather.

6:30 A M Steam on Donky Boyler and tug boat along side

7:00 hove short and took onbord hawser

7:50 hove up anchor and underway

8:00 Dropped port anchor 65 faths

8:30 Started to rig cargo geer numer 1" and 2 hach which lasted all day.

6 P M Derik came long side with two Donky Boylers which was plased at #3 and #4 hach

8 P M finiched off

Anchor lights put out after regularchen and two cadets on duty during the night.

• • •

During the morning we were again turned to on the cargo gear and kept busy until seven bells. In spite of the haze and overcast, the air felt sticky and sweat dripped from our bodies as we labored with the heavy tackle. At seven bells we crowded into the fo'c'sle for the noon meal and for once I was first to leave the table. The letter I had received that morning was hidden under my blanket. I grabbed it and was soon stretched out on the netting under *Arapahoe's* bowsprit. It was dated July 1st., about two weeks after we had sailed from San Francisco and was from my parents back in Oregon. It was now September 3rd.

Although I had hurriedly read the letter twice when I received it, now, alone, I slowly read it again. It was written in my father's familiar hand and he started out by explaining that it was from both him and my mother. He told how they had worried when they heard I had gone to sea, but hoped I'd had a pleasant trip. He said he had heard that some of the work on a ship at sea was a bit hard and, also somewhat dangerous but, since I was only a boy, supposed I'd been given easy jobs. My mother, he said, also hoped I'd had plenty of good, well-cooked food.

He spoke of the local items of interest, and went into great detail about the condition of the country, the crops, and the war effort. He closed by reminding me that September 22nd was my

birthday, and that both he and my mother were praying I would return in time to celebrate it with them.

I was aroused by the shouts of the bos'ns calling all hands to the main deck. As I joined the group, we were told to fall aft to the poop and bring our passports. We were lined up along the rail where the word was passed that we were to be issued our permits to go ashore.

Soon the first three men in line were sent below into the main saloon. As fast as one man came up another went below. Presently my turn came and I stood before the big mahogany table holding my hat in my hand. Seated at the table was a Filipino customs officer, whose gold-braided cap lay on the table before him. He was writing furiously as he filled in a form, his pen making scratching sounds as it raced over the paper. When he was finished, he ripped the form from its pad, handed it to the man ahead of me and, without looking up, reached for my passport. He scanned it briefly, filled out the form and as he handed it to me, threw my passport into a box, at the same time reaching for the next man's. Back on deck I examined the form:

The government of The Philippine Islands, Department of Finance, Bureau of Customs, Manila:

Shore Pass For Transient Visitor. Port of Manila—Sept. 3, 1918. Passport of Lou A. Smith, a member of the crew of S.S. *Arapahoe* having been delivered to the Insular Collector of Customs, permission to temporarily land is granted. This pass expires on departure of the ship: On surrender by the rightful person, the corresponding passport will be returned. To be surrendered at the office of Customs Officer on Board.

Signed—V. Aldanese
Insular Collector of Customs.

Afterwards in the fo'c'sle the question was brought up as to why our passports had been retained. The reason was made clear by Brodie in his usual sarcastic manner.

"That's just in case any of you wise guys get a funny idea about jumping ship here in Manila. Without your passport, you'll be damn well stranded on the beach."

Probably his remark was not directed to me, but I remembered how he had tried to needle me when he found my name

was "Schmitt." I couldn't resist the temptation and said, "Don't think I have any intention of jumping ship, even though it means putting up with you." The following day I had reason to wish I had kept my mouth shut.

The rest of the afternoon we worked steadily getting up the cargo gear. It rained intermittently which made it necessary to keep the hatches covered, but it didn't interfere with our work. We had been told that two additional donkeys were to be sent out to handle the winches at number 2 and 3 hatches, and by two bells all was in readiness for them.

We had finished chow when all hands were called to assist in bringing aboard the donkeys. They had been towed out on a scow, similar to those used to transport cargo, but this one was equipped with a high derrick with which the donkeys were hoisted aboard.

Before being dismissed, we were told the Captain would return the following morning with money for the crew and that each man would be allowed to draw half of his pay. This was welcome news, for with the exception of Lofty, who had won all the money in both fo'c'sles playing cards on the way over, we were flat broke. Stavanger and Bond, who had done their hitch of anchor watch and had gone ashore with *Ethel Zane's* crew, had been successful in floating a loan from Lofty. Before he let them have the money, however, he had taken nearly everything they owned for security. A good thing for him that he did—in Stavanger's case, at least, for although Bond promptly repaid his loan, Stavanger was never able to, and Lofty ended up by owning a pair of sea boots several sizes too large.

Although we'd had a busy day, most of us felt but slight inclination to turn in. Little mention was made of *Monongahela*. Already, we were beginning to laugh and make plans for our shore leave which was to start tomorrow, our third day in port.

The fo'c'sles were hot and stuffy, and most of us decided to sleep outside. The netting under the bowsprit had always been my favorite spot, and Johnny and I lugged out our blankets and were soon snuggled down for the night. It was a pleasant place. We hung suspended, one on each side of the figurehead and

could see the lights on shore and hear the bells of the ships at anchor as their musical tones came pealing over the water.

We had been asleep several hours—it must have been nearly morning—when I began to dream that someone was throwing water in my face. I had pulled the blanket over my head when I was awakened by Johnny, who shook me and shouted, "Wake up, Lou! Let's get out of here, quick!"

Awakening, I realized we were having another tropical down-pour. We grabbed our bedding and started to run for the fo'c'sle. Luckily, we had taken only our covers, and had dry mattresses to crawl onto. Around the deck we could hear cursing as others gathered up soaked blankets and mattresses and struggled to get in through the narrow fo'c'sle doors. The rain was coming down heavily, and two or three who had wisely decided to sleep inside, started to laugh. They were promptly pulled from their bunks and thrown out into the downpour. When they protested, their blankets and pillows were thrown out after them. In the midst of the uproar Brodie came rushing out of the bos'n's quarters shouting in his high-pitched voice.

"What the bloody hell's going on out here?"

Someone in the darkness, I never knew who, picked up the mess boy's slop bucket half full of greasy dish water, and threw it in his face. When the fo'c'sle lamp was finally lit and the confusion died down, he stood naked, wiping his face with a dirty undershirt. Looking around the fo'c'sle, his voice shook with anger as he said, "If I ever find the dirty son-of-a-bitch who done that, I'll make him wish to Christ he'd never seen this ship." Somehow, he seemed to look the longest at me.

Soon after daylight the first cargo lighters arrived. Steam was up on the donkeys and stevedores crowded the decks. The ship became a scene of noisy activity as the work got under way. At six o'clock a launch came alongside bringing out the Captain. He was followed up the gangplank by Bond who had spent the night ashore. There was no sign of Stavanger. As Bond headed toward the fo'c'sle, his arms filled with packages, we flocked around, bombarding him with questions.

"What was it like ashore? What did you see? Were there many pretty girls? What became of Stavanger?"

To the last question Bond replied that he had no idea, as the last time he had seen him, Stavanger was jumping off a street-car and heading into a bar.

"Maybe he picked up a girl," someone suggested.

"More likely a boy," chuckled another.

It was some time before we were to see or hear anything more of Stavanger.

At eight bells we lined up aft to receive our advance pay. We entered the saloon one at a time and stood before the Captain and mate seated at the cabin table. The mate held an account book and, as each man appeared, read off his name and the amount of money due. This was paid in cash by the Captain and the man receiving it raked the money into his hat, turned and silently left the cabin. No questions were asked; nothing more was said.

Back on deck I counted what money I had received; it was \$41.50. After having been without any money for so long this seemed like a princely sum. In addition I remembered the \$6.00 owed me by the Finn and the \$10.00 I had coming from Joe Maringo. Both had promised to repay me upon our arrival in Manila; however, when I approached them on this matter, Maringo was in a big hurry getting ready to go ashore and said he would see me later. The Finn claimed he had no change right then but would also see me later.

With our passes and money in our pockets there came a great scramble into the fo'c'sles. Soon men were shaving, shining their shoes and getting into wrinkled clothing. To Jerry, Johnny and me, shaving was something we had yet to experience, so we were among the first to be dressed and ready to go.

I slipped into the blue serge suit I'd bought in Oregon which I had so carefully brushed and aired during the voyage. I was startled to find it seemed to have shrunk. The pants were too short and came above my shoe tops, while the coat was tight in the shoulders and the sleeves ended an inch above my wrists. Worst of all were the shoes. At first I thought I had picked up someone else's by mistake. The narrow low-cut oxfords, of which I had been so proud, felt much too small. The long weeks of going barefooted on *Arapahoe's* decks had caused my feet to

spread. They now looked larger than my shoes. I pulled and tugged, and finally got them on.

Transportation ashore was no problem. By now, unloading was in full swing with boats running back and forth. We three were waiting by the gangway when Brodie sauntered up to us. He had the unpleasant habit of chewing tobacco and, as he turned his head, squirted tobacco juice into the scuppers, at the same time clearing his throat. An ugly leer came over his face as he said in a low tone, "Well, well. So we're going ashore. Now, ain't that nice. Before you go, there's just one or two little things I want to show you. Come here."

Crooking his finger for us to follow, he led the way aft to the donkey at number 3 hatch. Pointing to the coalbox on the deck, he said, "You see that box? Well, that's a coalbin. Now, come here and I'll show you something else."

He led us forward to the donkey at number 2 hatch. Again he pointed his finger. "You see that box? Well, that's a coalbin, too." Motioning us to come along, he stopped at *Arapahoe's* donkey house. "See that box in there? That's another coalbin."

As we looked sullenly at one another, wondering what was coming next, he jerked his thumb forward. This time he stopped under the fo'c'slehead. In his nasty sardonic voice, he then said, "You see that little hatch up in the bow? Well, that goes down into the forepeak. In the bottom of the forepeak is the coal bunker." Suddenly raising his voice, he shouted. "From now on your jobs on this ship is to keep them coalbins full. Now, get them damn pretty clothes off and get busy!" With that, he turned and walked away.

For a second we stood too stunned to move. I felt hot tears of anger smarting my eyes. With clenched fists I had taken a step toward the retreating figure when Johnny placed his hand on my arm. "Hold it. We'll get even with that bastard. Someday, something will happen to him. Just wait and see."

Little did I know how true Johnny's prophesy was to be. Our revenge was to come sooner than we dreamed, and from an entirely unexpected quarter.

Back in our working clothes, we divided the hard, dirty work into three jobs. One was to climb down to the forepeak and

shovel the coal into a basket lowered from the deck. The second was to haul up the basket with a block and tackle hung from above the hatch. The third was to drag the heavy baskets aft and dump them into the coalbins.

Usually, we would have alternated the shoveling, each one taking his turn. In my rage I refused to do this and insisted on doing it alone. I felt it was my feud with the bos'n that had gotten my two pals into trouble, and but for me, they would have been on their way ashore.

I crawled down the narrow iron ladder past the 'tweendecks, down into the coal bunker located in the bow, far below the water line at the very bottom of the ship. Here in the small space between the bow and bulkhead, was stored *Arapahoe's* coal. It had no ventilation, the air was foul and heavy. The only light came from the feeble glow of a smelly oil lantern that had been lowered down to me. All morning I shoveled in silence. Stripped to the waist, the sweat dripped from my face and ran streaming down my body. I was paying a big price for the brief triumph I had scored over Brodie at the time they picked up our passports. Surely no dungeon could have been worse than the black hole in which I now found myself.

At seven bells Johnny called down that it was time for chow. Still feeling vindictive I climbed up the ladder out of the murky gloom of the forepeak. Blinking my eyes, I reached the bright sunlight of the deck, my sweat-caked face and body black with coal dust.

Swimming over the side during working hours was strictly against the rules; for once, I didn't care. Kicking out of my pants I was over the bulwark and, before the astonished Johnny could say a word, I dove into the cool waters of the bay. As I came up a rope onto the deck I saw Brodie standing amidships. I wanted him to say something—instead, he stood and glared.

After dinner Johnny and I had gone forward to our usual place in the bowsprit netting. For some time neither of us spoke as we lay stretched out, gazing upward at the blue Philippine sky. The silence was broken by Johnny.

"You know, I guess we shouldn't be sore at the bos'n. After all, someone had to get up the coal."

Begrudgingly, I had to agree he was right. That afternoon we took turns shoveling in the forepeak.

After supper that night I saw Brodie go down the gangplank and board a launch for shore. The Finn would be in charge of the deck gang the following day. That night I "accidentally" ran into him on the fo'c'slehead. The next morning, much to their chagrin, three fresh, young cadets from the starboard watch found themselves assigned to the coal detail.

As Johnny, Jerry and I boarded the launch, again decked out in our shore-going clothes, I looked back. Standing at the rail was the Finn. A grin spread over his whiskery face as he gave us a sly wink. The six bucks that he owed me had been charged off. It was worth it, for at last we were heading for shore.

CHAPTER 16



Manila

Crowded among the workers as the launch pulled away, we looked back at *Arapahoe* as she lay at her anchor. She was low in the water, her hull was streaked with rust, her grey paint dull and faded. Slowly we steamed past the lines of ships, stopping now and then at one or another to pick up additional passengers.

As we headed into shore we could see the low grey buildings of Manila against a misty background. Behind the breakwater it was calm, only little waves broke the surface as we drew in toward two stone jetties. We could see a lighthouse on the end of each, marking the entrance to a wide channel. This was the mouth of the Pasig River, a navigable stream that flowed through the city, dividing it into two sections. On the south bank stood the old walled city of Intramuras, dating back to 1571. On the north bank was the newer section, the areas known as Binondo, San Nicolas and Tondo.

We had passed several warehouses and docks when suddenly the launch grated alongside a landing on the left bank of the river. In a moment we were walking up moss-covered steps to find ourselves on solid ground after nearly three months at sea.

Leaving the river we turned to what seemed to be the main part of the city. We wandered up one street and down another gazing at the strange sights and the little shops with their open fronts, and listened to the babble of voices in unfamiliar tongues.

Our dark clothing stood out in sharp contrast to the natives who all wore white, and immediately we began window shopping for new outfits. It was a sultry day and we had traveled but a short distance when we were spattered by large drops of rain. In a few minutes it was coming down in a deluge.

We dashed for an open doorway and entered a native bar. As we seated ourselves at a table the Filipino bartender approached. Acting like an old-timer I held up three fingers. Almost immediately he returned with three tall mugs of beer. As he placed the beer on the table, I pulled a ten dollar bill from my pocket. Without a word he padded back behind the bar and after a minute, returned and dumped a pile of *pesos* in front of me that looked like a small fortune.

We sat in the bar sipping the beer. Before long we had another and, as the tropical rain continued to spatter the cobblestones and run off the red tile roofs, we had still another. Eventually, the squall passed over and the sun again came out. Jerry and I were feeling hilarious and reluctant to leave but we were pushed noisily out of the place by the ever-cautious Johnny.

Before long we came to a wide street called the Escolta, the principal thoroughfare of the city. It was the busiest in all Manila and contained the larger shops and places of business that formed a great commercial district. A long street, it extended through Binondo, down to a beautiful park on the waterfront called the Luneta. This was a favorite recreation spot for army and navy men and for crews of merchant ships at anchor in the harbor. Double streetcar tracks ran the length of the Escolta and out through the section called San Sebastian. The streetcars were small, remindful of the cable cars used on the hills of San Francisco.

The most popular and common method of transportation was by *caramata*, which was a light two-wheeled gig pulled by one horse and had a comfortable seat for two and a black rubberized top that could be fitted with side curtains. On each side was an oil lantern; after dark the glow from these often provided the only illumination for many of Manila's winding streets. The driver squatted ahead of the passengers on a seat behind the dash. The horses were tiny, shaggy ponies who always appeared to know the customer's destination and required but little driving.

By this time we had reached the center of Manila's Chinese district. Peeking into doors we could see merchants sitting in the rear of shops, smoking pipes with long, slender stems and

bowls no larger than thimbles. From inside came the sound of Oriental voices and the smell of roots, fish and poultry.

We had started to pass another bar when we heard a familiar hail. Looking in, we saw Jimmie, the cabin boy, seated at a table, an open bottle of gin and a partly filled glass before him. He'd had several drinks and insisted we join him in another. Johnny politely refused but Jerry and I, after a little urging, decided to have one with him. After a drink or two, someone asked Jimmie if he was going to pay off in Manila, or if he intended to go back with us.

"What?" he replied, "go back with that cranky old bastard? Before I do that I'll stay here until they build a bridge to San Francisco."

Finally, after much persuasion on the part of Johnny, we left the place and hunted up a Chinese restaurant where Jimmie insisted on introducing us to a new dish. It was raw fish and eaten with a special sauce, surprisingly good, so much so, we ordered second helpings.

After lunch we continued our walk, looking into shops where they sold camphorwood chests, handkerchief boxes of inlaid wood, laces, embroidery and swagger sticks made from the horns of water buffalo.

The time passed quickly; suddenly it was mid-afternoon and I remembered I wanted to buy a white suit. We were in a district with many Japanese shops, most of them small, usually run by a family who lived in the back. Choosing one, we entered. A Japanese girl approached. As she smiled and said something to me in Japanese, I pointed to a linen suit. Turning, she called toward the rear and soon a man came waddling forward.

He was a little man, short and bandy-legged, who had a bald head and wore thick horn-rimmed glasses. His face was pleasant, and when he smiled, showed a mouthful of gold teeth. As he walked up to us I again pointed to the suit.

"You like?" he asked.

"Yeah."

"Try coat."

As I slipped into the white coat, that seemed to fit perfectly, I noticed he was intently examining the blue serge coat I had removed.

"You want trade?" he asked.

Remembering the blue suit was now too small for me, I was about to say "yes" when Johnny cut in.

"Hell, no, you don't want to trade. Why your suit is worth four times as much as that thing."

If the little Japanese was disturbed by Johnny's interruption, he gave no indication. Turning to him he said, "You work in clothing store in United States, yes?"

"No," answered Johnny, "I worked in a drugstore in Honolulu."

"My brother have drugstore in Honolulu."

"He does? What's its name?"

"Name 'Far East'."

"Far East! Holy smoke, I've been in your brother's store many a time," cried Johnny.

His face beaming, the little merchant whom we now called Mr. Shinada, started pressing Johnny with questions. In his excitement he often forgot his halting English and started talking in Japanese.

Suddenly the voice of Jimmie burst upon our ears. "Hey, are we going to be here all day?"

Turning from Johnny, Mr. Shinada and I again got down to business. An hour later, Jimmie, Jerry and I, all three dressed in white linen suits, swaggered gaily out of the store. We were followed by a disgusted-looking Johnny who could never bear to see money squandered. His feelings were somewhat appeased, however, when, before leaving, he had been invited to be Mr. Shinada's guest the next time he came ashore.

Back on the Escolta we started walking, keeping a sharp lookout for a photographer. Finally, someone spotted a sign:

Venus Studio, José Legarda, Prop. 162 Escolta St.

Entering, we heard the tinkle of a bell somewhere in the rear. Soon a Filipino came into the room and spoke to us in Spanish. I attempted to talk to him in English—he grinned and shook his head.

After a liberal use of sign language, the pictures were taken. I had no way of knowing when they would be ready, but this

was solved when he went to the calendar and held one of his fingers on that date, Wednesday, September 4, another on Saturday, the 7th. He looked around and smiled—I nodded.

By now the sun was sinking over the strip of land that separated Manila Bay from the South China Sea. We remembered we had no place to sleep. Jimmie said he was staying at the best hotel in town, but couldn't recall its name. All he could remember was a long two-story building on a narrow street not too far from the river. Manila had many such buildings and the streets were much alike, but after a lengthy search, we found it. It wasn't an imposing structure, but appeared clean and comfortable. Over the entrance was a sign: "Elite Hotel."

The Filipino clerk spoke English and rented us a room with three beds. The room was huge and could easily have held *Arapahoe's* port watch. Compared to the bunks aboard ship, the beds looked tremendous. Over each was a framework supported by massive posts. Covering the top, and down the sides, hung mosquito netting curtains.

After a shower I was ready to go out and see the night life of Manila, but when I suggested we go to Luneta Park and dance with the Filipino girls, the idea was quickly overruled by Johnny. He reminded me we had to report aboard ship at six, which meant getting up at four to make the early boat. Disappointed, I agreed that he was right, and Luneta Park would have to wait until next time.

Both the *Manila Times* and *Cable-News American* were carrying headlines telling of *Arapahoe's* arrival, the sinking of *Ethel Zane*, and our rescue of her men. They also told of the supposed loss of *Monongahela* with her cargo and crew.

For the next hour or so Johnny and I went from place to place and bought all these papers we could find. Eventually, we had two large rolls to take back to the ship. Both tired, we decided to go to bed. Mosquitos were buzzing from outside the netting as they swarmed inside the room. It seemed I was hardly asleep when Johnny was shaking me.

Day was breaking when we boarded the launch at the landing. We were soon beyond the mouth of the river, rolling over mist covered water toward the line of ships. A red glow flickered

in the stern when the fireman stoked the firebox. From the nearest ship three bells came pealing over the water—half past five.

Soon the towering masts of *Arapahoe* loomed ahead and we were walking up her gangplank. As we gained the deck, our arms laden with bundles, we were seen by the mate.

"All right, you fellows," he shouted, "get dose fancy clothes off! All royals an' t'gallants hav' t' come down today!"

Back on board we fell into the familiar routine. Brodie, we were told, had not returned, and nothing had been seen or heard of Stavanger.

Under the direction of the mate the canvas awning was brought up from the sail locker and stretched tightly over the poop. We were then ready to start bringing down the sails.

We had good luck getting down the foreroyal and were well along with the topgallant when, suddenly, it started to rain, one of those squalls that can come up quickly with little or no warning. We had the big sail half cut loose and had no choice but to bring it down to the deck. The water came down in torrents and in seconds we were soaked. From above the decks we could see the stevedores as they scurried about getting covers back on the hatches. In spite of the rain it was hot and muggy, and the water streamed off our bodies as we tugged and cursed at the heavy sail. Then, as quickly as it had begun, the rain stopped, the covers came off the hatches, and in a matter of minutes the stevedores were again noisily at work on the winches.

On deck the big topgallant presented a problem; up on the yard it didn't look so large. Now, spread out, it covered an area equal to a small garden. The sails on a big square-rigger were an expensive item. The wear on a long voyage, and their frequent loss during heavy weather, cost the owners a great deal of money. To keep this cost down required that the Captain be both skillful and economical in the care and handling of his sails. He had to see that his newest and best canvas was used only when bad weather was expected, and that older and lighter sails were aloft at other times. When in harbor for any extended period they usually were taken down and stored. However, before a sail could be stored, it had to be thoroughly dry; if rolled up and put away damp, it mildewed and was soon ruined. The usual method when

in harbor during fair weather, was to let go the gaskets, allowing the sails to hang from the yards and dry out. Then they were tightly furled, or if a long stay in port was anticipated, brought down, repaired and stored.

This was what we were attempting to do when we were caught by the sudden squall. Now, with the big rain-soaked sail on our hands it meant we had to drag it around over the deck and try to spread it somewhere out of the way of the stevedores until it was dry. Unbending and storing sail was always hard work; today was one of those steaming, sultry days that even made breathing difficult. To make matters worse, the mate was in a foul humor over the delay in getting down the sails.

Our sullen mood was interrupted by seven bells, chow time for the port watch. After dinner Johnny and I broke out the bundles of newspapers. All hands were then busily engaged in reading of our exploits in rescuing the shipwrecked crew. Under headlines dated Wednesday, September 4, 1918, the *Cable-News American* carried the following story:

FEAR MONONGAHELA WAS LOST IN GALE.

Captain Backus and crew of *Ethel Zane* believe sailing vessel with Manila cargo came to grief—Tell thrilling story.

In borrowed clothes, somewhat uncouth in appearance, but with a keen pair of grey old eyes, Captain Charles Backus of the wrecked ship *Ethel Zane* which sank off Guam Island July 22, and the crew of which was picked up and brought on to Manila by the ship *Arapahoe*, arriving Monday, was ashore yesterday making arrangements at the office of the Collector of Customs to draw some of the wages due him and his men, and looking into the possibilities of getting back to the United States. The members of the crew with him were in even worse condition than Captain Backus.

Captain Backus and other members of *Ethel Zane's* crew told a *Cablenews American* reporter yesterday that in their opinion the *Monongahela*, which left San Francisco about a week ahead of the *Ethel Zane*, had gone down in the storm in which their own vessel came to grief. The *Ethel Zane* only received the outer gusts of the hurricane, while *Monongahela*, so they figure, was caught in the heart

of the typhoon, one of the worst ever recorded in that part of the Pacific.

The *Monongahela* is now between 30 and 40 days overdue in Manila, having left San Francisco during the last week in May.

The *Ethel Zane*, according to the assertion of one and all of the eight survivors who were at the Customs House yesterday, was absolutely unseaworthy when she was ordered to sea, and this fact lies at the bottom, so they claim, of their not being able to save her when the typhoon drove into her near Guam. She was also, they say, greatly overloaded. She is listed as 438 net tons and she was carrying about 5,000 cases of gasoline and a cargo of lumber besides her bunker supplies.

The vessel had been laid up for years and only the pressure for ships of any kind brought her back upon the seas. The storm struck her at a point east southeast of Guam by 350 miles, on Thursday, July 18. Within a few hours she was taking water rapidly. On Saturday afternoon she had to be abandoned and on Monday morning she foundered and sank, her foretop mast and jib mast having been carried away by the storm, together with a great mass of her rigging.

As the waters mounted about the hull of the little vessel, the men, exhausted by their fruitless efforts at saving her, retired to the quarter-deck, "the house," as they dubbed it. But before this on Sunday afternoon at about five, they had made away from the ship in the small boat, only to be driven back again by the force of the waves and the wind. To bunker this little lifeboat they had only two casks of stale water, 12 cans of salmon and 10 cans of fruit. Other things prepared on Friday, and that they might have put in the boat, had been swept overboard by the wash of the water, which from Saturday on, covered everything but the quarter-deck. The nine men were in the small boat for 24 hours, and returned to their perch on the quarter-deck of the sinking vessel in a famishing condition and with all hope gone.

But watch was kept as usual on Sunday night, and at eleven o'clock, donkeyman Johan Ericksen being on watch, a light was sighted some six miles distant to the southeast. The *Ethel Zane* had no lights, of course; they had been blown away. But some of the men had matches and by the sheer dint of desperate men a flare was arranged from an

old blanket dipped in coal oil. Ericksen waved this aloft with what vigor he could; then others took turns at it. After a while a reply was returned from the vessel with the light—which later proved to be the *Arapahoe*—and soon she stood alongside.

Captain Backus and his men could do little to aid the men from *Arapahoe* in rescuing them, and nothing could be done in any event until Monday morning July 22, when about nine o'clock the weather cleared. The rescue party from the *Arapahoe* then succeeded in getting the *Ethel Zane's* crew into their small boat and conveyed to the *Arapahoe*, where they were clothed and cared for. Their foundered vessel sank soon afterwards and the *Arapahoe*, riding out the storm, was finally able to hoist sail and continue her search for Manila, making the distance from the point where *Ethel Zane* sank, to Manila in 39 days.

"I am an old man," said Captain Backus yesterday. "For 50 years I have been sailing out of San Francisco as Captain, and this is the first shipwreck I have experienced in a long lifetime spent at sea. I worked hard to save my ship, and my men did too; and when help came from *Arapahoe* I was so nearly gone that they pulled me aboard with a rope. I lost everything I had including my gold watch and lodge insignia; and you see me here in clothes a friend loaned me. The only thing I saved from *Ethel Zane* was her sextant, property of the company, of course."

Settlement of wages up to July 22, the day the boat sank, was offered to Captain Backus and his men yesterday, but they prefer to hold the matter open until they reach San Francisco. They therefore only signed for an advance amount which will be enough for their immediate needs. H. E. Marchant is the local representative of the owners, Atkins and Kroll of San Francisco.

The men ashore yesterday negotiating their interests at the Customs House were Charles Backus, Master of the *Ethel Zane*; Charles W. Nelson, first mate; Andrew Omundsen, cook; Johan Ericksen, donkeyman; Joseph Ward, Malkus Blomgren, Cornelius Larson, and T. Hammond, able seamen. Second mate, Rudolf Walberg is in the Philippine General Hospital, ill from his experience with the maddened sea.

Andrew Omundsen, the cook of *Ethel Zane* is famous among seamen and has the name of bearing a charmed life. He is also considered a hoodoo from the number of vessels

that have been wrecked when he was signed with their crews. Five times he had gone through the experience of a wreck at sea, when the one he was on had to be abandoned.

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During the noon break and again in the afternoon I had an opportunity to watch the Filipino stevedores who were unloading *Arapahoe's* cargo. Their food was brought out to the ship in great iron pots covered with banana leaves. Containing a mixture of rice and fish, the pots were set on deck where each man helped himself; they would then squat and eat. Most of the workers were clad in short cotton pants and were barefooted. Despite their size and scanty diet, they were strong and able to handle incredibly heavy loads. When lifting huge bales and boxes, they would gather around and, at the chant of their leader, all lift in unison.

The cargo was swung over the sides onto waiting lighters which when loaded, were towed ashore. All day from early morning until late in the evening we could hear the rattle of winches and the chatter of voices as *Arapahoe's* holds disgorged a steady stream of freight.

The cargo consisted of 9,000 cases of gasoline, a large shipment of newspaper stock, dynamite in 50-pound boxes, structural steel and automobiles in crates. The gasoline was in square five-gallon tin cans and packed two to a case. These cans were highly prized by the natives who would cut out the tops, attach a wire handle, and use them for water cans.

Although there were few autos in Manila, the loss of *Ethel Zane* with her 5,000 cases of gasoline consigned to the Standard Oil Company, created a serious shortage. This was somewhat relieved by our arrival but now, with the reported loss of *Monongahela*, the prospects of a shortage loomed more seriously than ever.

During the afternoon it rained off and on much to the exasperation of the mate who finally gave up trying to dry out the big topgallant and left it folded on the fo'c'slehead. However, we soon found there was plenty of work that could be done in port, even on a rainy day. The A.B.s were sent aloft to work in the rigging, the most desirable job aboard. On deck, ordinary

seamen, assisted by cadets, were put to work getting the painting stages down off the skids and rigging them with tackles.

The stages were heavy planks, each sixteen feet in length; crosswise on each end was bolted a short piece of two-by-four. The ends of the two-by-fours served to hold the stages away from the side of the ship and also made a handy place on which to hang paint buckets. A block and tackle fastened to each end allowed the stages to be raised or lowered by the men sent over the side to work.

At sea it had been possible to paint inboard when the weather permitted, and there was little left to be done once we arrived in port. Working over the side, however, except in an emergency, was prohibited when the vessel was at sea, and even when becalmed, we were never required to go over the side and paint.

The action of sun, wind and salt water against our steel sides had caused them to rust and peel. It was necessary, once the ship arrived in Manila, to remove this blistered paint. On *Arapahoe*, nearly three hundred feet in length, this meant a long and monotonous job. All paint and rust had to be removed with chipping hammers, then gone over with steel brushes. When the surface was cleaned and given a coat of red lead, we would start painting the hull.



“ . . . and Tattooed ”

During the evening we loafed around and swapped yarns about our experiences ashore. Jerry and I were especially proud of the white suits we had purchased in the little shop on the Escolta.

Laurence and his friends, however, were inclined to consider what we had done as being rather juvenile. They, it seemed had somehow found out about a small town somewhere on the outskirts of Manila called Sampolac. None of them knew just where it was or how they had gotten there. All they remembered was that they had piled into several *caramatas* and told the drivers to take them out where the girls were. This the drivers seemed to understand perfectly, and after a short ride, they found themselves in what they described as a “sailors’ paradise.”

They were loud in their praise of the beautiful Japanese, Chinese and Filipino girls they had found there, and each tried to outdo the other in telling wild tales of outstanding feats, and bragging of the amazing acts they claimed to have performed.

It seems that everything had gone well until the group started home. Then someone suggested it would be better if they drove the *caramatas* themselves. When the drivers objected they were pulled out of their seats. Then someone else suggested they have a race into town. Apparently this was thought to be a good idea also. Shortly afterward, several wildly careening *caramatas* filled with whooping American sailors, the shaggy little horses lashed to a run, entered the city. They were promptly arrested and thrown into jail by the Manila police. They had been released on bail in time to make the morning boat to *Arapahoe*.

We younger cadets listened with wide-open ears. I promised myself that I would take in this town the following night which

was Saturday and my night ashore. At the same time, I wondered how I would get away from Johnny, for I knew he would never consent to go to a place described in such lurid terms, much less throw away any money.

Our talk was interrupted by the second mate who asked for volunteers to assist in taking aboard water from the water boat. As usual, no one volunteered; he then called off the names of four “volunteers” who, grumbling, followed him aft.

Arapahoe now had three steam-powered donkeys whose boilers required large quantities of fresh water. Because our storage was limited, it was necessary for the water boat to come out every day. Fresh water was sold by the ton and on this occasion, nine and one-half tons were pumped aboard.

In the fo’c’sle that night we were regaled by the tales of Laurence and his friends as they related their conquests ashore. The mess boy had turned in as his job required him to get up early. Now, in the darkness, as the laughter induced by the obscenities grew louder, he suddenly shouted, “For Chris’ sake! You guys act like a bunch of damn schoolboys that have never been in a whorehouse before. Now, pipe down and go to sleep!”

Instantly, our voices dropped to a murmur; from the fo’c’sle-head came the sound of four bells—ten o’clock. No sooner had the echo died away than I was in my bunk. A silence fell over the ship, a silence broken only by footsteps of the anchor watch as they walked along the deck.

In the morning I drew the coal assignment along with two boys from the starboard watch. We had been told by the mate that during our stay in port the coal detail would be divided among the cadets, and each would take his turn. I remembered how bitter I had felt toward Brodie when he had given me a permanent appointment to this unpleasant task. Today, however, I went at it with a light heart. I even insisted, much to the astonishment of the two starboard cadets, on working down in the forepeak. I knew I was off duty at noon and in my pocket I had a pass that said I could go ashore and stay until six the following morning.

I did, however, have a problem. I knew Johnny would insist that I go with him to Mr. Shinada’s home and although I enjoyed

being with him, I had something else in mind that so far, I hadn't mentioned to him.

The evening before, Jerry and I had been invited by some of the older fellows to go out to Sampolac with them on Saturday night. After what we had heard about the place it seemed an exciting adventure. There had been subtle remarks and sly winks exchanged between these older men as they discussed taking us along—the two youngest boys on the ship. Apparently, the matter was decided by the Finn, who sat on an empty orange crate, the fly of his pants unbuttoned, and lazily picked his teeth.

"Shur," he said, "tak' dem out an' get dem bred—do dem gud—mak' men of dem, maybe."

I was so busy with my thoughts that I didn't hear seven bells, half-past eleven. There came a hail from above and, as I looked up at the tiny square of light, I saw the face of the mate.

"Louie!" he roared. "Vot de hell you doing down dere? All cadets fall aft to de poop at eight bells."

Although the boys forward all called me "Lou," the Captain and mates insisted on calling me "Louie," a name I heartily disliked. However, I liked the mate. He was a sturdy specimen of a man who neither smoked nor drank. His worst habit was chewing tobacco which often made his cheek bulge as though he had a toothache. Occasionally, he would shift this cud from one side of his mouth to the other and often would spit at some object with surprising accuracy. Long since we learned always to stand on the weather side of the mate.

At eight bells all cadets assembled at the break of the poop. Drawn up in single file, we glanced nervously at one another, wondering what we had done.

Soon the Captain, followed by the mate, came to the star-board companionway. The Captain stood for a minute looking down at us, then he cleared his throat. In his hand he held a sheet of paper from which he started calling the roll. Finished, he flicked a glance in our direction, his shaggy brows drawing together as he once more started to speak.

"De United States Shipping Board has authorized me, effective as of September firs' to promote all cadets aboard dis ship to ordinary seamen. From dat date on your pay vill be \$45 a

month. However, you vill be known aboard dis ship and achore as cadets. Your vork has been satisfactory. You hav' done vell—dat's all you hav' done. Some of you may come bek to Manila as ship's officers some day, if you behav' yourselves. For dat reason I'm instructed to allow you as much time achore as de ship's vork vill permit. Dis is so you can get to know de peoples an' de country. I understand dat some of dem are going to inwite you to wisit dere homes an' dat de American vimmans in Manila are going to give a dance an' odder en'ertainment for you. Now, I vant to varn you. You are expected to act lak yentlemens. De firs' vun dat I haar of getting drunk or causing any trouble vill be confined aboard ship for her entire stay in port. From now on de mate vill issue all chore permits an' vill be responsible for your conduct. Dat's all! Dismissed!”

There was a mad dash for the fo'c'sles as the cadets, nearly all of whom had liberty, started shaving, bathing and getting into shore-going clothes. We had permission, when off duty, to swim over the side and, soon, several of us were diving naked from the rail into the cool, green water.

Many of the Filipinos who worked on the cargo lighters lived on them in small huts made of matting. Often we would see little brown women and children in and around these shacks, but for the most part, we paid little or no attention to them and they hardly gave us a glance.

Today I had finished my swim and was back on deck rinsing off with a bucket of fresh water when my attention was attracted by a commotion on one of the lighters. Glancing over the rail, I could see several women gathered in a group, giggling and laughing as they pointed toward our bow. Looking forward, I soon saw the cause of their merriment. There on the far end of the lighters, stood “Captain” Barker, stark naked. He had been swimming and had crawled up to dive off. In spite of his skinny legs and thin chest, Barker had one feature that would have made him outstanding aboard any ship. He was aptly described by Peterson who said, “Dat Barker is shur as hell built for bar-room betting. De guy's rich an' don' know it.”

My problem with Johnny was solved more easily than I expected. I had forgotten that Mr. Shinada told us one of his brothers had a plantation inland. He had invited Johnny to go there with him if he could arrange to be gone sufficiently long to make the trip. Johnny remembered this and went aft to take it up with the mate. When asked, the mate readily gave his consent on condition he remain aboard for the next three Sundays, the days the majority of the crew wanted to be ashore.

Johnny then decided that in view of this long liberty coming up, it would be too costly to spend Saturday night ashore, and asked the mate to remove his name from the list. At the same time he suggested that I also have mine removed. I, however, suddenly remembered I had several important things to do ashore, and was soon waiting anxiously at the gangway for the first launch to arrive.

Soon we saw her pull away from a Japanese freighter, and with coal smoke pouring from her stack, she came rolling up to our side. As our shore party crowded around waiting to board her, we noticed a tall, thin American standing in the bow. He was waving excitedly at the second mate who, in charge of the deck, was leaning over the taffrail. As Peterson walked toward him, we wondered what had happened. We listened closely, expecting to hear some news of the war.

"Maybe, it's over!" someone suggested.

We were pleasantly surprised at what we heard. "Hey, mate," shouted the man on the launch, "the army transport that left Manila last night just radioed back she had sighted the *Monongahela* about a hundred miles northwest of here, and that she was beating in toward the island."

"Oh, yeah? Vell vare de hell's she been?" growled Peterson as he turned and walked back to the poop.

As we trooped down the ladder there was great excitement among our party. The good news touched off several arguments about what had happened to *Monongahela*, and what might have caused her delay in reaching port. One theory was that she had called at Honolulu; another, that she probably had been damaged in the typhoon and had put into Nagasaki for repairs. This seemed unlikely when we recalled that this southern

Japanese port lay away to the north of Luzon, and would have put the big bark far off her course.

Bergstrom, seated on one of the wooden benches that circled the launch's deck, said airily, "With that damn Hooligan Navy crew of cadets she has aboard, anything might have happened. Maybe she just got lost and couldn't find Manila."

Soon we were leaving the bay and entering the Pasig River. To our right was Fort Santiago, forming part of the stone wall that enclosed old Intramuras. Most of the wall was still intact, and from vine-covered battlements, ancient cannons pointed muzzles over a moat that had once surrounded the city.

As usual, the river was crowded. Along the banks were moored several inter-island steamers. In midstream, laying at anchor and waiting to unload, were small trading schooners, their decks piled high with copra.

Landing near a warehouse where bales of hemp were stacked, we made our way to a car line. After a short ride we were again at the Elite Hotel which seemed to have been selected as headquarters. We were all hungry, and upon inquiring of the clerk, we were directed to a restaurant nearby run by an American, and called "Tom's Dixie Kitchen."

We started to leave the hotel when someone suggested a beer. We headed noisily into the bar and as we lined up and ordered, a wave of laughter swept the group. Glancing at a sign over the bar I soon saw the reason why. There, one of *Arapahoe's* enterprising seamen, mixing a small knowledge of mythology with a large, filthy mind, had printed in crude letters:

"THIS IS THE PLACE WHERE DAMON GOT PYTHIAS DRUNK."

Laughing, I had started to raise my glass when looking into the back-bar mirror I was startled to see Brodie standing behind me. Obviously, he had been drinking heavily; his eyes were bleary and bloodshot, and his hands shook as he stood glaring at my back. I turned and said, "Hello Brodie."

For a moment he didn't speak. He knew I resented the manner in which he bullied us younger cadets and I suppose he resented me. A flash of anger came over his face and he took a step toward me.

"Oh, so it's 'Brodie,' is it? Listen, you smart punk, let me tell you something. I'm 'bos'n' on board and I'm 'bos'n' ashore, and don't you ever forget it, see?"

Stepping away from the bar I could feel my face turn red. I had taken all I could from Brodie, and felt I could take no more. I slipped out of my coat and threw it on the bar when I was grabbed by Bergstrom and Sullivan and dragged struggling to the rear of the room. As the cadets gathered around us, one of them said, "Don't be a fool, Smith. Can't you see that's what he wants you to do? You hit him and you'll never set foot ashore again as long as we're in port."

Quickly, I was hustled out onto the street. As I went out the door, I glanced back at Brodie who glared and sullenly turned away.

A short distance from the hotel we located the restaurant described by the clerk. The menus contained many American dishes and the waiters were amazed by the size of our orders. The owner, a short, pleasant-faced American Negro, came to our table and visited while we stowed away immense quantities of food. He told us he had come to Manila many years before and since it had taken him thirty days to make the voyage and he was seasick all the way, he decided to stay and never go back. When we left his place, with its good food and pleasant atmosphere, I had almost forgotten my run-in with Brodie.

In the afternoon we split up into small parties. I joined a group with Skinner, Bond and Jerry. It was the usual custom for those going ashore to make small purchases for less fortunate shipmates forced to remain aboard. Today, we were busy buying razor blades, soap, writing material and other items that only could be obtained ashore. One in particular, always in demand, was postage stamps. Inquiring for the Post Office, we were told it was "*el otro lado del rio*." After much fumbling through a Spanish pocket dictionary, we were able to determine this meant the other side of the river. To get there it was necessary to cross the Pasig River over the ancient Bridge of Spain.

From the center of the bridge, looking downstream, we could see steamers moored to docks. Upstream was a more dismal sight. Long rows of scows were tied to the banks; on them, low hovels

extended their length, the ends made of boards with sides and roofs of matting. Some were separated by narrow bamboo rafts that served as walks between them. Inside they were dark and gloomy. Water was obtained from the river which was muddy and also served as a sewer. Crossing the bridge we entered the old walled city. For the remainder of the day we prowled about, peeked into churches and the cathedral, and looked at monasteries and convents. It was late in the evening when we returned to join our group at the hotel. As we entered the lobby a drunk staggered into us. I stared as I recognized Gadsden of the star-board watch.

Aboard ship Gadsden was a mysterious person. Many theories were advanced as to who or what he might have been before going to sea. Obviously, he hadn't been born to the life of a sailor, and his age made it unlikely he would have been called for military duty had he remained ashore. Once during a watch below, we had been having a rather spirited argument about him when the Finn remarked, "I t'ink dat Gadsden one of dose butler guys dem rich English fallers hav'."

"Nah, I'll bet the guy's been a head waiter in some swell restaurant. That's why he's so damn polite," said Hank.

As for me, I had always visualized him as a cashier in a bank who suddenly might have decided to go to sea for his health. However, when I suggested this, Slim looked up over his book and said, "Oh, for Chris' sake, you make me sick. Don't you remember we were all fingerprinted in San Francisco? The Manila cops would have his ass in jail quicker than a wink."

Tonight, as I saw the man in his drunken condition, his face unshaven, and his bedraggled clothing, I wanted to go over and speak to him but, ignoring us, he turned and reeled out the door. Standing at the bar was *Arapahoe's* carpenter. As he looked toward us he slowly shook his head.

"Let him go," he said. "Sometimes liquor's the only thing a man can hide behind."

"But, what's he hiding from?" asked Skinner.

"Who knows," replied the carpenter. "Maybe, it's from himself."

Working together and living in the limited space of the fo'c'sles, most of us had come to know each other quite well, and although Gadsden, back aboard was treated as though nothing had happened, he remained aloof from the rest of the crew. He seemed eager to do his share of the work, but spent his entire time off watch reading the many books he had brought along or purchased in Manila. Several months later he walked off the ship and was swallowed by the crowds in San Francisco, still a man of mystery. No one aboard *Arapahoe* ever really knew him.

That night we went to Sampolac. Seeing Gadsden drunk was soon forgotten in the excitement and confusion that followed. Sampolac was in a segregated district on the outskirts of the city. We traveled through dark, winding streets and after a ride along a muddy road, came to a small town. Although the place had been described vividly by Laurence and his friends, I was still unprepared for what we were to see. Entering, we stopped at a square or plaza. Around this were bars, gambling joints, tattoo parlors, and shops that sold souvenirs and featured pictures of men and women in startlingly unusual poses. Getting out of our *caramata*, I felt a tug at my sleeve. When I turned, I found a ragged, little boy looking up at me.

"You like girl? You come, me show," he said.

With a feeling of embarrassment, I shook my head.

"Maybe like boy, better?"

Again I shook my head. By this time we were besieged by boys and men, each extolling in broken English the quality of entertainment to be had in the various places to which they attempted to take us.

Walking around the plaza, I was amazed at the crowds of men. Seamen of a dozen races rubbed shoulders in the bars and streets. I also noticed that American army and navy men were well represented, as well as a sprinkling of Japanese sailors in naval uniform, bland-faced Chinese who appeared to be merchants, and Hindus with turbaned heads.

Fortified by a few beers, we followed Laurence down a narrow alley and into a two-story building. Inside we came upon a most surprising sight. The ground floor was one large room which midway was divided by a low, fence-like railing and was entered

through a small gate. Behind it was seated an elderly Chinese woman. Outside, the room was crowded with men, some in various stages of drunkenness. When I pushed up close I could see beyond a throng of Filipino and Chinese girls seated on chairs and benches. The girls were young, some appearing to be barely teen-age. All wore gaudy, brightly colored clothing, some wore heavy make-up.

The men outside the railing made vulgar and lewd remarks; occasionally, one would beckon to a girl to come up close to him. If she met with his approval, he would pay the woman at the gate an amount equivalent to an American dollar. He would then be admitted and would follow the girl up a stairway to the upper floor of the building.

The place was called a “cow yard” by Laurence and the older fellows. It was the cheapest and roughest type to be found in the town. I remembered the Doctor’s warning the day we arrived in port, and at the first opportunity, Jerry, Skinner and I quietly slipped away.

Later in the evening we fell in with an Australian boy from off a Lime-juicer calling at Manila. He had been to Sampolac on previous occasions and apparently knew his way around. At any rate, we soon were in a different section which he said was the Japanese district. Walking up to a door, he pushed a button. From inside a gong sounded faintly. Presently, a Japanese woman opened the door and motioned for us to enter. Following the Australian, we found ourselves in a well-furnished parlor. On the walls were Japanese paintings; the floor was covered with a soft rug and around the room were silk covered divans and chairs. A faint odor of incense filled the air as the woman who had admitted us re-entered, followed by three beautiful Japanese girls. One very coyly seated herself by my side. Looking over a large paper fan, her brown eyes rolled toward me as she asked in a soft little voice, “You like me?”

. . .

Back on the square we joined the milling throng. It was now long past midnight and we were unable to sight any of *Arapahoe’s* crew. We were having a few beers with our Australian

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The place was called a “cow yard” by Laurence and the older fellows. It was the cheapest and roughest type to be found in the town. I remembered the Doctor’s warning the day we arrived in port, and at the first opportunity, Jerry, Skinner and I quietly slipped away.

Later in the evening we fell in with an Australian boy from off a Lime-juicer calling at Manila. He had been to Sampolac on previous occasions and apparently knew his way around. At any rate, we soon were in a different section which he said was the Japanese district. Walking up to a door, he pushed a button. From inside a gong sounded faintly. Presently, a Japanese woman opened the door and motioned for us to enter. Following the Australian, we found ourselves in a well-furnished parlor. On the walls were Japanese paintings; the floor was covered with a soft rug and around the room were silk covered divans and chairs. A faint odor of incense filled the air as the woman who had admitted us re-entered, followed by three beautiful Japanese girls. One very coyly seated herself by my side. Looking over a large paper fan, her brown eyes rolled toward me as she asked in a soft little voice, “You like me?”

. . .

Back on the square we joined the milling throng. It was now long past midnight and we were unable to sight any of *Arapahoe’s* crew. We were having a few beers with our Australian

friend when someone noticed his tattoos. He was a walking picture book! He had pictures of women in various poses, ships, girls' names, and on his left forearm, a bleeding heart pierced by an arrow. I remembered that all the old-timers on our ship, even the Captain, had tattoos, and we were assured by the Australian that this was one way of telling that a sailor had visited a foreign port.

Later, Skinner, Jerry and I were seated on rickety chairs in a dingy tattoo parlor. The artist, a gaunt Filipino with a pock-marked face, had my right sleeve rolled up above my elbow. With an old-fashioned hand needle, he was slowly and sadistically pricking the picture of an anchor on my forearm. Under the anchor he added: "Manila, P. I. 1918."

It was nearly daylight when a noisy and rowdy crowd of *Arapahoe's* sailors stormed into the lobby of the Elite Hotel. They were shouting the words of an old sea ballad, much to the alarm of the clerk who made frantic efforts to quiet them down. The song had something to do with Christopher Columbus and his discovery of the new world, its parody extremely bawdy:

—For seventy days and seventy nights
They sailed the broad Atlantic, when on the shore
They spied a whore and were they ever frantic.
The crew they all jumped overboard,
Shedding coats and collars,
And in fifteen minutes by the clock,
She made a thousand dollars.

"Please, gentlemen, our guests," pleaded the clerk, holding his hands palms outward. Their answer was to grab him around the neck and bawl out an even more lusty stanza:

The cabin boy, the cabin boy,
That ardent little nipper, he put ground glass
In the crack of his --

"GENTLEMEN! GENTLEMEN!" came the shrill voice of the clerk.

—and circumcised the skipper!

As they roared out the last words, the horrified clerk pulled loose from their grasp, closed his eyes, and with a hand clasped to his forehead, rushed out the door.

Falling onto beds, fully clothed, they dropped off into a drunken stupor. Skinner and I were due to report aboard ship at six o'clock, and staggered out into the street to a waiting *caramata*. Two hours later, still stupid from loss of sleep and too many beers, we were back in the fo'c'sle changing clothes. Then I thought of my tattoo.

"Hey, Slim," I called to the mess boy, busily washing a stack of dirty coffee mugs, "notice anything different about me this morning?"

"No—should I?" he asked in his usual surly voice.

"Yeah! I got tattooed at Sampolac, last night."

Cocking a jaundiced eye in my direction, he said, "You'll be damn lucky if that's all you got at Sampolac, last night."

Suddenly I heard the bos'n calling the wash-down crew. Minutes later, with a bursting head, I was outside scrubbing the deck. Looking up, I saw Skinner manning the pump. As he glanced at me he wiped his brow wearily, and turned back to his pumping.



Monongahela

Sunday was an easy day on *Arapahoe*. Although one of the mates and a skeleton crew were kept on board, we were on a stand-by basis and only routine duties were performed. It was a day usually spent washing and mending clothes, airing bedding, or lying around doing nothing. With decks scrubbed down and the morning work finished, several of the crew were busy writing letters. I fell onto my bunk, and in an instant was fast asleep. I didn't hear eight bells, but was awakened by the clamor of the half-dozen men who gathered around the table for dinner.

During this meal I went through the motions of eating, despite a splitting headache. Afterward I made my way forward to the netting under the bowsprit. Soon I was joined by Johnny and the Finn. Strangely enough, Johnny asked no questions about what had happened ashore and I volunteered no information. The Finn, however, was curious, and soon his glance fell on my tattoo.

"Hey, Louie," he asked, his hand rasping his unshaven chin, "how 'bout dem Jap girls las' night? Vas dey cross-rigged lak ol' Andy said?"

Usually, I would have given no thought to his bantering but today I had no desire to discuss the matter, especially in Johnny's presence. Vainly, I tried to steer the conversation into other channels, but he persisted in wanting to know all the details. Finally losing patience, I said, "Oh, for Christ's sake, bos'n, dry up, will you? Don't be so damn curious."

He looked surprised and hurt, and the next instant I was sorry for the way I had spoken.

The Finn was not generally liked by the crew; not that he was mean or overbearing, in fact he was just the opposite. He

could be talked out of almost anything, and frequently was. But he was dirty in his personal habits, seldom shaved or washed his clothes, and often went weeks without bathing. He was a disagreeable person to sit near at mealtime, wore his hat while eating and never washed his hands. Considered somewhat of a snoop, he was suspected of running to the mates with tales he had overheard in the fo'c'sle. He was the type of person who always seemed to be listening—watching, and if he could do no better, stretched his imagination to try to find things out.

Following my outburst he was silent for a moment. I saw I had hurt his feelings and quickly attempted to apologize. In a minute he was smiling again and after fumbling about in the pockets of his dirty pants, offered me a stick of gum.

The Finn had another habit that was sometimes exasperating. He would bring up some subject as though it were a deep, dark secret intrusted to his keeping alone. Then he would proceed to throw out just enough hints to excite our curiosity. Finally, after we were duly impressed that it was very confidential, and only for our ears, he would tell us what it was, and eventually end up by telling everyone else on the ship.

Today he started out by mentioning he had been called aft for a conference with the Captain. He then launched into a long discourse about having his opinion asked in regard to training cadets in navigation. He said he'd told the Captain he thought this a good idea, but didn't care for the uniforms.

"Uniforms!" said Johnny and I as we both raised to a sitting position. "What kind of bull are you spreading now?"

Dropping his voice almost to a whisper, he leaned over and after a cautious look around, said, "Listen, I'm goin' tell you boys a secret, an' de only reason I'm telling you es 'cause I lak you bot', see? But, de Captain tol' me—an' promise you von't tell dis to nobody, dat de crew es goin' t' hav' new uniforms."

Johnny and I started to laugh as we settled back in the netting. This, to us, was just another of the fo'c'slehead rumors that regularly made the rounds of the ship.

"And just why would we be needing uniforms?" asked Johnny.

"I don' know, less it's to march in de parade," answered the Finn.

"Parade? What parade? Listen," said Johnny, "you want to know something? You're the biggest liar I ever heard in my life. Now how about letting us get some sleep?"

Placing his left hand over his heart, and raising his right, his usual gesture when he wanted to be impressive, the Finn said in an injured tone, "I hope God strikes me dead if I ain' telling de trut' but I heard de Captain say ve vas goin' t' march in de big celebration."

For several minutes neither Johnny nor I spoke. It was evident he had heard something, but what? The Finn grinned crookedly; he knew our curiosity had again been aroused. With an air of wounded innocence he pulled up his drooping pants and said, "Oh, so I'm a liar, am I? Vell, wait an' see, but don' tell nobody I tol' you."

For the next half hour we pumped him trying to get more information but to no avail. It was several days before we found out that this was all he knew. He had overheard a conversation between the Captain and mate while he waited outside the cabin door to buy a pair of socks from the slop chest.

. . .

We were still quizzing the Finn when there came a hail from aloft. Looking up to the fore crosstrees, we saw Craig gazing through a pair of binoculars toward the entrance of the bay.

"What is it?" someone shouted.

"*Monongahela*," he called back, and without taking the binoculars from his eyes, he pointed his finger in the direction he was looking.

Instantly, the Finn was forgotten in the scramble up the rigging. From a perch on the fore topgallant yard we could see Corregidor Island looming dark in the distance. To the right of the island, and too far away to be seen clearly, was a sail. Although still hull down, with the aid of Craig's glasses we could see her lofty spars.

At the end of two hours she was still far away, and although the breeze that had blown fitfully during the afternoon appeared to be freshening a bit, it was obvious it would be late in the evening before the big ship reached her anchorage.

Most of us had returned to the deck trying to find a shady spot away from the rays of the sun, not an easy thing to do on *Arapahoe*, since there were few places that offered shelter. We had one spot that was a common gathering place during leisure time—under the fo’c’slehead. Even this space was crowded by the anchor windlass, carpenter shop, and supply lockers and except that it protected us from the sun and rain, had no comforts whatsoever.

Today we were lying around under this covering when someone noticed a launch heading for our gangway. Curious why any of our shore party would be foolish enough to come back at this early hour, we sauntered down the deck to see who it might be. As I leaned over the bulwark I was surprised to see the bulky figure of Stavanger climb clumsily over the launch’s rail and come staggering up the gangplank. He had been gone nearly a week, no one knew where. Now, as he stood before us, his porcine eyes squinting out from under shaggy brows, with a half grin on his face as if expecting us to ask where he had been, he presented an appearance so shocking we stood and stared in silence.

Back in Oregon we’d had a big, black shepherd dog. Once or twice a year, summoned by some mysterious method of communication known only to dogs, he would join a canine gathering at the home of some female friend where they would vie with one another for her affection. At the end of a day or two he would come limping home, sad and worn, his fur matted with dirt, his ears slashed and bloody. He would go to his usual place on the back porch to lie quietly as though in a stupor.

Now my thoughts went back to this dog as I looked at Stavanger. Both of his eyes were black, one was swollen almost shut. His lower lip was split, his shirt torn to shreds. Still wearing his cap, and with his coat thrown over one shoulder, he was barefooted and carried his shoes in his hands. For a second he looked at us, then without having said a word and reeling as he walked, made his way to the fo’c’sle door. He fell over its high threshold, threw himself onto his bunk and in minutes was dead to the world.

During the remainder of the afternoon we were treated to a beautiful sight. Coming up the bay with the fair wind, all sails set and bellying out in tier after tier, was *Monongahela*. Although the breeze was light, she was steadily drawing closer. In the course of an hour or so we could see the detail of her massive hull and tall masts and rigging. Suddenly, as if by magic, her topgallants fluttered as they were clewed up to the yards. Just as suddenly tiny figures were silhouetted against the sky and the sails were quickly furled. Still she came on, slowly and majestically. Again there was a flurry as her fore and mainsail came up to hang in great bunches of canvas. Closer now, we watched with intense interest as her crew raced up the rigging and brought the big sails up to the yards. Although still a considerable distance away, it didn't take an expert to see she was being handled in a snappy, business-like manner, and the speed with which her fore and mainsail were furled indicated her crew to be anything but a group of amateurs.

As the big four-masted bark drew closer, her upper and lower topsails drawing lightly in the faltering breeze, we had a close-up view of this handsome ship of which we had heard so much. A unique rig, she had no royals, but was known as a "bald-header," with huge double topgallants. Above the waterline her hull, masts and spars were painted battleship grey. She had a long bowsprit and this, with the slight rake of her tall masts, gave her lines a symmetrical appearance, suggestive of speed and beauty.

A half mile or so from the breakwater she slowly swung to starboard. In a beautifully executed maneuver she backed her mainyards, and as her main topsails came aback, hove to. Instantly, her topsails came up to the yards and, as her crew swarmed out along the footropes, these were also furled and made fast. Minutes later she was swinging slowly around to her anchor.

Little had been said on *Arapahoe* during this dexterous bringing of *Monongahela* into her anchorage. Now, with her anchor down, the spell was broken.

"By damn," said the Finn as we came down from aloft, "dat *Mon'gahela* one damn gud looking outfit, eh?"

"Ah, hell, they knew we were watching 'em and just put on a show for our benefit," answered Craig. "We can beat their ass off, any day."

. . .

That night I went to bed early to lie in my bunk and think about the exhibition of seamanship we had witnessed. A number of our fellows had gathered outside near the forehatch. Mostly their conversation had to do with the big bark and the snappy manner in which she had been brought up to her anchorage.

Although it was dark, the fo'c'sle was hot and stuffy. The sweat ran from my body as I lay naked on the blankets. It must have been after midnight when I awoke twisting and squirming. Throughout the fo'c'sle men were cursing as they moved about in the darkness. The cause of our nightmares soon became apparent. During the night the wind shifted and now was blowing off shore bringing clouds of mosquitoes. These bloodthirsty insects, buzzing loudly, filled the fo'c'sle and attacked us from every angle. To escape them we crawled under the blankets and covered up head and ears, to lie until morning, streaming with sweat and irritated by their bites.

With daylight the stevedores arrived and made ready to resume unloading. Crews of riggers and caulkers were also coming aboard. The riggers were soon aloft removing the stump of our broken topmast and setting up damaged rigging. In this work they would be assisted by *Arapahoe's* A.B.s working under Brodie, an expert on ship's rigging. As much as I disliked the man, it was fascinating to watch him deftly splice a stubborn wire or put an eye in a length of manila line.

When we arrived in port and our hatches were opened, it was discovered the deck had leaked, allowing water to seep in on the cargo. The leaks were repaired by caulkers. The material used was oakum, obtained by untwisting and pulling loose the fibers of old manila rope. The caulkers would squat barefooted on the deck, forcing the oakum between the seams with a chisel-shaped instrument known as a caulking tool and a small wooden hammer called a caulking mallet. With the oakum in place, melted pitch would be poured over the seams to make them watertight.

Barely had the work gotten under way when our week-end shore party came pouring up the gangplank. Several of the men were drunk, and Jones, an ordinary seaman, was carrying a bottle of whiskey. A strict regulation on *Arapahoe* forbid liquor to be brought aboard—even beer was prohibited. Today, as Jones reached the deck, the whiskey was promptly confiscated by the mate. Jones was taken aft and given a dressing down by the Captain, his pass picked up, and he was confined to the ship for the next two weeks.

In the fo'c'sle there was the usual uproar as clothes were changed and stories told of escapades ashore. One was of having gone back to Sampolac on Sunday where they had attended a cockfight. There several men had their pockets picked, with the result they had no money left to eat on, had to walk back to the city, and were unable to pay for their rooms. Among the victims, much to my secret satisfaction, was Brodie. He had lost all his money, and was in a furious and sullen mood.

Six bells had struck before the talk in the fo'c'sle subsided and the bos'ns were able to get the work gangs started. We'd had a day or two of extremely hot weather with no rain which had allowed our sails to dry and soon we were busy bringing the rest of them down to be rolled and stored away. During this time we kept an eye on *Monongahela* laying at her anchor a mile or so in the distance. Then a tugboat was seen to approach her and she was brought through an opening in the breakwater into the inner harbor. Slipped carefully up to her anchorage, she passed us close aboard. As she went by our flag was dipped in salute, at the same time the crews of both ships lined the rails and cheered. Soon she was at her permanent anchorage a half mile south of us.

For the next few days we were busy unbending and storing the sails or sending them ashore for repairs. The coal detail was being rotated and my turn was still some time away. With the sails down, cadets and ordinary seamen were assigned to work under the Finn who had charge of painting the ship from her crosstrees down to the waterline. Painting aloft was to be done by ordinary seamen, the work on the hull by cadets. This immediately brought forth a round of griping since painting the

yards and masts was by far the more pleasant job. However, we were soon lowering the stages and the sound of chipping hammers could be heard as we chipped, brushed and scraped at *Arapahoe's* rusty hull.

Although we had been discharging cargo for only six days, the ship was already riding well above her waterline. Each day she raised higher and higher as the freight came out of her holds. On the stages there was usually more visiting than work, especially under the bow. There it was difficult to be seen from the deck and many an hour was spent in windy gossip while one in the group kept a watchful eye for the mate.

In port the work boat was used by the bos'ns and mates for inspecting work done on the ship's sides and for checking her draft and trim. No one paid much attention to the Finn on his frequent visits and we were always warned of the approach of the mate; at that time there would be a great clatter of chipping hammers from back along the sides, and he was always sure to find everyone hard at work. As the patches of rust and blistered paint were removed they were painted over with red lead. On board *Arapahoe* we had the usual contingent of artists and often these patches would mysteriously assume grotesque shapes and designs, some surprisingly resembling the Captain.

One pleasant break in the painting was our training in small boat handling. Our instructor in this was Pape, who taught the cadets in groups of four. The cutter used for this training was a sturdy craft, wide in the beam with a broad stern. In addition to her regular keel there was an auxiliary that could be attached to the former by bolts. She had a short boom and a triangular sail raised by a halyard rove through a block at the masthead. She was a seaworthy boat and with her extended keel could sail close into the wind.

On our first trip out we laid a course for *Monongahela*. The breeze was light but ample to send the little boat scudding along at a good clip. As we swung close under her stern we could see two officers leaning over the taffrail. On the lee side of the poop was one of her cadets walking back and forth and carrying a rifle over his shoulder. Alongside were several cargo lighters on which freight was being loaded.

Her gangway was on the starboard side and as we came about, we dropped our sail and hove to close aboard her. Almost immediately her bulwark was lined with heads of cadets and groups of older seamen. Breaking out the cutter's oars we drifted up to her side. Soon an officer appeared and looked over the rail. Pape explained we were from *Arapahoe* and requested permission to go aboard. He asked us to wait a minute and disappeared aft; after a short time he returned and said he was sorry, but permission had been refused. He did say, however, that it might be possible to visit the ship on Saturday afternoon or Sunday.

Someone aboard the cutter started to laugh. We remembered we had been mourning the loss of this ship and crew a scant week before. Now upon being refused permission to board her, we started razzing her crew. Soon the remarks passed back and forth became spirited and sarcastic.

From her deck came, "Hey, *Arapahoe*! What happened to your topmast? Termites?"

This was answered from the cutter. "Oh, yeah? We heard you got lost and ended up in Australia."

"Is it true your Captain takes in sail whenever the sun goes behind a cloud?"

"Yeah! That old bucket's so damn slow you got here too late for your own funeral! We buried you last week!"

Suddenly all heads disappeared from her bulwark like a flock of startled quail. In their place was the head of a round-faced, heavy-set man with a short pointed beard who wore a gold-braided uniform cap. The cap wasn't necessary for us to know we were looking at her Skipper, Captain Rasmussen. Quickly someone slipped the cutter's bowline and, backing off with the oars, we rowed quietly away.

Late in the afternoon we returned to *Arapahoe*. As we drew up to the gangway we were hailed by the mate.

"Mak' fast an' fall aft on de double!"

Curious, we hurried aboard. Both watches were gathered at the break of the poop where several Filipinos were measuring our shipmates' arms and legs with tape measures.

As we stared, wondering what it was all about we were approached by the Finn; sidling up to us with a knowing look he said, "See, I tol' you ve goin' t'hav' new uniforms."

We were still wondering why we were going to have them when the Captain appeared at the poop rail. He held up his hand for silence and proceeded to address the crew. We then heard, for the first time, that October 12th, 1918, had been designated by President Woodrow Wilson as Liberty Day. On that date the campaign for the Fourth Liberty Loan Drive would be launched in the United States and all her possessions. In Manila the day was to be declared a holiday and celebrated with a gigantic street parade. The crews of *Arapahoe*, *Monongahela*, and the big four-masted bark, *Moshulu*, that was due to arrive in a few days, were to march in this parade.

The uniforms, we learned, were to be whites, similar to those worn by the navy. Each man would pay for his own, by payroll deduction. The Captain also stated he knew the Government would be very happy to hear that *Arapahoe's* crew had signed up one hundred percent to buy a bond in the coming drive. He thanked us all for having so graciously volunteered. We were then dismissed.

As we gathered in groups forward, one cadet was heard to say to Brodie, "Hey, bos'n, I don't remember anybody asking me if I wanted to buy one of them bonds."

With a look that seemed to say, "How stupid can you be?" Brodie moved away.

. . .

On Friday night, September 13th, we had our first basketball game, played at the Y.M.C.A. against a team from Manila. Although we were hampered by a shortage of experienced players, we did have three or four men who were exceptionally good. Pape and Eddie had played on college teams, and two or three others had had some experience.

Skinner and I were taken along as subs. We were playing a team of Filipinos, small but very fast. When standing beside his opponent, Pape, who played center, looked like a giant facing a pygmy. The game had barely started when Bond was out with a sprained ankle and I found myself in his place. This was the first time we had played together, and we'd had no place to practice. We were beaten by a large score, but we did, however,

play several more games against teams from the sailing fleet and managed to win one or two before we sailed for home.

After the games we would scatter to various places in search of entertainment. Occasionally some of us would go to a movie where the written dialogue was in both English and Spanish. Most of us would head for Luneta Park where there were places to dance and plenty of girls to dance with. Often the crews would meet and, after a few beers, become involved in noisy arguments over the merits of their ships. These controversies frequently turned into brawls, broken up by Manila police.

The bars and dance halls at Luneta Park closed soon after midnight. From there we would go to Sampolac. As in our case, it hadn't taken long for the boys on *Monongahela* to find the way out there, and soon we were mingling with them in bars and other places where the amusement was more exciting.

The cadets of *Monongahela* were a cocky bunch. Their ship was far superior to ours in appearance and carried a larger crew. She had better quarters and, being a four-masted bark, a greater number of sails.

Arapahoe, while not having the long, beautiful lines, or being as large, had one redeeming feature—she could sail. She had been known to log better than seventeen knots, and at that speed, could easily run away from many steamers. At one time she made the run from Shanghai to Tacoma in twenty-six days, within two days of the record.

On the cruise to Manila, *Monongahela* had taken a southern course across the Pacific, and was nearly one hundred days in making the voyage. She had avoided the typhoons, and her trip had been more or less uneventful.

Arapahoe had taken a northern course. Under the command of her blustery skipper, the old Cape Horner had been driven directly across. Many nights we had gone aloft in howling gales and fought to take in her flying canvas. During these times we would curse the ship, using every foul word we could think of. We would curse the Captain for not taking in sail earlier, call him a slave driver, and tell each other how we hated him. Now, however, as we strutted and bragged in front of *Monongahela's* crew, the ship and our Captain were pictured in an entirely

different way. He was the greatest captain who ever sailed a ship, and to us, typhoons, storms and shipwreck were just a matter of course.

Most of the cadets of both ships were young, the average age under twenty. Everyone had a chip on his shoulder, and anyone looking for a fight was not apt to be disappointed. It was only natural that after a few beers there would be battles between the two groups.

One such brawl was brought about when a party from our ship visited a certain place in the Japanese district. They had been admitted by a smiling Japanese woman but, upon entering the parlor, found it crowded with *Monongahela's* cadets. A free-for-all soon had whistles blowing and police running from all directions. When the melee was finally over, the crews of both ships were rounded up, loaded into *caramatas*, and it was "suggested" they leave town.

The next morning we came back aboard with skinned faces, black eyes and torn clothing. We were met at the gangway by the mate who shook his head as he turned and walked aft to the poop.



The Fight

Saturday morning we were turned to as usual. The weather was clear and free of the squalls that hampered unloading so frequently during our first week in port. Each day the rattle and clatter of winches mingled with the shouts of stevedores as cargo was hoisted over the side onto the waiting lighters.

On the painting stages, with the mates out of sight, there was a constant buzz of conversation as we laughed and boasted of our battles with the crew of *Monongahela*. Some of our fellows had been badly roughed up, and plans were made to get even the next time we met them ashore.

At noon there came the usual rush to get ready for shore leave. This group did not include Johnny and me since we were among those selected to remain aboard as part of the stand-by crew. This disappointed me, but pleased Johnny who had no desire to take part in the rough and disorderly affrays that were almost sure to develop. Besides, he reminded me, he was to be Mr. Shinada's guest the following week for the trip to his plantation in the interior of Luzon.

Among those waiting at the gangway was Stavanger. After his return aboard ship, following his week ashore, he had been called aft. Although no one knew just what happened, it was noticed the big fellow was quiet and had little to say as he went about his work.

Brodie, after losing his money at the cockfight, had been in a nasty mood. Fortunately for us cadets, we were working under the Finn and had little occasion to be ordered around by Brodie. The four A.B.s (Pape, Bergstrom, Laurence and Stavanger), were still working under him assisting the Filipino riggers in setting up our topmast. Of these, Pape and Bergstrom were men of

considerable education; trained and experienced, either probably could have qualified for a license as second mate. Brodie, greatly inferior to either, must have resented this but knowing they both rated highly with the Captain and mates, decided to leave them alone.

Laurence, although a member of our watch, seemed to have found something in common with Brodie; they were always together ashore, and aboard ship, thick as tar. Something about Laurence reminded me of a jackal, and we had learned that anything said in front of him would soon be known by Brodie.

Stavanger was a great clumsy figure of a man, six feet tall and weighing well over two hundred pounds. He was rough and ungainly, his speech and manner indicating a perverted mind with a mentality little above that of an animal. He had a huge face, a short, thick neck, and a chest like a gorilla. His stomach was large, his arms long and almost as big around as an ordinary man's leg. About thirty-five years of age, he had been in every port and in jail in most of them. Except for these periods of enforced idleness, he had spent his entire life at sea, most of it in sailing ships. Though often made fun of, and the butt of many crude jokes, he seldom took offense, and seemed rather to enjoy it.

Brodie, unable to vent his bad temper on the cadets and knowing better than to try it on Bergstrom or Pape, had for some unknown reason started taking out his spite on Stavanger. He spoke to him in a mean, sarcastic manner and lost no opportunity to humiliate him before the crew. To all this the big simple-minded man seemed indifferent. He never talked back and although frequently the target of Brodie's abuse, went quietly about his work as if nothing had happened. Today, dressed in his funny-looking clothes, he had just stepped out of the port toilet when he was confronted by Brodie.

"Where the hell do you think you're going?"

"Goin' ashore. Why?"

"Oh, yeah? That's what you think. Listen," replied Brodie, "part of this crew has to stay aboard over the week end, and you're one of 'em understand?"

During this conversation Brodie's voice had risen to a shout easily heard by most of the crew scattered around the foredeck.

We were surprised to hear him tell Stavanger he couldn't go ashore for, although some were required to remain aboard, the stand-by crew usually was composed of an ordinary seaman or two, along with a few cadets.

Now the big ox-like man again said in a low voice, "I'm goin' ashore." At the same time he started to walk around Brodie who stood facing him. Instantly Brodie stepped in front blocking his path. As he did so, Stavanger raised his hand to Brodie's chest giving him a push that sent him reeling backward. Recovering quickly, so quick in fact we scarcely realized what had occurred, he struck Stavanger a smashing blow in the face. Staggered, the huge fellow stood for an instant, a puzzled look on his features as if trying to comprehend. Slowly as drops of blood trickled from a corner of his mouth, the puzzled look turned to one of rage. From his throat came a hoarse roar.

"Son-of-bitch! I kill you now!"

Then, head down and both fists flailing, he charged at Brodie like an enraged bull.

On board *Arapahoe* there were plenty of men who didn't like Brodie. Mean, overbearing, and a bully, he had a reputation for being a barroom fighter and, during the voyage, we had seen many exhibitions of his skill as a boxer. Whatever else might have been said about him, however, he was far from being a coward. He was not a big man and compared to Stavanger he even looked small. He weighed about a hundred and seventy-five pounds and his height might have been five feet nine. About thirty years of age, he was well muscled with the thin waist and sloping shoulders, suggestive of physical strength.

As Stavanger came at him Brodie quickly side-stepped and drove in a hard right that caught him full in the face. Again staggered momentarily, the big man blinked in surprise. In an instant, head down and swinging, he once more rushed blindly forward.

The fo'c'sles were deserted as we gathered around the combatants; even the Filipino stevedores and riggers left their work and watched eagerly as the one-sided battle surged back and forth along *Arapahoe's* foredeck. Not a word was spoken by any-

one—no one made a move to stop the fight. We were like uncivilized barbarians in a primitive jungle.

Brodie's face had a cruel sadistic leer as, easily avoiding Stavanger's clumsy and futile rushes, he coolly slashed and stabbed with both fists, gradually cutting Stavanger's face to ribbons. Badly beaten, his face dripping blood, the big fellow kept silently boring in. I shuddered and wondered what held him up as I heard the impact of Brodie's fists.

Arapahoe's fo'c'sle and galley were located a short distance aft of the foremast where the deck was about forty-two feet wide. The fo'c'sle and galley took up twenty-one feet of this space, leaving a narrow strip on each side between it and the bulwark. As the fight continued, the two men slowly worked aft, and soon they were in this narrow space. Suddenly, Stavanger made another of his bull-like rushes; quickly Brodie stepped back and, as he did so, his back came against the bulwark. Too late, he realized his danger, and in a split second the big Norwegian was upon him.

As Brodie pounded at his face and attempted to push him away, Stavanger slipped both arms around his waist. In an instant Brodie's feet were dangling off the deck as the great hairy arms tightened around his middle like the grip of a giant vise. A look of terror crossed Brodie's face and he gasped as the breath was forced from his body in a squeeze remindful of a huge python crushing the life out of a helpless goat. Suddenly Stavanger lifted him high and flung him crashing into the steel side of the fo'c'sle. As he slumped to the deck, he attempted to rise. Again Stavanger picked him up and crushed him in that terrible embrace. A gasping scream tore from his lips as he was lifted and smashed into the bulwark. I stared as if paralyzed with horror, as I heard someone say, "Jesus Christ! He's killing him!"

Again the blood-streaked Stavanger advanced on his now helpless foe. As though in a daze, I was aware of the two mates struggling with him and dragging him away. As quickly as it had begun the fight ended. Brodie lay on the deck as if he were dead.

I looked around to see that even the crew of the steam launch had come aboard and had been watching the fight. Slowly the

group of seamen broke up and the stevedores and riggers drifted back to their work. The last I saw of Stavanger he was walking down the gangplank, his face battered and bleeding; with one hand he was dragging a torn and bloody shirt. I never saw him again.

During the evening it was quiet on *Arapahoe*. As daylight faded we gathered in little groups and discussed the bloody battle. For a long time I stood leaning over the rail looking toward the city. A faint haze blew in from the east and in the darkness the reflection of lights looked like a ghostly canopy. The fight between the bos'n and Stavanger had made a profound impression on me and I was unable to put it out of my mind. I could see Stavanger blindly rushing at Brodie, could hear the impact of the blows and see blood spatter as his face was beaten to a pulp. I remembered, too, the agonized scream from Brodie as his ribs snapped and he lay crumpled on the deck. Without doubt, in another minute Stavanger would have killed him, yet none of us had made a move to prevent it. Now, the whole thing seemed stupid and senseless. I wondered what life held for men like Brodie and Stavanger, and what would finally become of them.

Presently, I was aware of Johnny standing by my side. The sound of four bells came ringing from the fo'c'slehead and from across the dark water, was answered by other ships at anchor, each in a different pitch. Saying goodnight to Johnny, I made my way to my bunk. For a long time I lay gazing into the darkness.

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On Sunday morning most of the small crew left aboard gathered in the fo'c'sles and were sleeping or writing letters. We were thus engaged when the second mate came aboard bringing a sack of mail. When it was distributed, I was happy to find I had received another letter from my father. After telling me that he and my mother were well, he said they had not heard from me, were worried, and wondered why I had not written. He said they had watched the papers closely, thinking they might see some mention of my ship, but so far had been unable to learn anything. "We have just heard some very sad news," he wrote.

"The postmaster's son who was sent overseas some time ago, has been reported killed in action. The community mourns his death."

As in his previous letter he mentioned the war effort at home, and the part being played by women. Many, he said, were working in fields and factories. They were helping raise money in the Liberty Bond drives, for the Red Cross and other agencies. Even school children were helping, many also working on farms, and selling War Savings Stamps. He told of the Food Control Law, and of a man named Herbert Hoover who had been made National Food Administrator. The purpose of the Food Administration, he said, was to save and conserve food and to aid in its fair distribution. I was amused by his next line: "This has caused a new word to be coined, one that is becoming common. It is called 'Hooverizing'." He closed by saying that although sugar was scarce, my mother had been making my favorite jelly and would have a good supply on hand when I returned home.

Along with the mail the second mate had also brought out a roll of Manila newspapers. Their headlines told of the battle of St. Mihiel and fighting along the Meuse. Another interesting article told of a new weapon developed by the British army. A picture of this weapon was shown in one of the papers, a large tractor powered by a gasoline engine; the tractor had no wheels, but moved over the ground on flexible tracks. The entire mechanism was enclosed in a steel shell from which machine guns poked their muzzles. The new weapon was called a tank.

Another item, probably of more interest to us than either war news or weapons, appeared in the *Manila Times*, dated Sunday, September 15th, 1918.

SAILOR CADETS LOOK FORWARD TO DANCE AFTER 3 MONTHS AT SEA.

The cadets aboard the *Monongahela* and *Arapahoe*, sailing vessels belonging to the United States Shipping Board which are now in Manila Bay, have been invited by the American women of Manila to attend the dance and social to be given next Friday night for enlisted men. These cadets which number about fifty, are not regular sailors, but are volunteers, having left good homes on the Pacific

Coast to take such part in the war as was considered most useful. The next time that many of the cadets come to Manila, they will come as ship's officers and not as sailors, as they are all studying, in order to fit themselves for the command of the many vessels that are being turned out on the Pacific Coast, and for which there are not, at present, enough officers or sailors.

The *Arapahoe* has been in the bay for about 2 weeks, while a week ago today, the *Monongahela* was just coming into port and dispelling rumors of her having sunk with the tons of precious cargo which she had aboard. Both of these sailing craft will be in port until about the middle of October, and the Captains of both vessels are delighted that their wards, for so they consider the lads who have been put under their charge, are going to be afforded an opportunity to meet the civilian residents of Manila and find access to their homes. None of the boys are allowed by either of the Captains to stay ashore all night. Shore leave is confined entirely to daylight hours and early evening, and every cadet reports aboard ship around 10 P.M.

Since the cadets have been here there has been no complaint of their conduct, says Captain Rasmussen of the *Monongahela*, they come from good families and they have behaved like gentlemen. Both Captains assert that this last trip of their vessels has been the pleasantest of their career on the sea, and the rapidity with which the boys have taken to nautical life has surprised them, and they say it will pleasantly surprise the Shipping Board as well, because henceforth there will be no difficulty in manning sailing vessels which have been tied up in San Francisco for lack of sailors.

The *Moshulu* will be in port within a few days, according to the office of Struthers and Dixon, which is managing the Shipping Board sailing vessels on the Pacific, and there is expected to be more sailor cadets on it. The *Moshulu*, if it comes direct across as did the *Arapahoe*, and does not seek a southern course, as the *Monongahela*, in order to avoid the typhoon belt, should be in port next week. If it takes a southern course, around the typhoon belt, it may not be in until the latter part of September. Word has also been received in Manila that the *Chillicothe*, another Shipping Board vessel, left San Francisco on September 9, which should bring it into Manila about the middle of November. Cadets will also man the latter vessel, it is

understood, so that the Manila women will have no lack of boys away from home to entertain.

We laughed as we read, "—none of the boys are allowed to stay ashore all night." The reporter who wrote those lines must have been prophetic; little did we realize how soon that unhappy condition would become a stern reality.



Captain Wilhelmsen

Monday morning found Johnny waiting to go ashore. He had finished his Sunday duty and was free until Friday noon. Shortly after six, a launch bearing the Filipino workers and our returning shore party tied up to our gangway ladder. After a quick good-bye, Johnny ran for the waiting boat; minutes later he was waving from the stern as the stack belched a cloud of coal smoke and the propeller drove her toward the shore.

At noon we gathered at the table for a dinner of lamb curry and rice. Halfway through it, Laurence turned to me.

"Hey, Smith, how come you didn't go visiting them Japs with Johnny?"

"I wasn't asked."

"They got any good-looking daughters?"

"Yeah, they sure have."

"Boy, you missed a bet. Course you know them and their guests all take a bath in the same tub."

"You're crazy."

"The hell I am! One time in Kobe I stayed with a Jap family and we'd all bathe together—mamma, papa and sons and daughters, all bare-assed naked—"

"Never do for 'Captain' Barker," interrupted Ryan.

"Why?"

"His anchor'd start dragging," answered the farmer.

On Thursday, after a long four days on the painting stages, Skinner and I drew the anchor watch. With daylight we hauled down the two red lanterns and replaced them with a red flag. After reporting to the mate, we were at liberty until Saturday morning.

On shore I made the usual rounds, bought a souvenir here and there, looked into factories where cigars were made and watched the crowds on the streets.

I had promised to meet Johnny at noon Friday, and was soon listening to him tell of his trip to the interior. He told of jungles, rivers and high terraced mountains, of seeing pythons and pygmies, and visiting plantations where hemp was raised. Later, waiting for a boat at the landing, we filled in the time looking at copra schooners, and he explained how this smelly product was made from the dried meat of coconuts.

We were soon back on the launch which threaded her way through the rows of ships. It was a hot day, the sun beat down from a clear blue sky with hardly a breath of air. The long, dark breakwater danced in the heat waves, while smoke from the stacks of steamers spiraled lazily upward.

To the south we could see the towering spars of *Arapahoe* and *Monongahela*. As the launch drew closer, we stood in her bow and gazed at the imposing sight. The silence was broken by Johnny.

"Did you ever stop to think how lucky we are to be on *Arapahoe*? There's only a few big sailing ships left, and after the war they'll soon be gone."

"Yeah—yeah, I guess that's right," I answered. Somehow, that's all I could think to say.

As we drew up to *Arapahoe* we received a surprise. Her painting stages were hanging in place but there was no sign of activity around them. In the rigging we could see a few lone seamen, and the usual gang of stevedores were working on the cargo.

Puzzled we hurried up the gangplank where we were met by the mate.

"Vell, vell, Louie and Yohnny!" he shouted. "Vot de hell you doin' haar? You're not due bek 'til t'morrow!"

"Where's everybody?" we asked.

"Vere? For Chris' sake, don' taal me you forgot!" he replied. "All cadets hev' half day off to go achore for de big belly rub, t'night!"

In my excitement listening to Johnny tell of his trip, I had forgotten about the dance to be given by the American ladies.

Johnny had never attended a dance, and argued against going. He reminded me we would have to report for duty at six the following morning, and it would be better to remain aboard. It took considerable persuasion to talk him into going but finally, after calling to his attention that the dance was given by the ladies of Manila, it would be over early and the Captains of both ships would be present, he reluctantly agreed to go.

Soon we were flying about the fo'c'sle, bathing and getting into our clothes. Several times we were interrupted by older seamen who offered advice, some exceedingly suggestive, on how to conduct ourselves during this social event.

The launch was whistling for the last load of stevedores when we dashed for the gangway. As we crowded in among the workmen, the Finn hailed us from *Arapahoe's* rail. "Now, remem'er you boys, hol' your teacup 'tween your t'umbs and forefingers real delicate lak an' don' drink out de saucers."

Turning, we both thumbed our noses as the launch's propeller churned the water and she quickly pulled away. Upon reaching the shore, we climbed aboard a *caramata* and soon were greeting our shipmates at the Elite Hotel. After we rented a room Johnny decided he didn't care to go to the dance after all, but would go to a movie instead. Before we parted, I hastily promised I would return to the hotel early; before many hours were to pass I was wishing I had kept my promise.

The dance was held in an upstairs ballroom, beautifully decorated with flags and Japanese lanterns. It was presided over by a group of motherly old ladies who had gone to great lengths to make us feel at home. The music was furnished by a Filipino orchestra, referred to as a jazz band—the word "jazz" being of recent origin. They were playing the new and popular songs, "Pretty Baby," and "How Ya Gonna Keep 'em Down on the Farm." There was cake and ice cream and, in one corner beneath a great potted palm, a bowl of ice-cold punch. The punch was non-alcoholic, but before the evening was over, glasses were frequently spiked with gin, stealthily carried in pocket flasks.

Captain Wilhelmsen and Captain Rasmussen were surrounded by elderly ladies and both appeared hot and uncomfortable in tight-fitting collars and ties. Although there were a few young

girls at the dance, mostly they were middle-aged women. As the spiked punch began to take effect, these charming ladies found themselves being piloted around the floor at an alarming pace. Fortunately, twelve o'clock soon arrived—the time for the dance to end—probably it was well that it did, for by this time several cadets were feeling hilarious. One boy, an eighteen-year-old from *Monongahela*, had picked up a plump, painted blonde who appeared to be in her forties. He was quite indignant when this buxom and voluptuous female was refused admission into the dance. The Manila ladies, no doubt, were greatly relieved when the orchestra played “Home, Sweet Home,” and the dance was over.

It was after hours but we had no trouble finding a place that sold beer. We were gathered in a dingy spot on a dark, narrow street in the old section of the city. The place was dimly lit, and operated by a squat native who had only one eye. Seated at tables and loitering about were villainous-looking characters who eyed our money closely as we crowded around the bar.

After several beers someone suggested we go to Sampolac. This seemed like a good way to finish the evening and soon we were piling out of *caramatas* and joining the crowds of men.

It was never clear to me just what occurred from there on. I remember numerous fights breaking out between *Arapahoe's* and *Monongahela's* crews in which everyone took a hand. These resulted in the usual torn clothing, black eyes and various other contusions. In addition it was reported by Manila police that several places of business had suffered more or less damage to furniture and fixtures, and prompt payment would be expected.

Although my recollection of most of the night's events was somewhat hazy, there was one which I am sure I shall never forget. Somehow, during the early hours of morning, most of *Arapahoe's* cadets had gathered in an establishment in which the occupants seemed to be Japanese women. We had decided to entertain them with a few choice chanties and soon they were staring at us in startled bewilderment as we broke out into song. We had just gotten well into “*Blow, Blow, Blow the Man Down*,” and were all taking part in the chorus when the door suddenly burst open and there stood Captain Wilhelmsen.

Instantly there was a hushed silence. Had we been dropped into tubs of ice water the effect would not have been more sobering. For a moment he stood looking coldly at us. His face, dark with rage, reminded me of the sky the morning the typhoon hit us. Then, raising his hand he pointed to the open door as he grated out two words:

"GET OUT!"

There was a rush for the door and in a split second the room was empty.

It was after four in the morning and the sky was greying when, exhausted, I fell asleep at the hotel. After what seemed only minutes, I was awakened by Johnny and sat on the edge of my bed, dazed and sick. Stumbling along in the early morning darkness I joined a woebegone sad-looking group who boarded launches and meekly returned to their ships.

Back in the fo'c'sles as we changed to work clothes, there was an unusual silence. Normally, parties returning from shore were loud and boisterous, but on this day little was said. Gadsden and Ryan, along with one or two other older men, had not gone to Sampolac, and had no knowledge of what happened. Johnny, who must have suspected, asked no questions.

During the time Johnny had been on his trip to the interior, *Arapahoe* had received a large supply of grey paint. The preparatory work on her hull had been completed, and she was ready to be painted from stem to stern. Soon the Finn was passing out paint cans, brushes and rags, and we were over the side on the painting stages.

Throughout the morning I had a blinding headache and moved about as though in a trance. Several times as the heat increased, I dozed and nearly fell off the staging. At nine-thirty, three bells rang from the fo'c'slehead, and as the sound reverberated over the water, the mate poked his head over the bulwark.

"All cadets fall aft to de poop at four bells," he called out.

Glancing up, I saw that his face was set in a stern expression, and the usual good-natured tone was missing from his voice. I knew then we were in for stormy weather.

At four bells we fell in on the lee side of the poop; for at least ten minutes we waited in silence. Finally the Captain, followed by the mate, came up the companionway leading from the main cabin. For a minute he walked up and down in front of us, most of whom stood looking at our feet. Stopping suddenly, he faced us. His voice was shaking with anger as he started to speak. Much to my surprise, however, he addressed his remarks to the mate.

"Effective de firs' of de month, all cadets on dis ship vere promoted to ordinary seamen. At dat time dey vere tol' dey would be allowed to go achore as guests of de peoples of Manila. You, Mister, vere tol' dat you would hav' full sharge of all chore parties an' be responsible for dere conduct. Las' night de vimmens gave a party for dem an' vot happened? Half of dem got drunk, dat's vot! An', dat ain' all! Dey wrecked two bars an' got into a fight vit de Manila police. At t'ree o'clock dis morning I got a call to come an' get dem out of town. An' vere do you t'ink I find dem? IN A WHOREHOUSE, DAT'S VERE!"

As the Captain spoke his voice had risen in a gradual crescendo until the last words were fairly shouted. My sympathy was with the mate who never uttered a word, but stood silent as the Captain continued.

"You know dis ship carries no doctor. Vot if ve get out to sea an' dese kids all come down vit sore peckers. Vot you t'ink vee'll do den, Mister Mate?"

For a second he turned away as if to leave, but instead, faced us with a cold stare and again started to speak.

"From now on, no cadet leaves dis ship for two veeks, understand? An' den, only vit my permission. Chore leave vill be in de daytime only, an' every vun of you will be bek aboard by nine o'clock. All right, Mister, now turn dem to on de paint gang an' see dat dey're kept planty busy."

As the Captain went below the mate looked at us and shook his head wearily. "O.K., boys, you heard vot he said, now get busy."

At eight bells we came up off the painting stages to receive the gloomy news that all cadets would remain on duty and work would continue as usual on Saturday afternoon and Sunday.

After chow we lay around the fo'c'sles and were very quiet. Gadsden and one or two others, although rated as cadets, were thirty years of age and over. They had taken no part in the escapade, but were being punished along with us culprits.

Word of our confinement soon spread and we became the objects of razzing from *Arapahoe's* A.B.s and ordinary seamen preparing to go ashore. This banter, although taken in silence, failed to arouse any humor among the cadets, especially those who were innocent victims.

In the afternoon the monotony was broken by the rumor that all cargo was out of number four hatch. Shortly afterward a detail was called from the paint gang and sent below to work in the stifling heat of the hold. This task consisted of cleaning up and sweeping out all debris after which loose lumber was laid in the bottom. Known as dunnage, the planks were placed so as to raise the cargo above the wooden lining as a protection against water and dampness.

The following day, Sunday, September 22nd, was memorable to me for at least two reasons. First, it was my birthday, and second, it was the day *Arapahoe* finished unloading and started taking aboard cargo for the return voyage.

We had commenced the day at six in the morning by washing down and by seven the stevedores had arrived and were noisily at work. Over the eastern horizon the sun had come up like a ball of fire, and the air was hot and close. We were working down in the great hollow cavern of the ship's hold, and the sun glaring down on her steel sides sent the temperature soaring. The last of the cargo was out except for a small quantity of steel rails in number one hatch, and these were disappearing rapidly.

Under the urging of the mate we worked sullenly in the semi-darkness laying the heavy dunnage and sweeping out dust that rose in choking clouds. At ten o'clock, as the last of the cargo was being cleared from the fore hold, an accident occurred that came near prolonging our sojourn in Manila more than anticipated. A load of steel rails was being hoisted out, and as they were about to clear the hatch, three of them slipped from the cargo sling and dropped to the bottom of the ship. As the heavy rails went through the wooden planking and struck the steel

plates, there was a crash and shudder that sounded and felt as though we had been struck by a shell.

Instantly, a confused shouting from the stevedores brought the mate on the run. An inspection of the bottom was made and, although it was found that the wooden skin had been smashed and the steel plates dented, no serious damage was done. This was exceedingly fortunate, for had the bottom been holed, it would have necessitated a long lay-up in drydock before loading could have been resumed.

At one o'clock the discharging was completed, and lighters piled with sacks of sugar were towed up to our sides. At three-thirty in the afternoon, the first sling loads were swung aboard and lowered into the holds.



Moshulu

The sugar, which for the next few weeks was to pour into *Arapahoe* in prodigious quantities, was in large sacks, each weighing one hundred pounds. It was known as raw sugar, coarse and dark brown. On reaching the States, it would go to various refineries around San Francisco Bay where it would be further refined into the finished product.

The week following our debacle ashore, we were kept busy painting. At first there was a tendency to sulk on the job and little headway was made. This feeling soon passed and before long we were striving to see which gang could cover the largest area.

The weather remained incredibly hot, and working on the sunny side was an ordeal. Luckily, we were furnished a form of diversion each day by natives who swarmed around the ships in dugout canoes, called "bum-boats." The Filipinos in them sold oranges, straw hats, and strong-tasting cigarettes. We also learned to haggle over prices, and soon found there was a remarkable difference between the asking and taking price.

During the beginning of our penance, the mate, whom we now called "the warden," tried to appear brusque and blunt in his commands and dealings with the cadets. We knew this to be only an act, and strictly for the Captain's benefit. At heart the mate was a kindly man, and soon we caught him doing many little things to lighten the work and make life aboard more pleasant.

Our main recreation was swimming. The water of the bay was warm and clear, and each evening we would swim about the ship and dive from the lower rigging. The mate, an expert swimmer, at first watched from a distance, but finally broke down and

joined us. Adept at diving, he soon was giving thrilling exhibitions by doing high dives off the main yard.

The waters of the South China Sea teemed with man-eating sharks. Although occasionally one might be seen inside the bay, it was characteristic of these predatory fish to be wary of any enclosure and they seldom came behind the breakwater. Even so, a sharp lookout was kept and we were warned about swimming too far from the ship.

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The first week in October we finished the painting on *Arapahoe's* hull. She looked smart and trim in her new coat of battle-ship grey. The weather held clear and hot, and each day the ship settled deeper as the lighters brought out more sacks of sugar and bales of shiny hemp.

Three of our original crew had paid off; Stavanger, Jimmie the cabin boy and old Alford, the cook's helper. Stavanger had been replaced by an Australian A.B. named Andrews, who was about thirty-eight, tall and bony with a narrow face set off by a long, dark mustache. He never wore a hat, and his straight black hair hung over dark, hollow eyes, giving him a sinister appearance. A silent person, who kept to himself, he wore a knife at his belt and about him was a strangeness that marked him as a dangerous character. He seemed to take pleasure in the knowledge that he was disliked on board and was given a wide berth.

Jimmie and old Alford had been replaced by two Filipino boys. They looked like twins about seventeen years old. They were small in stature, each perhaps weighing about a hundred and fifteen pounds. Lively and wide awake, they spoke English brokenly, and had long Filipino names that none of us aboard could ever pronounce. This was solved by giving them the names of their predecessors. The cabin boy became "James" and the cook's helper, "Alf."

Although both were experienced in the steward's department, and had made previous trips on steamers, neither had been in sail. I am sure had they known what lay ahead, they would have jumped ship before she was ever loaded.

Two events of particular interest occurred during this period. One was Brodie's return to duty and the other, the arrival of *Moshulu*. Following his fight with Stavanger, Brodie was absent for some time. On his return he was greeted in the usual manner, and no reference made to his injury. He seemed like a different person; he quietly took over his duties and as time went by, appeared to want to be friendly.

Moshulu had been reported by several steamers and was due to arrive any time. I was looking forward to this because my friend Jimmie Wilkins was to be aboard her and I was anxious to hear his experiences.

She arrived while most of us were overhauling gear in the 'tweendeck section of the forepeak. Another hot, dirty job, we sweat and swore as we pulled and tugged at stacks of wire cables, towing hawsers, and heavy, spare canvas and lines. Inside the low space the air was thick with dust, the small forepeak hatch offering but scant ventilation. Light was furnished by two smoky oil lanterns, whose smudged chimneys cast an eerie glow over dripping, half-naked bodies.

In a dark corner we found a box containing several pairs of old-fashioned handcuffs. When we took them up to the light, we examined them carefully but were unable to decipher the markings with which they were stamped. We recalled that *Arapahoe* had been launched as the British *Durbridge*, that she had been sailed by the English for many years before being sold to the Germans. Apparently, the fore 'tweendecks had been used by one of them as a brig, and looking at the rusty handcuffs, we wondered about the poor devils who had been locked in this gloomy dungeon.

Seven bells had sounded when the cry, "Here comes *Moshulu*!" came from the fore rigging. Rushing to points of vantage we could see her far to the west.

Behind the breakwater there was practically no breeze, but out toward the entrance we could catch glimpses of tiny white-caps. Several hours passed before the big bark was close enough to be seen clearly. It would be sundown when she reached her anchorage. Little work was performed the remainder of the day. The Captain was ashore, and the mate seemed content to stay

aft on the poop. Many climbed high in the rigging, fascinated by the sight of the big ship as she approached the inner harbor. In my mind I could see her crew gazing eagerly at the land as they looked forward to liberty after the long voyage.

Late in the evening she hove to off the breakwater and slowly swung to her anchor. In the morning we watched the familiar steam launch approach the gangway, and knew the port doctor was boarding her for inspection. Later in the day she was towed inside the breakwater to her anchorage beyond *Monongahela*, and about a mile from us. The three big square-riggers made an impressive sight as they lay in a row, their masts and spars looming high over steamers anchored near them.

Along with two or three of our younger cadets I had been reported as being one of the ringleaders in the brawl resulting in our isolation. This may or may not have been true but Johnny, on whom I could always depend to come to my defense said, "Oh, yeah? So what difference does it make? You're all flat broke and couldn't do anything ashore, anyway."

This was true. We had been in port for over a month and with the exception of Johnny who was careful with his money and Slim who seldom went ashore, few of us even had the price of a meal.

Although most of us had enjoyed the islands, some of the men, especially the older hands, hated the place intensely. This feeling was engendered by at least two reasons: their money was gone, and the weather was extreme.

When we arrived in port we had had frequent rains which cooled the air and brought some measure of relief. Now the heat was intense. Each day the sun rose in a cloudless sky causing pitch to again start bubbling in deck seams and making our days unbearable. Quarrels became common, our nerves tight and edgy. The heat, mosquitoes, the islands and everything about them were maligned and roundly cursed.

In spite of the rule against bringing liquor aboard, the cook managed to smuggle a few bottles past the watchful eye of the mate and was found drunk on several occasions. When sober, the big Jamaica Negro was a likeable fellow but when drunk, mean and vicious. He became the sort of person who would be

offended at the slightest thing and, when in that mood, was quarrelsome and obnoxious. Apparently, the trouble he and the Finn had had on the voyage to Manila remained in his mind. At any rate he lost no time in starting another fight with the bos'n. After being knocked to his knees, he dashed into the galley and emerged with a large meat cleaver. As he came out of the door, the Finn armed himself with an iron belaying pin. After a short struggle members of the watch were able to take the cleaver away from the drunken cook and he was induced to sleep it off.

Trouble among the crew seemed to me to be a serious thing. At the first opportunity I talked it over with Pape. He merely laughed and said, "Think nothing of it. That's just a symptom of a malady known as blue-water fever. They'll get over it once we get out to sea."

It did result in the Captains of the three square-riggers calling off the contests we were to have had among the ships of the training fleet, and although we had basketball games ashore, none of the planned contests in seamanship were held.

With *Moshulu* in port and Jimmie Wilkins supposedly aboard her, it wasn't difficult to talk Pape into taking me with him on his next cruise in the cutter. With a light afternoon breeze, we were soon tacking around *Moshulu's* bow. As we dropped the sail and hove to, we were amazed at her great steel hull and heavy top hamper, both much more massive than ours. She had no figurehead, neither did she have the protective netting usually found under the bowsprit. On her three square-rigged masts there were six yards instead of the five on *Arapahoe*, and aft of her mizzen was the jigger mast which carried fore-and-aft sails.

Her bulwarks were crowded with curious faces as we drifted up to her ladder. Hailing an officer, we told him we were from *Arapahoe* and requested permission to go aboard. In a moment we were standing on a wide deck, surrounded by her crew.

Moshulu's cadets had already heard of our experience in the typhoon and the rescue following the shipwreck. They had also heard of our pranks ashore and that we, along with the boys on *Monongahela* were doing time aboard. They had not been given shore leave yet, and after inviting us into a big fo'c'sle, started bombarding us with questions as to what Manila was like, and

what we had seen and done. Needless to say, they were given a vivid account of our adventures and what they could expect.

During this time I had been eagerly scanning faces expecting to find Jimmie Wilkins' among them. When I asked about him a laugh ran through the group. I was told he had signed on but, before putting to sea, the cadets had been given preliminary training aloft. After one trip to the main royal, he decided he wanted no part of *Moshulu*, and had paid off and left the ship. I remembered my own experience with the royal yard, and couldn't say I blamed him.

Commanded by Captain Richard Lancaster, *Moshulu* had sailed from San Francisco on July 9th. Her voyage had been rather uneventful, she had made a fair passage and managed to avoid the typhoon belt. Her crew, in about the same age bracket as ours, said although the work had been hard and the food poor, the weather for the most part was good and they had been treated well by the Captain and mates.

Like *Arapahoe*, *Moshulu* was built by William Hamilton Ship Building Company of Port Glasgow, Scotland. Built in 1904 for the Germans and christened *Kurt*, she had been owned and operated by them until driven from the sea by the British navy and interned on the Pacific Coast.

For over two and a half years the big four master had swung to her moorings at the mouth of the Columbia River. Little did I realize as I trod her whitened decks, and the Stars and Stripes fluttered from her signal halyard, that she would survive the entire training fleet and would someday be one of the very last relics of the romantic days of sail.

Moshulu's gross tonnage was well over three thousand tons, she was larger than *Monongahela*, and considerably larger than *Arapahoe*. Over three hundred feet long at the waterline, she drew better than twenty-five feet when loaded, and was in excess of forty-five feet at the beam. Amidships, extending the width of the ship, and about sixty feet in length, was a raised bridge deck. Underneath were two large fo'c'sles, one for each of the watches. This space also contained the Captain's and mates' quarters, the galley, and cabins for her bos'ns, sailmaker and cooks. On top of the bridge deck and connected together were

two large steering wheels. With this arrangement it was possible during bad weather for two or even three men to stand on the raised platforms and assist the helmsman with the steering. In front of the wheel was the binnacle and to its rear a chart house from which the ship was navigated.

Down on the decks were the hand winches with their cone-shaped drums for bracing around her yards. Unlike *Arapahoe*, she had two topgallants in addition to royals, making six square sails on each of her first three masts.

Aft, she had a poop that was short in proportion to her overall length. On it was a capstan and a mechanical device for taking soundings. On our ship the poop was considered the sacred quarters of the Captain and mates, and unless duty required it, or we had urgent business, the mere presence of a cadet would have been considered almost sacrilegious. On *Moshulu*, we were assured that this did not apply, as the compartments under the poop were used, principally, for workshops and storage, with officers' quarters amidships.

Forward on top of the fo'c'slehead, *Moshulu's* arrangement was not much different from ours. She was laying at her port anchor, the starboard hanging over the side ready to be let go. As we walked down one of the companion ladders that led to the lower deck, our attention was directed to her big ship's bell on which was engraved "*Kurt*."

The sun was sinking when we boarded the cutter for the return trip to our ship. We were again fortunate in having a light breeze that sent us scudding along and were nearly alongside before it died away. As the little sail drooped against the mast, we broke out the oars and rowed the remaining distance. Back on *Arapahoe* we were met by the Finn who told us the Captain had relented—we were to be allowed shore leave on Saturday and Sunday, under the condition we return each night by eleven.

The following day was Saturday. I had decided to curl up in the bowsprit netting and read a magazine when I was hailed by Johnny. As I walked toward him I noticed he was dressed for shore.

"What's the matter, aren't you going ashore?" he asked.

"Nope."

"Why not?"

It was evident he was not aware of my penury, and I finally had to tell him I was broke. The sly little smile came over his face that always appeared when he was amused. Holding out his hand, he said, "Here, take this."

As I reached out my hand he placed a ten dollar bill in it. I protested mildly against accepting the loan, explaining I would have no money until we reached San Francisco.

"Forget it. You can pay me back some time. And don't forget," he continued, "there'll be only two more liberties after this. Now, hurry and get dressed." Stuffing the bill into my pocket, I dashed for my clothes.

Determined to stay away from temptation, and to hoard my borrowed cash as long as possible, I suggested we go to Luneta Park. It was a pleasant place to kill time, and soon we were resting in the shade of its cool groves, looking out over spacious lawns that bordered the waterfront. In the distance we could see the spars of the three ships, while to the west the sun was slowly dropping into a sea of purple haze.

Late in the evening we made our way back to the landing. I was congratulating myself on the fact that my ten dollar bill still reposed unbroken in my pocket. It might have remained so had we not passed a sign that announced: "Three Fresh Doughnuts and Coffee with Real Cream, Only Ten *Centavos*."

• • •

The next morning we were waiting when the first work boat arrived. We had decided that in order to have a last look at the surrounding country, we would pool our money and hire a *caramata*. This mode of travel was absurdly cheap, and for a dollar or two of American money the two-wheeled rig with its driver and horse could be rented for the entire day.

Soon we were clattering through winding streets to the outskirts of the city. Proceeding over country roads we passed through several villages. Most of the small, ramshackle houses were made of bamboo and had roofs covered with thatch. We were amused by the tiny outhouses close to these homes which were built out over the water. Some of these little box-like affairs

were perched on slender poles driven into the mud of the bottom. A few leaned at what appeared to be dangerous and precarious angles. The removal of sewage was regulated by the ebb and flow of the tide.

Evening shadows were lengthening when we returned to the city. In the distance could be heard the tolling of bells from churches and the cathedral at Intramuras.

Later in the evening we went to a movie on the Escolta. The picture was an American western. It featured some long-forgotten cowboy actor who, with two enormous pistols, single-handedly fought off hordes of painted Indians.

The audience in the first dozen rows, at least, was composed of small Oriental children. As the drama unfolded on the silent screen and the hero, astride a beautiful horse, rescued a rather emaciated and heavily made-up woman, these excited young fans set up a terrific din, causing the building to echo with their shrieks and whistles.

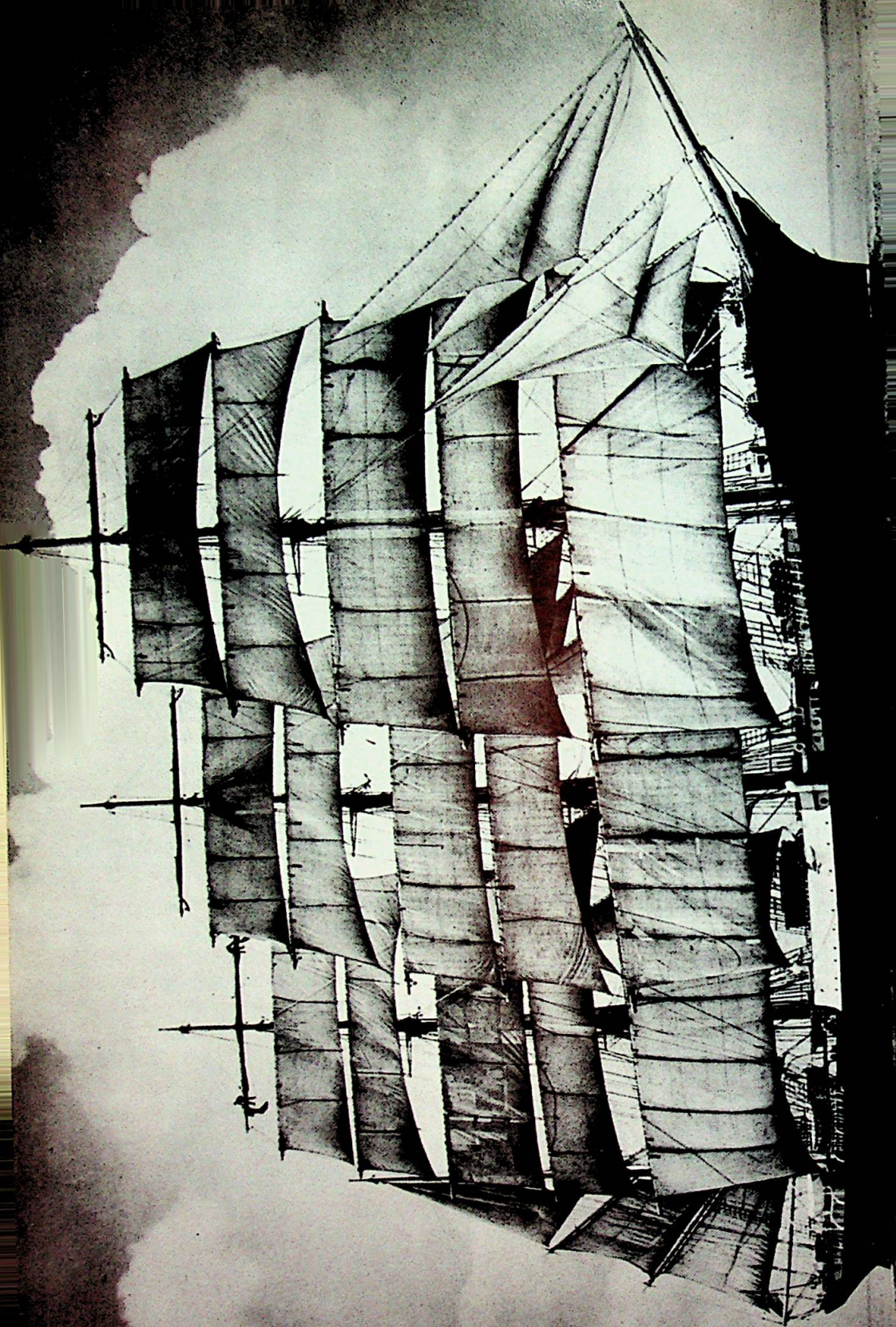
On Monday, October 7th, we started sending aloft *Arapahoe's* sails for the return voyage. As the heavy, stiff rolls were dug out of the locker, we hoisted them onto our backs and went tottering and stumbling along the decks to stretch them out in position.

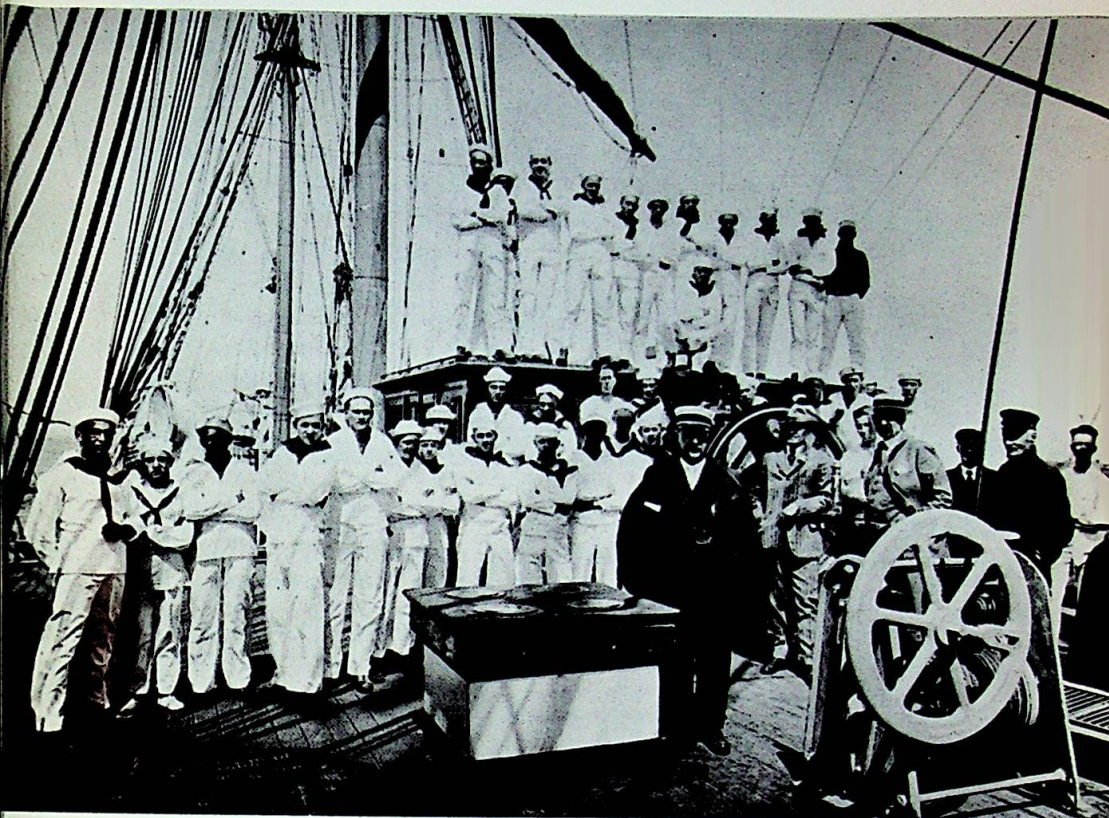
By the middle of the week all sails were in place and rigging, both standing and running, was being checked for wear or defects. The work had been hard, and a tension came over us as it became more and more apparent our day of departure was near. The weather continued fair; each day from sunrise to sunset the bales of hemp and sacks of sugar were hoisted from the lighters and lowered into our holds. Each day I watched apprehensively as the ship settled deeper into the water, torn between a desire to start for home and my dread of the long, hard voyage over the wintry north Pacific.

In addition to cargo, extra gear and ship's stores were being brought aboard. Remembering the food we'd had on the trip over, Ryan and the gang working on this detail were questioned closely as to what these stores consisted of. Smacking his lips, the humorous Ryan replied, "Boys, it's going to be different going



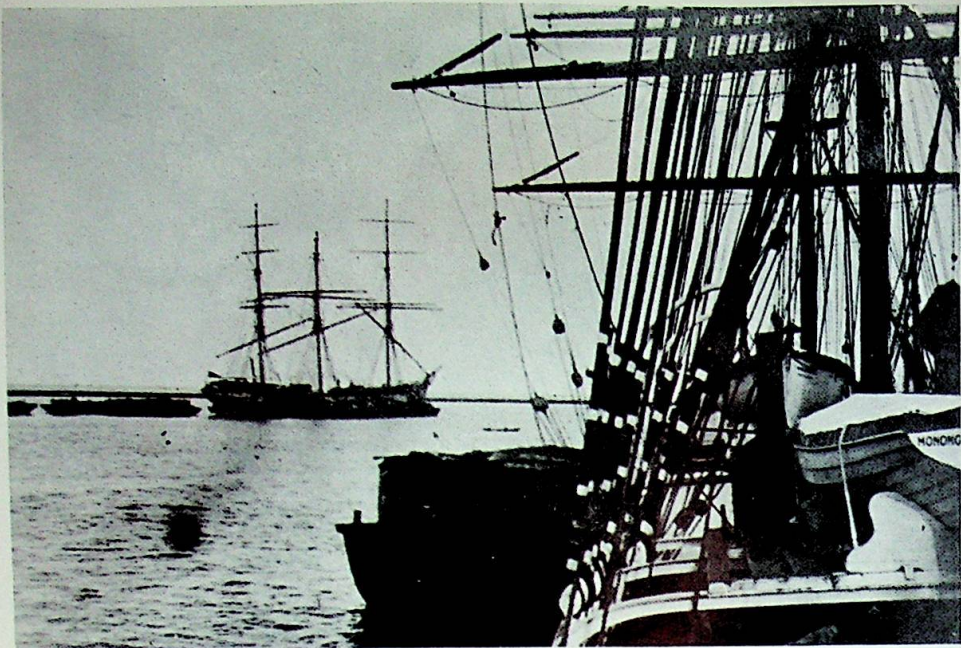
Monongahela at anchor in Manila Bay, September 1918.
Picture courtesy of Captain V. P. Rasmussen.





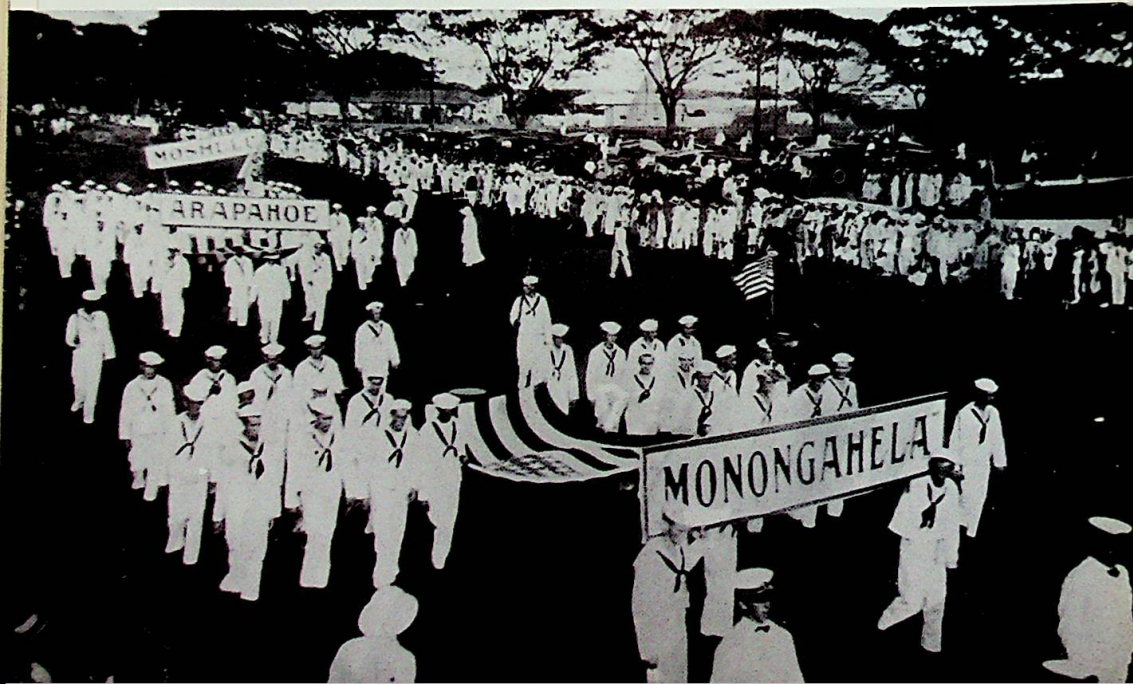
Captain Lancaster and *Moshulu's* crew of cadets, October 1918.
Picture courtesy of J. Farrell Colton.

Moshulu arrives at Manila, September 1918.



Arapahoe with her broken main topmast. Picture taken from *Monongahela*. Both ships are discharging cargo into lighters at Manila.
Courtesy of Captain V. P. Rasmussen.

Cadets of *Monongahela*, *Arapahoe* and *Moshulu* on parade in Manila. Occasion was Fourth Liberty Loan drive, October 12, 1918.



home. The lazaret is bulging with smoked hams, canned chicken, oysters, fruit and jam. We're going to live off the fat of the land."

"You will in a pig's ass," said Slim in his usual acrimonious voice. "You'll be eating salt pork and tongues and sounds before we're four days out."

That evening our uniforms arrived. *Arapahoe* took on the appearance of a Man-of-War as the crew broke out in whites. Craig and one or two others had been in the navy or coast guard, and under their instruction we were soon drilling on the narrow decks in preparation for the big parade to be held ashore on Saturday.

A touch of comedy was added to the arrival of the uniforms when a cadet on the starboard watch found the words: "Manila Supply Company," stenciled on the back of his new uniform jumper in large, red letters. Apparently the Filipino tailor was determined to conserve cloth and had used the bolt to the last thread.

• • •

Anyone at Manila Bay early on the morning of Saturday, October 12th, 1918, would have observed a strange and unusual sight. They would have seen three great square-rigged sailing ships in a row, each flying the Stars and Stripes of the United States, busily loading smartly uniformed crews into waiting shore boats. This picture, except for its background of modern steamers, might well have been a flashback to early maritime history. They would have been witnessing a scene probably never to be duplicated in the future history of our country, and seeing three ships that were relics of an age that is gone forever.

The parade, launching the campaign for the Fourth Liberty Bond drive in the Philippine Islands, was to form at Luneta Park. Soon the crews from the three ships were standing by, while the Captains conferred with parade officials and found our places in the line. During this time we had an opportunity to observe many of the marching bodies taking part in this spectacular event. There were thousands of participants in the parade, among them units from the armed services of the United States as well as army and navy units of various foreign countries.

Outstanding among these groups was the Philippines Constabulary. This semi-military body formed the insular police force of the Philippines and served under army officers.

The Filipinos were fond of music and very proficient at it. The Constabulary band, maintained within the organization, had a reputation that was world wide. Their uniforms, unique and outstanding, were of a sun-tan material. On their heads they wore polished helmets set off with long sharp spikes. The members of the Constabulary appeared to be natural-born soldiers; they made a thrilling sight as company after company fell in behind their colors and marched in perfect rhythm to the stirring martial music.

In addition to military units there were civilian organizations with floats decorated with flags, flowers and beautiful Oriental girls. Colleges and schools were also represented with students and children marching behind massed flags and snappy uniformed bands.

After a long wait in the sun we were formed in the line of march. The crew of *Monongahela* was to lead our group, followed by *Arapahoe* and *Moshulu*. Each crew, led by its Captain, carried a banner indicating the name of its ship, and an immense American flag. The flags were carried flat-wise, held up by closely spaced cadets, the remainder of the crew marching in close formation behind them.

Several weeks before, against Johnny's advice and much to his disgust, I had purchased a pair of black low-cut shoes which were sharp pointed, of a fancy design and fit extremely snug. I had been assured by the Filipino clerk they would soon stretch to fit my feet, and that they were not too small. For some reason this stretching had failed to come to pass and they had been set aside in favor of an older and more comfortable pair. On the day of the parade, decked out in my new white uniform, I had tried them on and fascinated by their dazzling luster, foolishly decided to wear them.

The parade, as it turned out, was several miles long and took hours to pass a given point. As we marched along over the hot pavement with frequent stops in the broiling sun, my feet began to burn and felt as though they were being squeezed tighter

and tighter. Several times as the pain increased I was tempted to remove my shoes. We had been told we would pass in review before the Governor General of the Islands and, fearing it would look rather ludicrous to go by him grasping the flag with one hand and carrying my shoes in the other, I decided to suffer it out.

Eventually we came to a wide cleared space bordered by giant palms; in the center of this area was the reviewing stand. Drawn up nearby was an honor guard who presented arms as we swung by bearing our flags and banners. In another moment we were approaching the flag-decked stand. As we passed, a thin-faced gentleman with greying hair, a small mustache and dressed in white, stepped forward and returned the salutes of our Captains.

An hour later I was naked in the swimming pool of the Y.M.C.A. Gradually, the cool water brought some feeling to my pain-numbed feet. After sending my shoes to a repair shop where they were stretched to the bursting point, I was able to get them back on and hobble painfully out to a waiting *caramata*.

Back aboard ship Johnny and I stood by the railing, looking at the twinkling lights of Manila. We were saddened at the thought of leaving these islands with their friendly, hospitable people. Evidently this feeling was not shared by all of *Arapahoe's* sailors, for soon the last boat arrived bringing out the remainder of our crew. As they came staggering up the gangplank, they reeked with beer, and were loudly singing a new song they had picked up ashore. I can't remember its name, but the words had something to do with "The monkeys have no tails on Zamboanga."

The following morning the suffering I had endured during the parade was somewhat mitigated by the Manila *Time's* description of this event, one paragraph of which read:

As soul thrillers the women took first place but, close behind them in emotional appeal were the cadets from the sailing ships, the *Monongahela*, the *Arapahoe*, and the *Moshulu* now in the bay. These boys, dressed in trim sailor uniforms, marched along, singing late war songs and captivating the hearts of the vast multitude of spectators. They were enthusiastically cheered all along the line.

The next three days were busy ones on *Arapahoe*. The last stores were received, fresh-water tanks filled, and all preparations made for sea. An air of feverish excitement swept the ship and we started making bets as to which day we would sail.

The Finn, squinting his eyes aloft, was heard to say, "Yep, purty dam' qvick now, ve goin'ta hoist de blue peter for shur."

The mess boy turned to him and growled, "What the hell's the blue peter, bos'n, something you caught ashore?"

"Naw, naw," he replied, "dat's de flag de ol' timers hoisted de day de ship vas reddey to sail."

Each day the loading continued at top speed as the lighters came alongside. At three o'clock in the afternoon of Wednesday, October 16th, the last sacks of sugar were hoisted into our holds. The hatch covers and heavy tarpaulins were put in place and securely battened down. The loading was completed.

On that day, *Arapahoe* again lay deep in the water. She was ready to sail for San Francisco with 4020 tons of raw sugar, and 5033 bales of hemp.



Homeward Bound

Arapahoe left Manila at seven o'clock on the morning of Thursday, October 17, 1918. Dawn had arrived with a heavy rain that shrouded the bay in wet, grey haze. We had worked since five of a dismal morning doing the many last minute tasks necessary to ready the ship for her voyage.

At six forty-five the tug, appearing out of the mist, drew up to our starboard side and made fast. The staccato bark of our donkey's exhaust sounded flat as it echoed over the water. There was the smell of coal smoke, a shower of sparks, and a clatter and rumble as the windlass started turning, bringing our anchor up out of the mucky ooze of the bottom.

Almost before I realized it, we were slipping quietly past the lines of ships and out through the opening in the breakwater. There was no pomp, no ceremony, no waving of flags or blowing of whistles. Even as I gazed toward the shore, it disappeared in the mist.

Later, as we neared the entrance to the bay, the breeze picked up to drive away the haze, leaving a sky dark and menacing. Passing Corregidor, seen dimly through driving rain, we drew slowly out past Bataan Peninsula to feel again the long, grey rollers of the South China Sea.

Suddenly, I was aware of a strange, almost forgotten sensation; the ship again had come to life, and as the bow raised to meet the swells, I caught myself grabbing at objects for support.

Beyond Subic Bay, we met a huge army transport. She was inbound, the smoke from her funnels hung low on the water, while along her rain-swept decks, a handful of forlorn appearing figures looked us over dejectedly.

Although both watches were on duty, the mate had the deck and we were kept busy getting the anchors up and secured on the fo'c'slehead. With this completed, the chains were unshackled and drawn in through the hawsepipes; when these holes were plugged, the job was finished.

Almost immediately the tug's whistle sent us aloft to set the sails; as one after the other billowed out and were sheeted home, the towing hawser was cast off and we were homeward bound.

Homeward bound! Magic words, yet sounding strange and unreal. Somehow it seemed the ship had always been our home, and memories of our lives back in the States were only a dimly remembered fantasy. Even our interlude in the islands, the pleasant hours and the fun we had had on our many liberties, seemed events that never had happened, as the land became a blur in the distance and we fell back into the familiar routine.

That night as we rolled northward with heavy rain and a moderate wind, the watches were set and we went below. At supper I sat opposite Andrews, our new A.B. who had taken Stavanger's place at the table. He was an unusual man who never smiled and whose dark somber glance seemed to look through one with the chilling expression associated with the lidless eyes of a snake.

For some unaccountable reason he had taken a strong dislike to the bos'n whom he referred to as "that damn Russian Finn." This had insulted the easy going Pernavic to such an extent that a smoldering hatred existed between them during the entire homeward voyage.

At the end of our first day out we had sailed 116 miles. *Arapahoe* was still running northward before a wind from the south and the sky remained dark with frequent squalls. Though only a few miles off shore, we were unable to see the land; even the beams from friendly lighthouses were obscured by low hanging clouds.

During Thursday, Friday and Saturday we were up and down the rigging, taking in the royals as the sky darkened, and setting them again as it appeared to moderate. On Monday, October 21st, when Pape pointed out our position at noon, we were slightly more than one hundred miles north of Luzon Island.

It was apparent that the Captain was selecting a route far to the north of Babuyan Channel through which we had sailed on our voyage to Manila. The wind was increasing in volume and gradually working around to N.N.E. while the seas looked dark and ugly. At two in the morning we had gone aloft and set the royals and, for a time, *Arapahoe* flew through the water under full sail. At eleven o'clock as the wind swung around the compass we had been forced to take in the fore and mizzen royals to be followed shortly by the main. During the afternoon the sky darkened and the rain came down in sweeping sheets. There was little work that could be performed on deck, time was put in, however, by clearing out under the fo'c'slehead and filling the fresh water tanks in the galley. At dark, as the side lights were lit and the lookout took his post to stand miserable and shivering, the sky looked forbidding and the sea, black and ominous.

At midnight change of watches we went about to the port tack and entered the dangerous Balintang Channel. This lay between the Batan Islands and Babuyan Island, northernmost of the Babuyan group. It was a wide waterway, often beset by currents, erratic and unpredictable, but its main obstacle was the island of Balintang located about halfway and slightly to the west of a line drawn between Sabtang to the north and Babuyan Island to the south.

Although Balintang was said to be visible for nearly thirty miles on a clear day, it had no light and gave scant comfort on a dark, stormy night, especially with only the primitive instruments found on *Arapahoe*.

At two in the morning as we tore through the night like a blindfolded giant, we were hit by a squall that heeled us over and buried our bows in the water. Boarded by seas, *Arapahoe* staggered with the shock as great waves came hurling aboard to race the length of the deck. With the wind and spray in our faces, all hands struggled with clew and buntlines, hurrying to get the sail off the plunging ship. On the fo'c'slehead the lookout stared, straining his eyes into the darkness, knowing that somewhere close about was an island whose sharp rocks and pounding surf could spell doom to any ship unfortunate enough to be driven on them.

Up aloft in the darkness and howling gale we missed Stavan-ger as we battled the stubborn topgallants. Not that Andrews wasn't a good seaman, he appeared to know his business and was efficient in handling sail, but he was cold-blooded and sullen and gave most of us an uneasy feeling merely to be around him.

After the topgallants the three upper topsails were furled in rapid succession. As we made our way back down to the wave-swept deck there came an explosive crash as the main topgallant staysail suddenly blew to shreds.

All throughout the early morning we worked desperately getting the huge mainsail and foresail up to the yards and secured. When at long last daylight grudgingly cast its grey pall over the wild ocean, it was to find us plunging into mountainous seas with only the fore and mizzen lower topsails left intact; the main lower topsail had been ripped to pieces by the gale.

With morning we returned to the fo'c'sles to find them awash and our bedding soaked. Slim looked more glum than ever as he waded about in the debris and water that was ankle deep. The galley had also suffered, with pots and pans helter-skelter and foodstuffs wet and ruined. Sandy had, somehow, managed to get a fire going and, before long, had hot coffee and cornmeal mush ready for our miserable crew. He had but slight assistance from Alf, his diminutive helper, or James, Alf's cabin boy twin. Both boys remained aft, wide eyed with fright as the wind came screaming through the shrouds and waves smashed over the ship. Once, during a lull, the cabin boy had been induced to go forward for the officers' dinner; he had filled the food baskets at the galley and fearfully started aft, but dropped them and fled in terror as a great sea came crashing over the bow to sweep the deck in a wall of rolling water.

All during the day and for days to follow a lookout was kept on the fo'c'slehead around the clock. At ten on Tuesday morning as I peered into the murk, I was approached by the Finn.

"Hey, bos'n, where's that island that's supposed to be around here?"

"Island? Vot island?"

"You know the one I mean. The one we were told to keep a sharp lookout for."

"Oh, dat vun. Ve pass him las' night in de storm."

It was true; some time during the dark, storm-swept night, probably while we were aloft hauling on heavy sails, *Arapahoe*, rushing eastward, had passed the rock-bound island; how close we had no idea and now, as the black clouds raced overhead and the wind blew noisily through tight rigging, we entered the Philippine Sea.

The mate's recording of the night's events was short and simple; the log entry for the morning of Tuesday, October 22, read as follows:

made fast mainsail, foresail and three upper Topsails—
main topmast staysail blowed to pisces—main lower topsail
ript several plesces.

. . .

Thursday, October 24th, dawned with *Arapahoe* still burying her bows in the seas. The starboard watch had reset the foresail, mainsail and both the fore topmast and mizzen staysails. We relieved them at four o'clock to come back on deck, shivering in our steamy clothes. With the first streak of daylight we were busy bending a new main topmast staysail to replace the one blown out on Tuesday, immediately followed by sending down the badly torn main lower topsail and getting a new one up in its place. At eight o'clock we were relieved to go below; hungry and exhausted, we kicked out of sea boots and sodden clothing, drank hot coffee and fell onto wet bunks.

As usual, when in doubtful weather, the Finn, wearing only dirty long underwear, sat in the semi-darkness of his tiny quarters smoking and talking to himself. Long ago we had ceased to laugh at him because of this odd habit, but had learned to associate it with approaching foul weather or other dire misfortune. Today, as his ranting increased, we listened, looking soberly from one to the other. Curious, Skinner stepped to the narrow doorway.

"What's wrong, bos'n?"

"Nodding."

"Scared, eh?"

"Nah, but beeg storm, he kom today."

"Big storm? For Christ's sake, man, you must be crazy. Why, the watch on deck just now are resetting the topgallants."

"Maybe so, but yust wait an' see."

• • •

At noon as we were getting ready to relieve the watch on deck, we were struck by a hurricane. Driving out of the north-east with a low threatening sky, it came sweeping through the rigging with a deafening roar. For the next three days it was to continue; days and nights of backbreaking toil when the shrieking wind tore at our hands as we gripped the jackstays and the giant steel yards swung perilously. Days in which great seas, foam streaked and towering, came smashing aboard while the ship lurched and staggered. Two men were again lashed to the wheel, while under the fo'c'slehead both watches hovered miserably as green seas poured over its top to sweep the deck with a terrifying rush of water. Three nightmarish days of "All hands on deck!" for endless hours, short breaks below in flooded fo'c'sles, no food, and fighting off the stupifying effects of utter exhaustion.

Occasionally there would be a brief respite in which the elements seemed to pause for breath. When this occurred, we would hopefully reset a furled sail or bend on a new one where one had blown out. Gradually the gale weakened and daylight Sunday found us plunging into seas that rolled up astern and seemed to drive us onward.

The storm was over. There were to be days of bending sail, repairing rigging and cleaning up the wrecked fo'c'sles and galley. Just another incident of life aboard a square-rigger; just another short entry in her log in which one can visualize Peterson as he dries his hands on a soiled bandana, bends over the table and, holding the pen awkwardly in gnarled, thick fingers, painfully and laboriously fills out the pages—pages to be turned and immediately forgotten.

Oct the 24th 1918 Thursday raney wether with squals
 500 A m sething the three top sails bend a new main top
 mast staysail and main lower topsail
 800 sething fore main and mizzen the top gall sails
 inner and outhur jib

1200 noon strong N E wind clewed up gall sail

100 P.M. wind increscing to hevy gall and three upper topsails mede fast mainsail and forsail main lower topsail blowed to picces mainsail and foresail fore upper topsail mizen lower was more or less torn inner jib mizen staysail blow to picces all hands ond Dick from noon to 900 P.M.

Oct the 25th 1918 Friday

Moderate wind with cloudy wether

8 A M sething iner Jib main top mast staysail bending a new mizen lower topsail and main lower top sail fore upper topsail. sething foresail topsails and three the gallsails. both watches on deck from 800 A M to 6 P.M. Strong wind with cloudy wether and big seas running.

800 P M made fast Gallsail and topsail and forsail. All hands on deck from 1100 P M to 200 A M.

1200 midnight Tacked ship

Oct. the 26th Saturday

Moderate wind with cloudy wether

800 A M Tacked ship

9 A.M. sething main and mizen upper topsails mainsail and main the gall sail main topmast staysail and outer and iner jib. Moderate wind with cloudy wether big sea.

600 P M clewed up main gall sail. wind increscing to havy gall foresail mainsail topsails made fast outer and iner jib Course S E $\frac{1}{2}$ E.

Thursday, November 7th, two weeks after the hurricane in Balintang Channel found us at 23°30' N. Latitude, 166° E. Longitude about two hundred and forty miles north of Wake Island. Our course, E.N.E. had taken us along the north edge of the Philippine Sea and near a group of rocky volcanic islands laying well to the south of Japan. Close hauled on the port tack, the healthy northwest wind sent *Arapahoe* bowling along at a steady twelve knots as our bow split the swells to spread in streaming bow waves.

As dusk settled over the ocean, and we approached these islands from the southwest, the lookout was warned to keep both eyes open because we were due to reach them sometime during

the night. It was around ten o'clock when the watch below was aroused by an unusual commotion on deck. Since our nerve wracking experiences in the narrow confines of the storm-swept waters, we were jittery, and it didn't take much to alert us.

Pulling on dungarees and slipping feet in wet shoes, I joined a group along the weather bulwark.

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"Smell," answered a voice from the dark.

Sniffing, I was aware of an odd sulphur-like odor. Wafted by the breeze that blew in varying gusts, at times it would be almost overpowering, causing our eyes to water; again it would fade until barely noticeable.

"What is it?"

"Fumes from a volcano," someone answered.

"Must be close to smell that strong."

This brought a laugh from the Finn, ducking in the lee of the bulwark and attempting to light a smoke. "Smell dam' gud to de Ol' Man, I bet."

"Why?"

"Cause, ven you can smell dem, you know dat you on de lee side and O.K. Ven you in de dark and no can smell noddin, you goin' vorry lak hell, I bet."

Throughout the early morning hours we could smell the sulphurous fumes, growing fainter as the sky grew lighter. With daylight we could see a group of small islands back to the northwest. One, larger and possibly slightly more rugged than the others, appeared barren and ordinary; it was to become exceedingly important some twenty odd years later to a select group of young Americans, many of whom were not yet born in 1918. Its name was Iwo Jima.

On Thursday, November 14th, we again crossed the 180th meridian and two days later, with Midway Island fading in the distance, we were bucking the long, blue swells of the North Pacific. Our passage eastward had been fast; day after day *Arapahoe's* bows crashed into dark water as the Captain drove her relentlessly. During this period we really learned what it meant to tack ship and take in sail. Unlike the balmy weather we had enjoyed on the outward voyage, every day had been stormy, with

black skies and rough seas that kept us on and off the yards, fighting sail continually.

Life in the fo'c'sles was miserable. The bunks were damp and our clothing wet, we seldom saw the sun, and there was no way of drying anything. During watch below we crawled under filthy blankets to lie shivering. When we awakened we put on wet clothing and stumbled out onto the deck. "All hands on deck!" had become so common we hardly knew whose watch it was.

In addition to our other miseries an epidemic of boils had broken out. These seemed to be mostly on the arms and backs of necks and at first were confined to a few choice members of *Arapahoe's* younger crew. Remembering our escapades ashore, our worries were not lessened by the cadaverous Slim with, "Oh, oh! Just what I expected. Old Joel I told you to stay away from them damn Jap girls." The next week we were all very happy when he broke out with three of them, one in an extremely tender spot that caused him to sit sideways for several days.

The Captain's remedy for boils was simple and direct. It consisted of a water glass half filled with castor oil. Usually, one treatment was sufficient to cure the most stubborn case, and a second visit aft was seldom necessary.

The rash of boils probably was caused by the dampness, aggravated by our diet which consisted mostly of salt meat and potatoes with a liberal sprinkling of the detested tongues and sounds. Now and then this would be varied with curry and rice, and usually we would have stewed dried apples on Sunday.

It was to their credit that the officers ate the same food as that served in the fo'c'sles. This was verified when I raised the cover and peeked inside the food basket being carried aft. Apparently it all came out of the same pot, for there as though lying in state, was the same salt pork flanked on one side by boiled potatoes and on the other by a pot of beans.

That night the sky cleared and we had a bright moon. Overhead the white sails looked cold and stiff as they billowed out and foam rushed along the hull. Gathered in a group at the forehatch the watch on deck started talking of home for the first time during the voyage. From their conversation one would

have thought we were practically there instead of confronted by nearly three thousand miles of ocean.

There was something amusing, yet pathetic, in the way the old timers spoke of the end of the voyage. To us younger fellows it meant a return to homes, families and friends. To many of the older men it meant a fling on the beach among unfamiliar and oftentimes hostile surroundings, then another ship and another cruise as they resumed their endless wandering.

Most of them expressed a desire to someday leave the sea and retire to a snug harbor ashore. Strangely enough, they all seemed to plan on raising chickens. When asked about this, Laurence spoke up airily.

"Sure, that's the life! Couple of acres along the shore, a bunch of chickens and a flock of kids; a soft hammock stretched in the shade—now and then a daytime go at the old lady—no wear and tear on nothing, except her and the hens—"

Ryan, with his experience in farming, was closely quizzed by the Finn.

"Naw, bos'n, chicken farming's not for you," replied Ryan, "you ought to get into the cat and rat racket."

"Cat and rat? Vot's dat?"

"Oh, it's a simple business. No trouble or expense to get started. Get you some cats and some rats. You skin a few of the cats and sell the fur, then you feed the carcasses to the rats. Of course the cats eat the rats, so you're out no money for feed. It's all profit."

"Vot do dey do vit de fur?"

"The fur? Oh, they make it into earmuffs—big demand in California."

"Yeah, for muff divers, no doubt," chuckled Laurence as he left to relieve the wheel.

At eight bells we were loath to go below, and lingered on deck, while matches flared and cigarettes glowed in the half dark. Soon the sound of low voices could be heard as the wheel and lookout were relieved and the two watches mingled on the foredeck. Among this group was Brodie. A typical Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, he was a most extraordinary person, one who could be mean and sarcastic at times, pleasant and genial at

others. Tonight he was in a mellow mood and, when someone produced a mouth harp, he and *Arapahoe's* singers raised their voices in that most beautiful of all old sea ballads, "Rolling Home."

As usual, some of the words were improvised, but it was the same old song that had been sung by sailors down through the ages, under every flag and in each of the seven seas:

"Rolling home, rolling home,
Rolling home across the sea;
Rolling home to dear old 'Frisco,
Rolling home dear land, to thee."



The North Pacific

On Sunday, November 17th, our thirty-first day at sea, we had an unexpected visitor. It was in the middle of the forenoon watch, and along the decks bedding was being aired and clothing scrubbed industriously. It was a typical scene for a Sunday morning. Some were lying naked in the sun, others gathered in little groups to talk in low tones or occasionally laugh at a moldy joke.

At sea, anything unusual, however trivial, instantly attracts attention. A smoke on the horizon, a light at night, even a tiny floating object is sufficient to send all hands to the rail. Today, it was a bird; where it came from no one knew, but suddenly, it was there, fluttering frantically as it circled the ship on tired wings. Several times the tiny creature attempted to light in the swaying rigging but, frightened by the creak and rattle or the strange surroundings, it would fly away to skim over the waves beating its wings in desperation. Finally, exhausted, it again fluttered momentarily at the main yard before settling lower and lower to land on top of the galley. About the size and shape of a robin, it was dark in color with a white splotch of feathers near the top of its head. Bedraggled and with drooping wings, it could do little more than lie quietly with half closed eyes. Pictures of it were taken by the men and it was closely examined. None of us had seen a bird like it before, even Johnny Herculak, born and raised in the Hawaiian Islands, was unable to identify it. All day it sat on the galley roof, its bill resting on the deck before it, ignoring the bread crumbs scattered about and the water placed nearby. In the morning it was gone. Whether it had fluttered overboard during the night or had continued its flight toward some distant island, we were never to know.

Arapahoe's sails had suffered extensively since leaving Manila. Several had been blown out of the boltropes and were beyond repair, while others were torn badly but could be sewn and patched. Obviously, another severe storm with loss of sails would place us in dire straits, so we made an effort to repair them.

The weather was ideal for this type of work. Each morning for the next two weeks the sun came out bright and clear to warm the air and set the blue waves sparkling. About 500 miles north of Honolulu, we had crossed the 160th meridian, and each day we could feel the pull of the land, as tacking frequently in long slants, *Arapahoe* pointed her bowsprit homeward.

Sewing sail was a difficult task requiring considerable skill. One of the tools more commonly used was a leather contrivance with a metal face that fitted over the hand. Known as a "palm," it was used to push the long steel needles through layers of heavy canvas. Other tools were metal hooks with short lengths of lines used to hold the sail firm while it was being sewn. Iron marline-spikes or wooden fids were used to open up strands of rope and a heaving mallet served to draw stitches tight when sewing on the boltropes. The boltropes were made from hemp or wire, and were sewn along the edge to keep the sail from splitting. The twine used in the sewing was strong material, well treated with beeswax to facilitate pulling through the strands, but even then, sewing through several thicknesses of canvas required a lot of pushing and pulling.

Although our sail locker was under the poop, the torn wet sails removed from the yards were rolled and placed in the 'tweendecks. They were now dug out and spread over the hatches to dry before being repaired.

Among *Arapahoe's* crew, Andrews was found to be especially proficient at this work, and as the good weather continued, he was taken off watch, given two cadets for helpers, and turned to on the sails as a day worker.

From his first day aboard, Andrews had been unpopular. Perhaps this was due to his appearance which certainly was against him though more likely, it was his warped personality and insane temper. Several times during the homeward voyage he'd had hot words with the Finn, whom he treated with the

greatest contempt, but probably due to the bad weather and constant hard work, so far these differences had been confined entirely to words.

The first time I had occasion to see him give vent to his violent temper was one sunny afternoon shortly after he had been placed in charge of the sail repairing. In this work he used a low bench which could be moved about the deck, designed to hold sailmaker's tools. Stuck into grooves and holes along its sides were the usual tools of the trade, among them a long iron marline-spike with a point that was tapered and sharp.

During this particular afternoon, Andrews was engaged in repairing one of the huge upper topsails that had been torn, or "ript" to use the second mate's phraseology. The main upper topsail was not overly deep, but extremely long, requiring considerable space to stretch out. Andrews had removed this sail from the 'tweendecks with the assistance of several cadets and had taken it amidships and stretched it athwart the main hatch.

With the sail in position, he was busy cross-stitching the leach. Now and then he would raise his head and his dark, hollow eyes would sweep over his two assistants. He seldom spoke to them—in fact, he seldom spoke to anyone. His appearance and actions were sinister and forbidding, those of a man soured on the world.

Close hauled on the starboard tack, we were rolling along before a lively breeze making ten knots through indigo water and under a sky that was bright and cloudless. It was flying fish weather again, the finny creatures scattered in all directions as our bows crashed into the gentle swells to send the white spray flying. In addition to flying fish, the water teemed with great schools of albacore; often these silvery serrated monsters, their long fins spread wide and big eyes gleaming, would leap from the water as they chased lesser fry to the surface.

On the big square-rigger, even in fine weather, there was seldom a watch in which, sometime, we didn't have to take a haul at the braces. Often I suspected this was done merely to give us something to do. At any rate, we were following the Finn back to the main braces, stringing out like a herd of sheep, past the main hatch where Andrews was sewing on the topsail.

Suddenly the Finn tripped over the wire boltrope. Visibly irritated, his face reddened as he kicked the sailmaker's bench into the scuppers. "Git dis dam' t'ing out de vay!"

No sooner had the overturned bench hit the scuppers than a most surprising thing occurred. Andrews leaped from the hatch like an insane man, his eyes dilated and glaring. He struck the Finn a wicked blow, sending him sprawling. As the Finn rolled over and attempted to rise, Andrews kicked him in the face and started stomping him about the body.

It happened so quickly and unexpectedly, that it took an instant for most of us to realize what was taking place. Swarming onto Andrews, we dragged him away from the prostrate Finn. It was like wrestling with a water buffalo and in an instant he jerked free. Seeing the iron marlinespike he grabbed it up, and before we could stop him, threw it at the bos'n, missing his head by inches. The watch below hearing the rumpus came pouring out followed by the Captain and mates. The crazed Andrews was dragged away to cool off and eventually return to work. The Finn, fortunately not badly hurt, was taken aft and patched up.

On shore a row of this nature isn't especially serious. Two men can keep out of each other's way until it blows over and after a time, make up. In the narrow confines of a ship at sea, it becomes quite another matter. Andrews must have known the feeling of the crew toward him, but due to the strange quirk in his make-up, seemed to enjoy being shunned. His very presence had a dampening influence in the port watch fo'c'sle, certainly different from that engendered by the big Stavanger on our voyage to Manila. Before many days, however, events of a far more serious nature were to take place, and the Finn and Andrews incident would be forgotten.

• • •

Thursday, November 28th, was just another day on *Arapahoe*. The weather we had enjoyed during the last ten days changed to skies of threatening black clouds, while the wind came scurrying out of the northwest to howl in a mournful dirge. Outside, the watch on deck had taken in the royals and were busy on

the fore and mizzen topgallants as green water came flying over the bow from waves that were growing larger.

At noon, as we sat down to dinner, the ship was rolling heavily, causing dishes to slide about the table and crockery to rattle in the cupboard. Presently, the window slid open and the food was pushed in from the galley—beans, potatoes, salt pork, bread, coffee; the window was slammed shut.

Ryan, sitting next to the galley, was the first to pick up the pan of salt pork. Pretending to roll up his sleeves, he held his knife in his hand as his glance ran down the table.

"Now, if you Gentlemen will kindly pass your plates and tell me if you wish dark or white meat—"

Laughter in the fo'c'sle had been nearly nonexistent since the trouble between the Finn and Andrews. Now it rolled around the table as we passed each other the "dressing," praised the "giblet gravy," and went into ecstasies over the "pumpkin pie," and "candied sweet potatoes."

Later, as rain beat down on the skylight, and we crawled into boots and oilskins, the Finn, one eye still black and blood-shot, poked his head outside his door.

"Hey, Louie! I know some t'ing de cook forgot!"

"Yeah? What?"

"No cranberries!"

• • •

This vast ocean, the greatest body of water on the globe, must have looked peaceful to that intrepid explorer, Magellan, as gazing upon it for the first time he named it the Pacific.

Nothing could be further from the truth. Its immense wastes extending northward to fog shrouded Aleutians, and westward to the coast of Japan, are the breeding places of ferocious storms. Here gigantic waves race unobstructed; their fetch extending back into limitless spaces, they build up the greatest seas known anywhere on earth.

We had ample warning of the approaching storm. The glass had been falling rapidly, the seas building up as heavy rain squalls came sweeping over the water. Unlike tropical storms that often fall upon ships with unexpected fury, this one came

up slowly. With the royals and topgallants furled, and everything on deck made fast, we gathered in the lee of the fo'c'sle, some chewing gum rapidly, others taking long nervous drags from hand-rolled cigarettes.

Although we'd had advance notice, we were ill prepared for such a storm that swept over the Pacific during the first week of December. Raging in fury for three days and nights, its tremendous seas foundered freighters and drowned their crews, damaged great liners and sank numerous small craft. Even the hectic hours of the typhoon were mild compared to the beating we were to absorb during this last and worst of our storms, the grand finale of the voyage.

It had come roaring upon us Sunday night. Three hours later, we were down to fore and main lower topsails and were being swept by the biggest seas I had ever seen. The great waves towered around us like black mountains. Through them, *Arapahoe* reeled and staggered. With morning the two watches attempted to stand by under the fo'c'slehead but were driven out by the smashing force of water as the ship rolled and pitched. Crowded into the forward fo'c'sle, we listened to the roar of the wind, the booming crash of seas, and the rush of water pouring over the decks.

All through Monday and Tuesday the gale increased, screaming through the rigging and sending the ship plunging into seas with a force that threatened to drive her under. With the galley awash, it was impossible even to prepare coffee. For three days and nights we were thankful to have hardtack to gnaw on as the seas rose to mammoth proportions and the wind increased in violence.

At first the gale, rapidly reaching hurricane strength, came out of the west. Then suddenly it whipped around to the north, causing *Arapahoe* to lay on her beam as a wicked cross sea swept the ship and added to the confusion.

During these frightful hours the muster at change of watches was dispensed with. In fact, there was no change of watches—all hands remained on deck, even the day workers were dressed and ready. In relieving the wheel, two men, grasping life lines tightly, groped their way aft. Forward on the fo'c'slehead the

lookout lashed to the pipe rail, sputtered and choked as great waves swept the bows to race down the deck in a foaming cataract.

On Wednesday we experienced an incident by far the most terrifying of anything during the voyage; an incident that should have sunk the ship. Probably in all *Arapahoe's* trips around Cape Horn, she never had a closer call.

It happened during the inky blackness of early morning. Both watches were huddled in the forward fo'c'sle, the lookout lashed on the fo'c'slehead, while aft at the wheel two men stared into the wildly swinging binnacle, struggling to keep the ship on course.

Suddenly, she took a tremendous roll to starboard, so steep men lost their footing and went falling in a heap. Loose articles crashed to the deck, benches were torn from fastenings, and mattresses slid from bunks. For a long breathtaking moment she hung there before starting to roll back and as the debris came tumbling in the opposite direction, a giant comber thundered aboard, striking her on the port side forward of amidships. It must have swept entirely over the ship. There came a splintering crash from overhead, the ship lurched and trembled while solid water poured through the smashed skylight to flood the fo'c'sle, put out the light and leave us in total darkness.

My first thought was that the ship had broached and was sinking. Bracing my feet I clung to a stanchion and waited. Except for the slosh of knee-deep water, there was a strange silence in the fo'c'sle, none of the hoarse cries for help or screams of trapped men that I had read about in magazines. After a long wait, a voice called out in the dark—Ryan's: "Hey, anybody got a match?"

With daylight the wind decreased, and although the seas were still murderous, we were able to dart out the doors between rolls and reach the safety of life lines. The port side presented an amazing sight. The bulwark forward of amidships and opposite the entrance to the donkey room had been bashed in as though struck by a giant battering ram.

Steel plates torn apart and rivets ripped out, it disclosed a gaping hole through which the green water rushed in a boiling

maelstrom. Overhead the skids that had held the cutter were twisted and bent, while the cutter, along with the work boat and gangplank, had disappeared in the sea. Up aloft, both topsails were split down their middles, and running rigging was a tangle of utter chaos.

As soon as possible the ship was inspected by the Captain and mates. Apparently damage was confined to the area above decks, the carpenter reporting no water in the hold and that somehow, the hatches, the weakest and most vulnerable part of the ship, had withstood the terrific pounding.

During the day little could be done to bring order out of the wreckage, but that night the storm bore itself grumbling off to the southeast, and morning found the sun peeking out through a broken sky.

For the next several days, as the seas died down and white-caps glittered in the sun, we worked feverishly from daylight until dark getting the ship ready for port. Sails were again set down and new ones bent, mattresses and clothing put out to dry. On Sunday we chatted gaily as we bathed, shaved, and gathered around the fo'c'sle table. There were talks of future reunions, names and addresses exchanged and carefully written down. Promises were made to keep in touch with one another, none of which was kept.

During Tuesday we sighted steamers, and gulls flew over the ship. A holiday spirit swept the crew as we touched up paint and varnish and polished tarnished brass.

The next morning our excitement was further sharpened when the wooden plugs were driven from hawseholes and the anchors prepared to be dropped. Once again the big iron links were brought up out of the chain lockers and shackled to the massive hooks.

With royals furled we crept slowly eastward through long, smooth swells whose color had turned to pale green. Numerous now, gulls swarmed about the ship, wheeling and watching with dark beady eyes, swooping to quarrel in shrill squawkings over garbage thrown over the side.

Beside me, picking at his nose, the Finn flipped something off his finger.

"Vell, Louie, it's still dere, enyvay."

"What's still there?"

"De lan'."

"Land? Where?"

"Odder dere," he answered, pointing off to port.

Peering, I saw a long, low bank of grey haze and through it, dimly outlined, the sun was shining on sloping hills.

It was difficult to realize that we were so near home after our stormy fifty-seven days from Manila. It was also almost unbelievable that just beyond those low green hills people were going about their lives and doing their Christmas shopping.

Friday morning, December 13th, 1918, we had our last race at taking in sail. Because we were close to the land, all canvas was clewed up except the fore and main lower topsails. The mate's voice ordering us aloft was almost gentle as he said, "Giv' dem a gud stow, boys, remem'er dis es de las' time."

At four bells in the afternoon, as *Arapahoe* lazed along under topsails, we noticed a smudge in the distance. An hour later the smudge had turned into a squat tug with a red stack. Soon she was alongside our beam huffing and puffing like a cranky old woman and as a heaving line came aboard, I read the name *Alert* painted across her stern.

Winter dusk was falling and lights twinkling as we slipped through the entrance of the Golden Gate, obediently following the bobbing tug, past the stern visage of Alcatraz Island to reach the quarantine anchorage.

At a sharp toot from the tug, the mate swung the top-maul and there followed a splash and rumble of chain as *Arapahoe's* anchor plunged to the bottom. Soon, swinging with the tide, she lay cold and silent. Little was said as, huddled at the bulwarks, we gazed soberly shoreward. Now and then, lights would go dancing across the bay, and we would hear the hoarse, gruff hoots of the ferryboats. Slowly, the cold, wet fog drew the curtain of night. *Arapahoe* had come home from the sea.

Epilogue

Slowly, one by one the ships of the sailing fleet returned to their harbors. Slowly as if dreading to meet their certain fate. *Arapahoe*, followed by *Monongahela*, then *Moshulu*, and last, *Chillicothe*, arrived from Manila.

For a time there came a flurry as postwar freight rates enabled the Shipping Board obtain scattered cargoes. Then came the decline. Soon it was impossible to secure further business for the big sailing ships even at rates far below that of steamers. Gradually, with their faster voyages, steamers were allocated to the United States-Philippine trade.

Here and there, hidden away in the backwash waters of remote harbors, the seven once proud ships of the merchant fleet lay rusting at their anchors. Crews were paid off to face the realities of a strange world suddenly turned topsy-turvy by the coming of peace. For a time a few men were left aboard to paint the ships, unbend the sails and stow them away in the lockers. Then, they too were gone, and only the lonely steps of watchmen were heard on the deserted decks.

Eventually, rusty, barnacled and old, the great ships passed to private owners. For some, this meant a brief respite—a few more trips across rolling oceans, calms, hurricanes and fair weather, then more long lay-ups in out-of-the-way places. The years slipped by. One after the other, the great square-riggers with their spreading wings reached the end of their voyages.

Chillicothe, who had sailed the seas under several names, was shuttled about under different owners. Finally she was sold to the French to end her days as a battered barge in distant New Caledonia.

Tonawanda, one of the three full-riggers of the training fleet, was stubborn in accepting her destiny. Leaving Astoria in late March of 1927, battling storms and headwinds all the way, she was nearly four and one-half months in reaching Melbourne, her ultimate destination. This was her last voyage under sail; she too was sold and reduced to a hulk.

Muscoota, who had started her proud career as the British *Buckingham*, and under whose smart bowsprit reposed the figure of Queen Victoria, was sold to an Australian-American syndicate. In the autumn

of 1922 the valiant old bark left Puget Sound for Australia carrying a cargo of lumber. On Christmas Day she collided with a steamer and the famous figurehead was destroyed. *Muscoota* succeeded in making port, but her days of sailing were over. Soon she was bought by a coal company to be used as a barge in Sydney.

Montauk, formerly *Matador*, the oldest and only one of the former German vessels to be built of wood, was destined to come to a more dramatic end. Shortly after the war, on a voyage between Australia and the Philippines, she escaped the ignominy of the breakup yards by sailing over the horizon and never being heard of again. Like the old-time sailors who manned her, she simply disappeared.

The last days of sail under the Stars and Stripes were rapidly drawing near. Up in the northwest corner of the United States, where the surging, grey current of the turbulent Straits meets the calm waters of Puget Sound, two big four-masted barks lay at their moorings. For seven long years, while winter winds howled from snow covered mountains, and summer suns warped at their decking, they had lain to moss-covered cables. Then, one day there came a prospective buyer.

Going aboard one of the vessels, he started a careful survey. For days, as the north wind flapped at frayed ratlines hanging from sagging shrouds, he pecked and hammered at the pitted hull and crusted deck machinery. In the end he shook his head. She was a far cry from the regal flagship whose uniformed cadets had crowded her varnished gangplank to load into waiting shore boats in far away Manila. *Monongahela*, stripped and shorn of her former glory, was to end her days as a hulk on the mud flats of a forgotten harbor.

Again time rolled by. Over on the other side of the world was a man of whom but few on the Pacific Coast had ever heard. In the city of Mariehamn, on the Finnish Aland Islands where the Baltic narrows to become the Gulf of Bothnia, lived Captain Gustaf Erickson who, born to the sea and a lover of sail, had collected the last existing fleet of square-riggers. Through age, shipwreck, and other misfortune, many of his ships were lost, causing him to search the globe for replacements. Soon his agents were in Seattle, examining the big bark that throughout the years had lain moored alongside *Monongahela*. She was pronounced sound and was bought for a pittance, and soon a Finnish crew arrived to overhaul and refit the ship and make her ready for sea. When she was painted and new sails were bent to her towering yards, the blue and white flag of Finland rose to her truck and she was towed out beyond the heads.

For half a decade the brave old ship was to criss-cross the seas under her Finnish owner. Then, the dark clouds of war again enveloped the world. There came changes of owners and the sail-minded Finn passed on to his reward.



The end of a gallant old ship. *Arapahoe*, now Alaska Packers' *Star of Falkland*, wrecked on Akun Head, Alaska, May 22, 1928.

Courtesy of Harold Huycke.

Today, along the Kiel Canal and seaports of West Germany, blond headed youngsters, too young to know about the days of sail, gaze in wonder as a huge barge is towed through winding waterways. She is barren of masts and bowsprit, her chart house is gone, and many familiar items are missing. As she lays moored to the docks, these same young Germans probably point upward to her broad stern, for there beneath blistered and peeling paint, remains what to them is an odd name—its letters spell *Moshulu*.

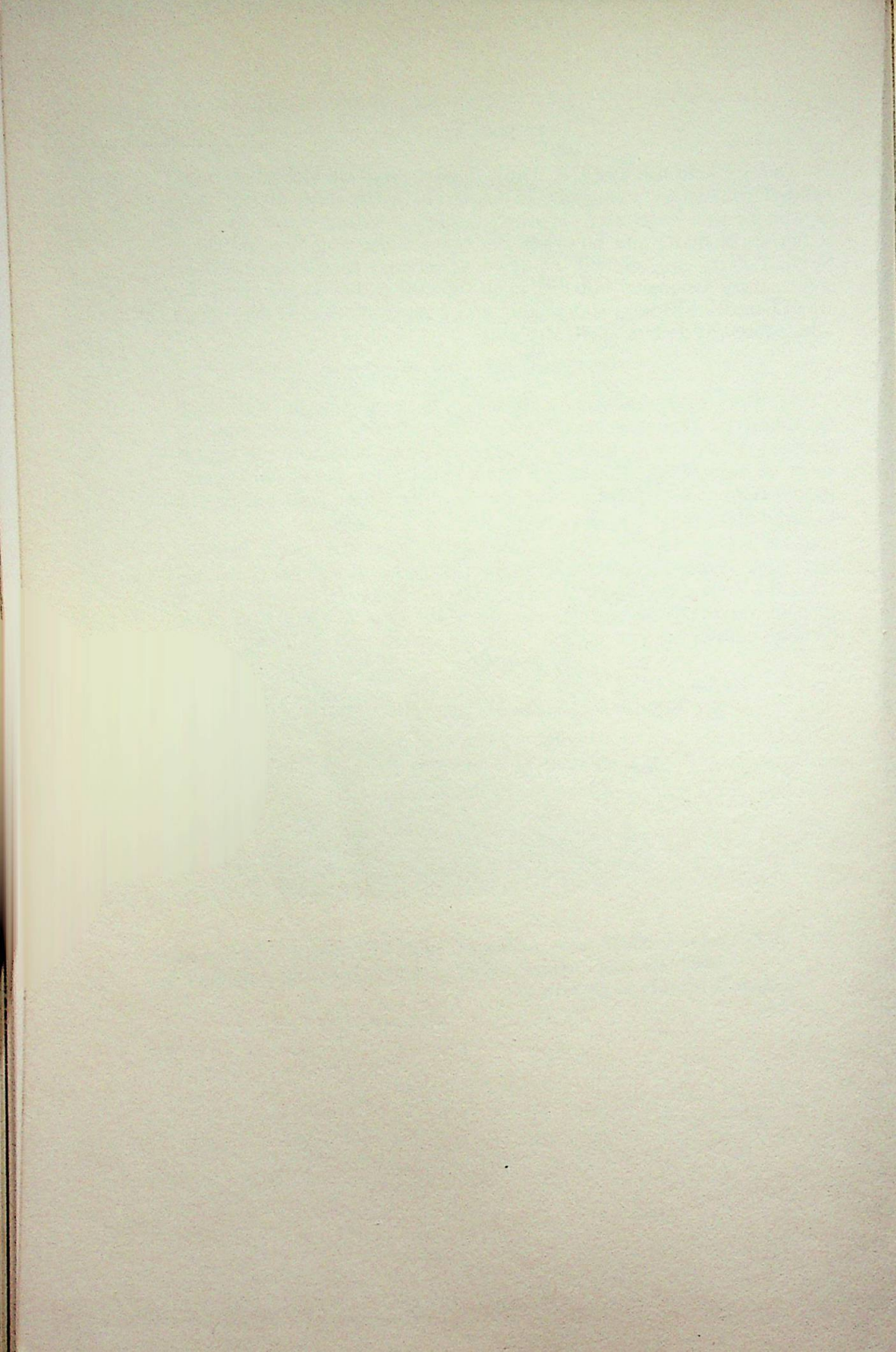
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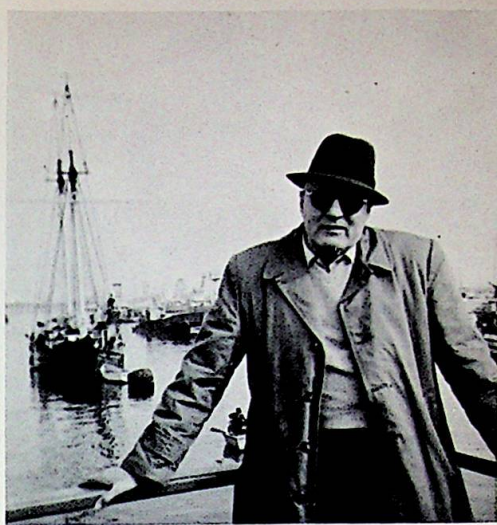
At 10:40 P.M., Tuesday, May 22, 1928, a gallant old ship died. On that date, *Arapahoe*, now Alaska Packers' *Star of Falkland*, running through the stormy night with all sails set, drove hard onto the jagged rocks of Akun Head, Alaska — a fitting end for the grand old square-rigger. Better she ended that way than lay a forgotten hulk rusting out in some obscure harbor.

The sailing ships are gone, disappeared from the oceans forever. But, somewhere out there, their spirit still lives. Somewhere, out beyond the mists, the big bells boom from fo'c'sleheads, the wind roars through their rigging, their bows send white spray flying as they plow through infinite seas.

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"Eight bells has struck, the watch is set,
The log is hove exact,
Relieve the wheel and go below,
According to the Act."





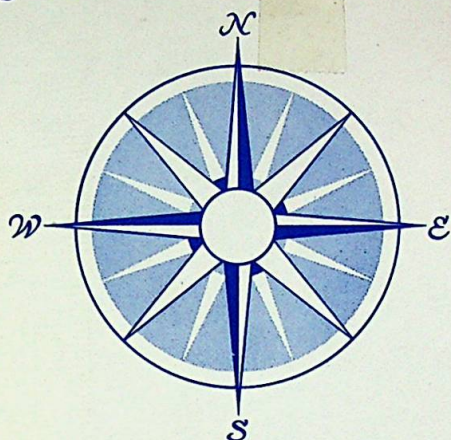
ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Lou A. Schmitt lives at Stockton, California. He is employed as a State Investigator and is a veteran of World War II. Although his work is far removed from the sea, ships are his first love. Once, long ago, when he sailed before the mast, an old salt answered his gripe with: "Well, maybe so, but let me tell you something; when blue water gets in your blood you never get it out." No one knows better than Schmitt how true this was to be. Over the years he has found time to own and operate a deep-sea sport fishing business and he holds a skipper's license. He has sailed as a guest writer aboard an American Tuna Clipper to the Galapagos, Peru and Chile. His bookshelves are bulging with books of the sea and ships that were powered by sail. He claims that writing is only his hobby, but he has completed three book-length works.





ALEUTIAN IS.
AKUN HEAD



SAN FRANCISCO

HAWAIIAN IS.



VOYAGE OF THE SHIP

ARAPAHOE

SAN FRANCISCO ~ MANILA

JUNE 16 ~ DECEMBER 13, 1918



PHOENIX IS.

IS.

SAMOA IS.

TUAMOTU ARCHIPELAGO
MARQUESAS IS.

